

SEPTEMBER

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Inside With the Publishers

In a recent issue was published a letter from one of The Busy Man's advertisers, informing us of the valuable service this magazine was rendering him. His advertisement brought inquiries which showed the wide circulation of The Busy Man's on the other side of the Atlantic as well as on this. We had predicted that it would be as enthusiastically received there as in America. The following letter from Auld and Co., South Dunedin, New Zealand, shows how our prophecy is being fulfilled:

"We have subscribed to many British and American magazines, but found none to equal yours as a business or busy man's magazine. The articles are so admirably selected that one can start at the first and read right through to the last page and enjoy superior reading all the way.

"Articles for workers is a particularly helpful department, and is rich with excellent articles that counsel and inspire. The humorous stories serve as quite a tonic, and have sometimes done us as much good as our family physician. The various articles inserted on health, etc., are eye-openers, and are worth much to business men. We need more articles of this kind.

..

"More short business articles, telling the way successful people do their work, would be much appreciated."

In this number we call attention to The Busy Man's Bookshelf to the six best selling books during the past month in Canada and in United States. We will continue to do this each month, as we believe it will be of interest to our readers to know the most popular books of the month. The Busy Man's Bookshelf may not contain reviews of all these books. If it does not it is simply because reviews of these were given in an earlier issue. We are not certain whether our readers are giving the book reviews the attention they deserve. All books reviewed possess merits which warrant our giving them a place in this department. We receive numerous publications each month, but space will only permit our reviewing those which we think appeal particularly to our readers.

..

The title of our magazine may lead some to believe that it is designed solely for the perusal of the sterner sex. Our daily mail would soon convince them that this idea is erroneous. Letters are received daily from women, pointing out certain features of The Busy Man's which strongly appeal to them. Others have requested our devoting more space to articles for women. It is our intention to insert more reading matter of interest to women and the home, but when we do so it will not in any way lessen the space devoted to the other class of reading matter.



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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XIV

SEPTEMBER 1907

No 5

My Canadian Conversion

By Sue H. Birkhoff in *Gates's Magazine*



It was Robert Louis Stevenson who first demonstrated to me the fascination of a map, and ever since I sat in the high seat of the old apple tree and followed breathlessly the fortunes of Long John Silver, I have found no more charming plaything, whether it be the huge railroad map that beguiles an hour's wait in a metropolitan station, or the little two-by-two road map in the pocket of my bicycle skirt.

Not long ago I picked up a Canadian railroad folder with the general idea that Western Canada was composed of pine forests and wildlans in about equal proportions, and with a sensation of surprise that it possessed a railroad at all.

I studied that map for half an hour. Then I put it down on the desk with a long breath.

Two weeks later I was in Winnipeg, at the beginning of a six-thousand-mile journey through a type of country which I had fancied as extinct as the dodo or the dinosaur.

Briefly, here is a land containing

one-third of the area of the British Empire, thirty times as large as the United Kingdom, extending over twenty degrees of latitude, with a population of only 1.5 to the square mile, and with nearly a million square miles of practically unexplored territory in the Far North. She begins the twentieth century with about the same population as that with which the United States began the nineteenth. She is growing at the rate of nearly three hundred thousand a year from immigration alone. She is building more miles of railroad—Grand Trunk Pacific, Canadian Pacific, and Canadian Northern—than any other country of her population. She is raising more bushels of wheat to the acre than any other country. She is handling the largest irrigation project in the world. She is building new provinces, new cities, new industries, new transportation facilities over night. She is starting in housekeeping among the nations of the earth as if she had all the diams of Persian mythology at her call, and she is crying for more men to help her work out her dreams.

The men are coming. Larger about

any metropolitan depot in the United States on certain days of the month, and you will see trainloads of men beside their burlap and tarpaulin wrapped bundles, carrying picks, shovels, or carpenters' kit boxes over their shoulders, waiting silently for the gates to be opened and the colonist train to be backed in from the yards.

They are a mixed crowd. Many of them are the tanned, taciturn, keen-eyed men who settle up new country, and push ever farther westward as the West recedes; men who have worked with their hands, who do not require hansom and creme de menthe to complete their existence; men of the frontier. On the fringes of the group are the white-skinned, soft-handed fellows from desk and store, wearing city clothes, and carrying neat suit cases. But they have felt the same call. The same courage lights their eager eyes, and they are willing to learn. Six months from now you could not tell the difference between them. The open will have put its stamp on them.

Ask the impassive depot master about them, and he turns a careless eye in their direction.

"Goin' up to Alberta," he says. "Used to see them Canadians comin' down here, thinkin' they'd get rich, but it looks now as though nobody thought there was anythin' doin' down here any more. Siallers of 'em go through here to Canada every other Tuesday. Great country. Think I'll take a look at it myself some day."

At Toronto they still tell how fourteen of the fifteen baggage handlers threw up their jobs without waiting one day last fall and started west to the harvest fields. On that same day five thousand men left Toronto on the same errand, and that night the Ontario Government cabled its Liverpool agent to send one thousand men at once, and to follow this first shipment with a second as quickly as the men could be secured. It costs only thirty dollars to go from Liverpool to the harvest fields, under the special rates, and it is almost impossible to secure a berth in the steamers, so great is the rush.

At Winnipeg you see them everywhere. The broad sidewalks about the Canadian Pacific depot are crowded with them. A dozen languages rattle in your ears; more strange faces and strange costumes pass by than you ever saw before; Bohemians, Lithuanians, Romanians, French, Chinese, Japanese, Finlanders; immaculate Englishmen, in tweeds; child-like, fair-haired Scandinavians; sturdy Germans; nervous, thin-faced Yankees; loose-gaited Indians; the medley pass and pause and loaf and hurry and stride along, talking, talking, talking, until you feel as though you were watching a moving-picture screen, and expect any minute to hear the lecturer begin, "Ladies and Gentlemen."

Curious bits of human nature you see there. Once I waited at a street corner to let a drove of young cattle pass by, under the guardianship of a pair of husky cowboys, and in the crowd at my elbow I heard the unmistakable drawl of an Englishman addressing my next neighbor.

"That's odd, ye know," he said. "Are—er—those the Shetland ponies we read about, ye know?"

My neighbor looked about for sympathy and answered the aimed flicker of my eyes with an appreciative twinkle.

"Yes," he responded, with portentous gravity. "Them's Shetland ponies. The Indians make moosehides out'n their hides."

The Englishman adjusted his monocle for another look at the wild-eyed calves dancing in the dust, and I fled, just dodging a Chinaman who gravely rode a Columbia bicycle and smoked a briar pipe.

Winnipeg is a man's town. There is hardly a woman on the streets. Canadians call it the Chicago of Canada, but it is a man's Chicago. There are no crowds of feminine shoppers; no windows full of delicate lingerie and Parisian models; no bargain days in the stores. The broad-bladed paddles and snowshoes, the heavy miners' boots and stout jeans; the leather pulleys and capotes and tool kits and disc plows take the place of frivolities, and

the employment office is crowded instead of the lace counter. Broad-hatted men ride on half-tamed horses. Trappers move gravely along with the unmistakable gait of the woodman at certain seasons of the year. Men pass as plain John Smith who might have at least one handle to their names "at home." Here flashes the scarlet tunic of a Northwest Mounted Policeman down on leave. A six-foot Cree, wearing a pair of gunny-sacks for trousers and carrying a huge pack, slips along there on Princess Street in front of a dainty little woman in the latest shade of pale brown. Somebody's horse runs away with a milk wagon waving at its heels, and the big policeman at the crossing jumps for him, stops him, and ties him ignominiously to a post without anyone's being disturbed in the least. After a few minutes the owner comes snustering along, kicks the horse in the ribs, and drives off without a word. Verily, Winnipeg is a wonderful city, the clearing house of both the east and the west.

A large part of the American immigrants go direct by way of Minneapolis and Winnipeg to the "Last West." They are aggressive, energetic, daring men, who have showed the more conservative Canadians the possibilities of Western Canada. Canadians have less of the gambling spirit than the men of the Western States, but when the game is opened up they are quite ready to chip in and raise the limit if need be.

Edward Lowry, a magazine and newspaper man who knows Western Canada well, tells a story of American push. A farmer from one of the Dakotas came up to Saskatchewan and took out a homestead. One morning he and his three sons arrived with their household goods. A carload of farm machinery had preceded them. Before noon the Dakota man had bought what horses he needed to break work, and after dinner his three sons were in the field turning the sod for the first crop, while the old man set about raising a shack to live in. The neighbors were amazed. They did not know what such a rush meant.

The local custom was for a man to sit about for a week or so and get acquainted. But they have absorbed some of the Dakota man's spirit now, and things are pushed through with wonderfully little delay.

Indeed, if you ask almost any Canadian how his particular town started, it is ten to one he will answer, "Why, Blankville was built in about six weeks when the railroad came through two years ago. We're going to have a hundred thousand population in five years, and we're shipping all the wheat the railroad can carry, and more, already. What we need is more cars." Then he takes out the map that every good Canadian carries in his waistcoat pocket, and shows you why Blankville is especially fitted to be the distributing centre of such and such an area, and you marvel appropriately. There is always room for all. Distances and people and ideas and accomplishments are all big in Western Canada, and the man who has just come to the country with fifty cents and a toothpick is exactly as good as his neighbor with a million, whether he be in Winnipeg or the wheat country; ranching in Alberta or lumbering in the North; mining in British Columbia, or living on a bush farm above Edmonton. Men count as men in Canada.

Yet Canada is not being "hoaxed." The banks show that. Every little town has at least one bank, and the bank is the best building in the place. I have seen a little cluster of sod huts dotted down on the vast stretch of green, treeless, unbroken, virgin prairie, on one of those huts was the large gilt sign, "Canadian Bank of Commerce." I have seen that same sign, or the sign of the Bank of Montreal, or the Bank of Toronto, or the Union Bank of Canada as I stepped off the train at almost every city and town through the provinces. The Canadians are too thrifty and too conservative to "whoop 'er up, make a pile, blow it in, and bust," as some disappointed Westerner described an Idaho town's history.

All along the railroads the towns spring up, and the elevators silhouette

themselves against the sky. Where the new Grand Trunk Pacific is pushing through from Winnipeg northwest to Edmonton, the settlers are waiting for the first train, in a district heretofore unreachable except by a long wagon trip from the Canadian Northern, or the Canadian Pacific, which make a loop about a vast block of the finest wheat country in the world. When the Grand Trunk Pacific is completed this huge tract will have an outlet for its produce, and add many thousands of bushels to Canada's wheat record.

The Grand Trunk Pacific proposition is a government proposition as well. Five years ago Mr. Charles M. Hay, president of the Grand Trunk Pacific, announced his intentions and ideas on the subject, and in 1903 the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company was incorporated by act of Parliament, and made an agreement with the Canadian Government for the construction and operation of a line of railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific through untouched Canadian territory. Straight through from Winnipeg in the middle west to Prince Rupert on the shore of the Pacific Ocean the new railroad is to run, routed as the crow flies, graded and built to last forever, and tapping the very heart of the Canadian Northwest. By the terms of the agreement the eastern division of the Grand Trunk, from New Brunswick to Manitoba, is to be built by the government, and leased for fifty years by the railway company, which pays, after the first seven years, an annual amount equal to 3 per cent. of the cost of investment, and is given the privilege of a second fifty-year lease unless the Government takes over the operation of this division, in which case the Government will grant to the company such running rights as may be necessary for a successful operation of the other part of the system.

The western division, from Winnipeg to Prince Rupert, is to be built by the company, the Government guaranteeing the first mortgage bonds, principal and interest, for fifty years

to the extent of \$13,000,000 per mile on the prairie section, and three-quarters of whatever the cost per mile may be on the mountain section. This partnership with the Government has enabled the company to secure money at a very low rate; the first issue of bonds in London were applied for ten times over the amount sold.

Of course the rugged stages in Canada show still. Up at Saskatoon when we were driving through the early crops, the secretary of the board of trade leaned over and said to his chauffeur, "Turn up Fifteenth Street." Fifteenth Street was represented by a surveyor's stake with some hieroglyphics upon it. Boulevards are staked out on the prairie miles from anywhere, and towns are laid out on the open turf, or "as the end of steel," where a new spur of the railroad is coming through. In Winnipeg the beautiful marble pillars of the Bank of Toronto rise next door to "The Blue Front Store." At Edmonton you may see handsome brick and stone office buildings on the next lot to a piece of ground that is practically as it was in the Indian days, and might have served old Chief Two-Horns for an ambulance. There are two thousand people living in tents there to-day, among the willow-scrub, and everywhere through Canada the color of new lumber catches your eye where houses, stores and barns are going up as fast as hammer and saw can make them.

Through this prairie country, with its wide sweep of skyline, its broad-shouldered men and frank-eyed women, its magnificent fertility and breathless development, one moves with a continually increasing wonder. The reckless horsemanship of the men quickens the beat of your pulse as you watch the daring "stunts" of the roundup, or the reckless, whirling rush of a fast polo game in Winnipeg or Calgary.

As you near Calgary, the cattle country is plain to be seen. Great herds of milk-eyed, sleek-coated cattle stand knee-deep in grass, feeding as calmly as if there were no stock-yards or packing-houses in the world. Here

and there a group of horses look up placidly at the train as it thunders by. At one station a bunch of five hundred sheep bleat and waver together in a close-jammed corral, waiting for the eastbound to take them aboard.

Yet in Calgary they will tell you that the old order of things is passing away. The big, sunburned men at the Ranchman's Club will complain bitterly that the country is getting too crowded, that the ranges are being fenced, and that the men who would lead the old, free life of early days must push on ahead of the incoming immigrants to the new country.

Four or five years ago Calgary was altogether a ranching town and contained many immigrants from England, largely younger sons of what Burke's Peerage classifies as the "nobility and landed gentry," who for one reason or another found life out here in the cattle country more congenial than in Old England. Some of them have raced their ponies, played polo, and followed the bounds across the prairie after foxes and coyotes. Others have worked hard and prospered exceedingly, living in a large way, maintaining excellent homes, and dispensing an open-handed hospitality. Both classes have lived together in the utmost peace, and are fine fellows to know.

Along the Canadian Pacific in Southern Canada is a string of prairie cities that are singularly alike in prosperity: Brandon, a railroad junction; Regina, headquarters of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police; Moose Jaw, the railroad man's town, with Canadian Pacific shops and thirty thousand dollar stock feeding yards; and Calgary, the cattle city.

West of Calgary begin the foothills, and after you have had another nap on the transcontinental express, which you catch at half-past three in the morning, you wake up to see the huge frontlets of the Canadian Rockies looming before you.

I knew two men who traveled over this same route last summer, one of whom had never before been outside

the District of Columbia in his life, the other being a Westerner.

The Western man was enjoying that last nap when "Washington" shook him frantically, exclaiming, "For Heaven's sake, 'Idaho,' wake up!" Naturally, "Idaho" sat up with an emphatic remark, and peered through the berth curtains expecting nothing less than a war party of Sioux, or a grisly bear looking for breakfast.

"What is it?" repeated "Washington," with a fine air of injury. "Why, there's a great—big—brite of a mountain right outside my window!" "You might have thought it was going to bite him in the leg!" said the disgusted Westerner, telling the story.

However, there was the mountain, and if the size of mountains frightens you, take my advice and do not go to Vancouver by way of Banff and the Canadian Pacific. Books have been written by people who have tried to tell the wonders of the Canadian Rockies, and the audacity of the engineers who put a railroad through its gorges and canyons. They have told of tracks laid dizzily along mere shelves on sheer mountainsides, thousands of feet high, where snow-white brooks chase their tails from ledge to ledge; startling curves, where at the same time you catch glimpses of the laboring mountain engines on the front and rear of your train; of descents that make the scalp cringle with fear; of bridges across white cañons, and sections of track where there is always the pleasing possibility of half a mountain dropping off and leaving the right-of-way under tons of yellow earth. With all their words they have not been able to tell the thing as it is. The trip through the mountains exceeds all your expectations because you have no standards to measure it by.

I left Calgary one breezy March morning. That night I ate supper at Revelstoke, among the silken skins of early spring leafage. Next morning I peered from my window upon blossoming apple trees, deep grass, and marvelous, golden sunshine. In Vancouver it was midsummer, and

through that locus land I wandered in the very perfection of idleness. The coast is perfect. It was Kipling, I believe, who wrote of Auckland:

"Last, loveliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart,
On us, on us, the unchanging reason
scintillates,
Who wonder, 'mid our ferns, why men depart
To seek the Happy Isles."

He might as well have said it of Vancouver, and Victoria, across the strait. The very streets of busy Vancouver end in wonderful vistas of the blue reaches of Burrard Inlet and the white yachts at anchor in the bay. At her wharves lie the great white Empresses that sail to far Japan. Just outside the city the golden sunlight plays hide and seek through the giant trees of Stanley Park, where mysterious, gorgeous birds and beasts flutter and crawl and shriek in the great cages, and a little brown bear plays tag with a big red bear in a delightful den. Across the Inlet lie the Sleeping Lions, two rough-manned mountains who, nose on jaws, quietly guard Vancouver Narrows. Everywhere, behind deep-grassed field and blossoming hedgerow, loom the blue Canadian Rockies, and the warm wind of the great Pacific blows softly over all.

Across the straits is Victoria, at the south end of Vancouver Island, still more leisurely, still more English, still more unwesterly. Quiet little streets wander aimlessly between blossoming hawthorn and green privets, pass ivy-covered walls and curiously-wrought gates through which one catches fascinating glimpses of tea-tables set forth under spreading trees and dainty women who preside behind the tea-urn with the ineffable grace of the English hostess the world over. Late afternoon in Victoria always brings tea and delicious little cakes and cigarettes, and charming, lazy

little parties, which later slowly disperse to gather again at dinner under the wistaria-hung verandahs in the long, soft twilights.

At the back door of Victoria lies almost unexplored wilderness. The island has not only never been completely surveyed, but a large part of it has never been explored or traversed by any white man. Some Victorians have permanent camps in the accessible parts of the island, and go there for big game shooting through the year. It is the pleasure ground of the Pacific, as Vancouver is called "The Liverpool."

But whether you turn to the north and see the country in its infancy, dotted with log-and-clay shacks, spread out in untouched miles of prairie and scrub and timber; or whether you journey through the beautiful ranch and wheat district of Southern Alberta and count a dozen elevators at one tiny station; or whether you wait in the Winnipeg depots and study the thousands of immigrants coming to the new land; whether you stand in the lumber mills of the north and see the yellow planks ripped merciless from the log, or take canoe and thread the swift-flowing rivers into the huge Mackenzie Province, innocent of towns, marked on the great maps with nothing but peaks and lakes and rivers, to the country of the great snow and the unexplored wilderness; whether you waken among the mountains and see the snow-capped peaks shimmering in the pinky dawn, or whether you dream beside the long swell of the lazy Pacific beaches, the north will still hold you under her spell.

Yes, I am a lover of Canada. Her map is no longer a stranger to me. Her people are my kin. Somewhere among her silver birches and dusky rivers—somewhere among her golden fields and unfenced ranges lies my heart. One day I shall go to find it.

Hicks Of Hackensack

By Peter Emerson Browne in *Apples' Magazine*

YOU doubtless never knew Hicks of Hackensack; which is your loss rather than his, for, while there are probably very many people who are much like you, there is but one Hicks.

When he was still of a tender age, his parents had been called to greener fields and, realizing that he would be about as capable of earning a livelihood as a canary would of playing Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" on a comb, they had left him amply provided with this world's goods and in such a way that he couldn't misprovide himself, as he assuredly would have done if he had a chance.

From the time when ideas first began to coagulate in the cavity that Nature had intended for his brain (but which she had grown to abhor), he was always mounted on some ridiculous hobby or other and he could change 'em like a posy express rider. When the historical (or more properly hysterical) novel came in, Hicks dimpled up on it, showed his feet 'way through the stirrups, clutched his fingers in the mane, and began to lament that he hadn't lived in those glorious days of old when, if a man said "Good Morrow, faire ladye" to another man's fiancee, there was immediately something doing at the morgue; and it made no difference whether or not the man knew of the engagement at the time, and more often than not he wouldn't even learn the reason of his premature demise until he sent back from the Other Side to inquire into it. Had Hicks lived in those days, it is my opinion that his light would have been snuffed so suddenly that he wouldn't have had time to offer another gallant sniff.

But you couldn't tell him so. He had conceived an ambition to be known as a devil of a fellow, and he used to come down to the club and descendant upon the glorious lives led by those superheated old beggars who

would bet on whose mother-in-law would die first, and wager their money and that of their wives, and as much of their friends' as they could get their hands on, as a side bet on the weather while shaking for drinks.

And he'd rave over elopements and affairs of honor and all such rot until one night Monty Fiske waxed awry, I'sooth, and told him that if he wanted a deal, he knew where he could get it; and he could have his choice of any weapon from disappearing guns to canned oysters; and after that, Hicks confined his wanderings to other things.

When these latter-day writers, having wallowed all over the map, began to fake up new lands to conquer and to put all sorts of impossible heroes into all sorts of more impossible situations in all sorts of most impossible places, that was where Hicks lived. He positively itched to mire himself to the eyes in some intrigue or other, and whenever he thought of persecuted damsels he used to froth at the mouth in an impotent desire to find them and marry them out of their troubles even if he had to move to Utah to do it. And when he'd get to imagining that, in some unknown principality, there might be a beautiful princess whose kingly father was about to sacrifice her to Black Bill, the Troublesome Brother, in order that he might keep for himself a throne to sit down on when he was tired, Hicks would positively foam with longing and hopeless desire.

But he couldn't find a princess, or even a duchess, or a maid of honor, you know; so he took it out in seeking and in calling himself Hicks of Hackensack.

Hicks of Hackensack wasn't very good, but it was the best he could do; for Hackensack was the only place with which he had ever had any permanent connection, and Hicks was a long way better than Bidad, which

was the name that his parents, in a moment of meanness, had given him. I presume that they felt that they must get even in some way for having to leave their money to him.

He used to repine a good deal that his name wasn't Rhinskopf, or Karl; Karl of Carlsbad, he once mourned to me would sound so much better than Hicks of Hackensack. But he couldn't go back and change history; so Hicks of Hackensack it had to be.

This pose of Hicks was rendered all the more ridiculous because he was

would if a yearling lamb should grow at you and show its fangs.

Although Hicks was so full of desire for the reputation of a rakeshell and a gay doggie that it buggered his eyes out even farther than Nature had set them, he couldn't seem to make good. He had the ambition and the means, but he couldn't apply them. He tried several times, but things didn't turn out the way that they should according to the books.

I remember one night when we were leaving the club, we saw a woman



"Frenziedly mistaken both his eyes"

built along the general lines of a clotheshorse. He was round-shouldered, nearsighted, anemic, and wore spectacles, and he looked exactly like the pastor of a small, bucolic flock—one of that kind you know, that spends all its time making red-channel lung protectors for a hearthen that would swap three shiploads of 'em for two fingers of one-X corn whiskey and a couple of stogies. And when he began to rip out those archaic cuss words, it surprised you as much as it

struggling in the embraces of a large man who had been trying in a small way to corner the liquor market.

Hicks ran to her succor, crying, "Unhand the fair lady, thou scurvy leave!" and caught the scurvy knave a feeble swing on a jaw that looked like a Belgian block.

The scurvy knave forthwith unhand the fair lady and undertook to hand Hicks instead. And then the fair lady hit Hicks behind the ear with a bottle and asked him hastily what he

—ch—what he meant by interfering with man and wife who were engaging in a pleasant bit of repartee and strictly minding their own business, and told him that if he didn't chase himself out of there, she'd knock his roof off. Hicks really didn't want to stay, but just then he was busy and couldn't get away; and thus the fair lady was almost as good as her word. Hicks was in bed only ten days.

The next time, Hicks was more careful. On his way home from the club one night, filled with the spirit of conflict, and other things, he stopped his cab in front of a delicatessen store, bought a bologna sausage, and with it sandbagged a poor, blind, crippled pencil vendor sitting under an arc light with a handful of leadless pencils and a tin cup.

The poor, blind, crippled pencil-vendor chased Hicks seven blocks through dark alleys, caught him, carefully removed Hicks' spectacles (there's a law against hitting a man with glasses on, you know), painstakingly blackened both his eyes, and then went back and did the job over again so as to be sure that it was done in a workmanlike way. Then he broke Hicks' spectacles on the curb, seated a couple of floating ribs, and told him that if ever he came fooling around him again he might get hurt. Then he put on his blue goggles again and went back to get ready for the morning rush.

These exploits somewhat cooled Hicks' desire for renown under the school of Rot of Rotterdam, and he subsided until motoring came in. Then he decided that at last his chance had come and he bought him a long, low, rakish-looking car with a French name that he couldn't pronounce to save his life. It was painted drab and had more power than a Kentucky stock farm. There came with the car a small, bullet-headed mechanic named Anatole. (French chauffeurs never have but one name, you know. The other is taken away from them by the custom house.)

Anatole taught Hicks for about six months and then Hicks thought that

he could run the car himself. He tried.

When he and Anatole got out of the hospital he tried again, slower. And after a while he became really expert. He could run over more dogs and chickens than anyone I ever saw and he averaged three arrests a week during all of last summer. He tried running on the other side, but gave it up in disgust and came back to America again. You can't get arrested half as often over there, you know, for the judges actually turn the fines into the treasury and it makes them a lot more trouble.

In spite of his many shortcomings, Hicks was not unpopular. He was a big-hearted boy, you know, and generous to a fault. Of course he was well bred and well educated and in the main very much of a gentleman, coming as he did from an old New Jersey family; and then, too, he had a sort of old-school air about him that, despite his obvious and intrusive egotism, made him very popular with many of the ladies. God bless 'em; for the greater part of the sex can overlook much in a man if he will but give them that kiss-the-very-ground-you-walk-on, not-worthy-to-breathe-the-same-air sort of devotion that went out shortly before men became able to sit down without endangering their trousers.

So, when a crowd of us went down to the Lisperands' North Shore place for the first fortnight in September, we were not surprised to find Hicks there with his car and Anatole.

We had been there but a few days when there arrived a niece of Mrs. Lisperand. Her name was Hortense Struyvesant-West and she was certainly good to look upon. Her father had for some years held a consular position in Bordeaux, where the wine comes from, and his daughter combined in appearance all that is best of two countries. She had the superb figure and lithic, graceful carriage of America, and its freedom from affectation and exaggeration. She had, too, the chic of France, both in manners and dress, though she didn't tie her

hair up into all those ridiculous little quirks and curls and frizzles that Frenchwomen affect, but instead drew it back loosely from her white forehead and fastened it simply at the nape of a neck that made a man wish that he were twins so that he might stand in front of her and behind her at the same time.

She was prettier than anyone I have ever seen, or dreamed of, or imagined—so pretty that it made one wonder

near the answer as you can get without seeing Hortense.

As for Hicks, the moment he got his spectacles focused on her, it was all up with him. He forgot whether he was Hicks of Hackensack or Garry of Gowanus, and, furthermore, he didn't seem to care. You never in all your life saw such a change in a man. In an instant he had fallen off his pedestal with a bump and had become just a mere human being and



"A Star Was Narrowly Averted."

how so much beauty could have gathered in one place—just as you marvel at how a prestidigitator can get all sorts of ribbons and flowers from a cornucopia hardly big enough to hold a bachelor's button. I shan't try to describe her. Just think of the most beautiful thing you can, multiply it by a million, square it, cube it, and add six and then you've got about as

even less. It was positively pitiful to see him, the very essence of concentrated adoration, squinting at her humbly, meekly, dazedly, through his thick windows, like a man gazing at the sun.

He was so pitiful that we all felt sorry for him and began to try to cheer him up, and get him interested, even if we had to ring in the

anachronistic actions and adventures of Fritz of Fahrenheit to do it.

Still, we didn't devote any too much of our time to Hicks, for the rest of us weren't much better off. Of course there was only one thing that could happen, and we men got down on our praying carpets and began to worship her and hate each other so conscientiously that one night, when she dropped her fan and we all jumped to get it for her at the same time, a riot was narrowly averted.

No man was willing to be away from her any more than he could possibly help, and the consequence was that she was always surrounded three deep by a circle of adoring swains devoted to the point of manslaughter. The situation was what might be termed tense.

And then, suddenly, Hicks brightened up most amazingly and became his old, jaunty, debonair, devilish self again.

At first we were as surprised as our tenements would permit; but after consideration we decided that the change in Hicks was due to the fact that his convolutions were so shallow that nothing, not even the glorious Hortense, could for long find resting place therein.

Several times, individually and collectively, we undertook to tell him what we thought of him; but he would reply merely by cocking his head airily, winking knowingly and superciliously, and then leaving us, humming in tones like those of a wifely crow.

Stuyvescent-West (Hortense's father, you know) came one evening about eight o'clock, a few days later. He was a little man with an overabundance of whiskers, an underabundance of patience, and an air of self-esteem that fitted him as oppressively as a fur-lined coat on a hot day.

Most of us happened to be on deck when he arrived and we watched him descend from the trap and cast a watery gaze over the assembled multitude.

"Where's Hortense?" he demanded.

"Why, isn't she here?" cried Mrs. Lisperard, in surprise.

"If she is, she isn't visible to the naked eye," returned Stuyvescent-West amiably.

It was quite clear that Hortense had inherited little from her father.

Mrs. Lisperard looked about her anxiously and he all helped. Hortense was not of the group; and it was noticed, too, that Hicks was absent.

An inquiry was instituted and at length one of the grooms was found who said that only a few moments before he had seen Hortense and Hick's buzzing along the back road to the Crossing in Hick's unpronounceable racer; and almost at the same time, old Miss Baxter came in and announced that Hicks had told her that there would be an elopement at no distant date and opined that this was it.

We all gasped. Then we all looked at each other in speechless amazement. Then, as soon as we could get enough wind with which to do it, we all gasped again.

So this was the answer! So this was what accounted for the change in Hicks! So this was why he had ascended from the cellar of despondency to the roof garden of joy! So this— But Hortense! How could she have done it! How could she have chosen Hicks when she had Monty Fiske and myself and all the others to select from! How could she have snatched the booby prize when she might have taken any of the others! How, oh, how . . . !!!

But Stuyvescent-West at last had awakened from the condition of comatose bewilderment that enveloped us all. He hopped up right into the air and when he lit he ordered everyone to do something; and then not to do it; and then to do it or, not, just as he wanted them to do, or didn't want them to do. He demanded that we all start in pursuit and ordered out all kind of vehicles, from balloons to submarines. Then he undertook to express himself as the matter seemed to demand and his remarks were such that old Miss Baxter went upstairs,

screaming, with her hands over her ears and the pins falling out of her waterfall like autumn leaves in a gale.

Somebody said that there was a minister at the Crossing and that they had probably gone there. So Anatole was dragged away from the door of the wine cellar and told to bring out the Dalm-Vite car and get us over to the Crossing, immediately, and as much sooner as possible. Stuyvesant-West was by this time in a state of incipient apoplexy, and the rest were busy trying to keep him from getting in all over; so Monty

Hick's car in the street in front of the gate.

Before the Dalm-Vite came to a stop, we had hopped out and charged toward the front gate. But just as we reached it, the door of the house opened and out came Hortense, leaning on the arm of a tall, broad-shouldered fellow whom I immediately recognized as Hastings, too. I knew him on the instant, for hadn't I played football on the same eleven, rowed on the same crew, and cut the same lectures with him for three years? A fine-looking chap he is and one of the best fellows I ever knew.

But what was he doing there? And where was Hicks?

It was one of those situations that make a man feel as though his intellect had been put in an atomizer and sprinkled all over him. While I was trying to scrape mine together and get it into a heap where it would work, Monty Fiske grabbed me by the arm.

"Look!" he whispered, pointing ahead. And there, in the light of our lamps, I saw Hicks sitting on the curb. His expression—but he had none—was not a bit in the world, and he was trying to scratch a cigarette on his trousers with the evident idea of lighting the match which he held in his mouth.

Fiske and I stood like two bums on a log. Hastings and Hortense hadn't seen us at all; and he led her toward a rattly old depot carriage that was standing a bit farther down the street.

Suddenly they almost fell over Hicks, who was still absently and detachedly trying to light the cigarette on his trousers.

When Hastings (now Mrs. John Stanwood Hastings, of Brookline) saw Hicks, she stopped short and, leaning over him, cried impulsively:

"I haven't half thanked you for all you did for me, nor can I ever. Your car was really the only way in which we could have been sure that parent would have been unwavering, you know. Jack and I are ever and ever so grateful to you, and always will be. Won't we, Jack?" and she smiled up

at Hastings in a way that made Monty and I groan and groan with envy.

But poor Hicks seemed beyond human aid. He looked up at her with blinking, sheeplike eyes and blurted out:

"But I thought you were going to marry me!"

Mrs. John Stanwood Hastings looked completely kerfummoxed (if anyone as beautiful as she can look like that).

"You said that we were going to elope and asked me if I would have the car ready at half-past seven," continued Hicks in the tone and manner of a man who has been awakened from a beautiful and roseate dream by having the bed give away.

Hortense looked down on him, comprehending, and there was a soft light in her dark eyes. (We could see quite distinctly because they were standing right under an arc light, you know).

"I'm so sorry," she cried softly, "so sorry! When I said 'we' I meant, of course, Jack and myself. I didn't explain very fully, perhaps, for I was hurried and nervous and then, too, I didn't for a moment imagine that you would think that I meant you—I didn't think that you had ever thought of such a thing, or desired it."

Hicks groaned.

Hortense, with the soft light in her eyes glowing yet more softly, looked up into her husband's face; and it was quite plain that he understood just how Hicks felt. I know I did; and Fiske did, too.

"Do you mind, dear?" she asked softly.

He shook his head gently.

And then his wife leaned down and kissed Hicks right over the spectacles, and when she again stood erect there were tears in her eyes.

"Lucky dog," muttered Monty feelingly, "Lucky dogs," I agreed just as feelingly.

And we both stood silently watching the rattly old depot wagon-carriage disappear into the darkness of the quiet, spasmodically lighted street. Then Monty sighed. Then I sighed. Then we both sighed together. And we meant 'em, too.

We tried to adduce some comfort from the fact that there was but one Hortense, and two of us; so some one was bound to get left anyway. But we derived from this about as much consolation as the man whose legs were cut off got from the fact that his arms still remained; so, sighing again, we went to where Hicks was still sitting and, taking the match from his mouth and the cigarette from his hand, shook him a couple of times.

"Ed—what?" He gazed up at us with lack-luster eyes in which at length began to appear a faint gleam of almost human intelligence. And, as we bundled his lank frame into his lank car, he murmured helplessly, wondering:

"And to think that she took him when she might have had me!"

And—oh, but what's the use



"His Expression."

Fiske and I, being deemed the least valuable to the world at large, hence the best qualified to ride with Anatole, were the only ones to go, which we were glad to do for the double purpose of being in at the finish and of gaining an opportunity to tell each other what we thought of things.

We broke apart ordinances that night so that you couldn't have found a segment with a fine tooth comb; and it couldn't have been more than eight minutes before we sighted the minister's abode which we at once recognized because we saw the headlight of



The Art of Handling Men

By James H. Collins in *Sunday Evening Post*

IN a Ouida, or Corelli novel there is usually a point at which the tall, blond hero, erect as a Greek god, appears in the wild mountain pass, breasting the raging thunderstorm, and raps at the monastery gate for shelter.

The hero wants more than shelter. He is weary of life—bored with the world—bored. He wants a solitary retreat far from the maddening crowd. A mysterious burden rests on his soul. The good monks see this the moment they let him in the outer portal, and respect his reserve by maintaining silence.

The hero is tired of life partly because he has been everywhere and seen everything. But there is more than that. He has also become sated with his knowledge of men. Perfidy of man as he has found them—that is his ailment. He has looked men over in all lands and environments, from formal London drawing-rooms to the Bedouin in his tent. He finds them a pretty poor lot. They have sicken his soul. And so we discover him making his way against the thunderstorms in the Far Carpathians.

"Zip! Ker-rip!" goes the lightning. "Boom! Bang! Boom!" echoes the thunder. But when it comes to a choice between untamed elements and the perfidy of men the tall, blond hero doesn't hesitate a moment. Give him the elements.

Thousands have read this glorious stuff, their happiness not marred by the two tiny bits of external evidence that vitiate it—first, that Ouida and Miss Corelli are both ladies; second, that they are maiden ladies.

Alas for good, stirring romance! The men who come most widely into contact with men as God made them have the most optimism on the subject, and seldom take to the hills.

Not long ago Judge Cowing retired after twenty-eight years on the Bench

in New York City. He had tried fifty thousand criminal cases, sent three murderers to the electric chair and six to the gallows, put firebugs, things and swindlers in prison for terms aggregating many centuries. He had sat in judgment on the lowest of men in their least attractive circumstances, dissecting diseased character, probing vicious motives. Yet he finished it all a kind, elderly man, and said he thought, on the whole, both men and the world were growing better—population grows faster than crime.

For sixteen years the watchman of a New York bakery has dealt out half-leaves of bread at midnight to a line of from three hundred to seven hundred outcasts. "Captain" Henry's opportunities to sicken of humanity have been exceptional. He ought to be tall and blond like a Greek god, and should have taken to the Carpathians long ago. In temperament, however, and also in physique, "Captain" Henry probably resembles no one so much as Santa Claus.

Testimony of policemen, ambulance surgeons, charity workers and prison officials all go for the same thing. The moral one sees of even the worst of men at close range, the better one likes his kind. It is the exquisite who acquires a morbid dislike for humanity, and it has to be cultivated at long range.

How much does a man have to know about men to manage them?

Or can they be handled by a routine system regardless of the human quality—managed with a card index?

Is it true, as the cynic asserts, that men have to be moved by springs of self-interest, through their pockets and stomachs?

Every thousand men is likely to show one who is regarded as a born master of his kind. Every generation produces a few masters, and once in an age comes a Napoleon. How

much of this capacity is really inborn? How much can be acquired.

These are very serious questions to-day in our industrial civilization. Where once industrial life crystallized in small groups, and the master worked with his men and knew them, now we have gigantic masses of workers that compare with large armies. The Pennsylvania Railroad has one hundred and ninety thousand employees—more than were engaged on both sides at Austertitz. With their families they would populate St. Louis and Cleveland. The Steel Trust has an organization more than four-fifths the military peace footing of Great Britain. In many ways the new order is an improvement. Sociologists, for instance, regard the socialshop as a relic of the old industrial life, and look to the new to abolish it. But these great organizations have grown so fast that much of the personality, the human contact between master and man, has been eliminated. The problem to-day is to restore that element. Hundreds of corporation presidents, manufacturers, transportation officials and merchants are experimenting upon it, each in his own way.

It is not too strong an assertion to say that fifty per cent. of all the labor troubles grow out of purely human issues. If a strike results, the demand may be for shorter hours or more pay. Yet this is often merely the economic expression of a purely human grievance—"ten cents more a day" gives a better face to "discharge the foremen." The hundreds of labor troubles that never come to a strike—the sort that are being dealt with more effectively every day—are even more largely based on human issues, and settled on that basis.

A strike decredits organization. It may culminate in an economic demand, but it indicates that human touch has been lost somewhere between the head of an organization and its hands. In pathology this nervous disorder is called "lack of co-ordination." Unjust working conditions, favoritism, tyranny of petty bosses have gone on unknown for months. Suddenly comes industrial war, with

its immense bill to pay in money, comfort and even life, with a civilization tied hand and foot to its routine. Settlement means overhauling the organization on a human basis, man to man.

Matters are further complicated in this country by race problems. Get together a force of one thousand men nowadays in America, especially in the east, and you have a very comprehensive ethnological exhibit. None of the big contractors would be at all astonished if a blue-painted Pict applied for work on a tunnel or foundation job. Carry the principle up among the salaried workers and the raw material is just as diversified, even when more refined.

A man born with the gift of managing men seldom has difficulty in selling it. A census of the great industrial executives would show that three-fourths have this knack, or have approximated it. Most of them began where they handled a force of men, kept it running peacefully (the various races working in accord), and advanced records of production.

Abraham Lincoln wanted ability in his cabinet and stepped over party lines to get it. Two of its seven members, Seward and Chase, had looked for the Republican nomination of 1860, and both underrated Lincoln. Stanton, the fiery Democrat, not only underrated but despised him, and had humiliated him years before. All three were temperamentally opposed to one another, and each of the trio went to Washington in 1861 expecting that Lincoln would be a figure-head, and be the power behind the throne. Without humiliating these able men, Lincoln showed, within a month, that he was master. He could have crushed the idol Seward with documents of his own writing; those documents never saw the light till both were dead. He kept the heavy, earnest Chase in harness, despite ingrained antipathy, and the bear, Stanton, virtually worked out his life-energy caged in the War Department.

Was this power of mastery born in Lincoln?

It is said Mr. Schwab's personality

is so magnetic that the day he visited a steel plant its output increased. It is also said that Mr. Corey, another head of the Steel Trust, is so strikingly opposite in this respect that his visit might mean a decrease. Corey started in the laboratory. Schwab began as a stake-driver. Corey superintended mills, but his disposition was to number men. Schwab called them "Bill" and "George."

Is Schwab's power inborn? Has some mysterious element of personality been denied to Corey?

Ask the executives of great manufacturing, transportation and mercantile organizations, and they will commonly say: "Yes, some men have it, and some haven't, and that's all there is to the matter."

Watch laborers and mechanics rise, one after the other, to be tried as foremen. Some pass this first peak of promotion easily and are off on a long grade to larger responsibilities. Others sink back in a few weeks through incapacity, vanity, lack of aggressiveness, lack of tact and generosity. See the youngsters brought from college and set over a handful of men. Some bring them together as a teamster gets a mated, even pair from sixteen horses, while others flee in a few days as if from a hell.

Men who have this gift are not often able to deduce any principles from it. Men who haven't are certain there can be none. "Only one thing is absolutely sure," said an old superintendent. "When you find a man that makes good in this way he is usually an Irishman."

But an examination of the methods of men who handle men seems to show that there are really basic principles. The ideal manager over a big working force is generally warm-blooded, offhand in speech, and lives among his men. Being "out on the job" at all seasons is a vital part of mastery—some famous contractors can handle men in evening clothes so long as they can be on the job. But deduct this human quality, and much is still left.

President Winter, of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Co., says there are three principles. Before men will work for

you they must understand; first, that you are going to be boss; second, that you know your job and theirs; third, that you are square. He is an experienced railroader, a Westerner, and now has 14,000 men under him, operating more than 250 miles of street railway. One of the penalties of a high corporation position, he says, is that you lose the close contact with men—for ten years he hasn't been as close as he wanted to be.

The problem of how to be boss is almost invariably the first one met with and mastered. It is very often solved by a fist-fight in actual practice, or, if physical prowess is not called into play, there is a battle of character against character. Secretary Seward so thoroughly misjudged Lincoln that he drew up a complete administrative and foreign policy of his own and sent it to the president. Lincoln met Seward with a letter containing little but courtesy and expressions of appreciation; Seward's policy was even commended in part and the offensive portions disregarded. But the hand of iron was there, and Seward wrote to his wife: "Executive skill and vigor are rare qualities; the president is the best of us." Schwab took charge of the Carnegie plant after the Homestead strike, when it was disorganized and an inferno of hatred. His fighting strength lay in optimism, and he turned this misdirected energy into the production of steel. The basis for warfare was there, but the actual fight was made on character.

Introduce a new head or sub-head into any working force, from a half-dozen laundry girls to a railroad division, and that force instinctively braces itself for a trial of strength with the newcomer. Then follows a shock, and one or the other wins. There can be no compromise. The new superintendent may display ability by instantly singling out a group of malcontents for discharge. He may isolate a nasty little group of grievances and abolish them. "When I was in the railroad business," says one corporation executive, "I kept an eye out for trouble and adjusted it. Being an acute 'trouble man' is a

large factor in management. Many an executive is treating symptoms, never finding the seat of the disease. A large engraving plant had a half-dozen strikes in two years. Each was settled, but trouble soon came again. The proprietor was certain discontent had become fatal and chronic. A "business doctor" came into this plant, overhauled its system, righted some obscure evils, introduced a profit-sharing plan, and there has been no trouble since. Complaints and grievances cropped out like boils in a Massachusetts factory, and finally a regular "hospital" had to be established for their treatment in the shape of an arbitration committee of the hands. At the start, this committee was very busy. All the energy of the plant seemed to run to "jawing." But complaints became fewer and fewer, and now this committee is a safety-valve that diverts all undue pressure.

Knowing your job and theirs is part of the art of being boss. Until men recognize that a foreman, superintendent or manager is master of his business, he will get neither sympathy nor respect. Being square with employees is as important and far more difficult. It is easy enough to deal out justice to men under your eye. But how can it be managed over a system of 11,000 miles of railroad, or in a department store where the distance between the proprietor and some of his people is so great that one of them may starve to death without his knowing it until the newspapers begin to eulogize him? Such a case happened in New York a few years ago, and to-day every employee of that merchant is required to keep at home a postal card, addressed to the store, upon which a report of sickness must be mailed.

Arbitration is gladly recommended as a universal panacea for labor troubles. It is a fine theory. It works well in practice, too. But it doesn't fit all cases or classes of men. There is a vast difference between the indoor force of a great store and the outdoor force that puts up a skyscraper.

The human touch in some organizations is a real element because these

organizations are stable. Men come into them and stay because the work calls for skill, wages are good, employment is steady all year round, and there are promotions for exceptional ability. But how is human touch to be established and maintained in an organization of 15,000 street car men, for instance, drawn from a restless city population, migratory by instinct? Twice as many transients are needed in summer as in winter. The work is of a character that requires a not very high degree of skill, with consequent smaller pay, and a thousand and more outside demands for men are also eating up the organization.

How are petty bosses to be controlled? President Vreeland, of the New York surface car lines, says that wonders may be worked through firmness and intelligent sympathy with men by an executive who knows the kind of lives they lead, the anxieties that they carry about, the ambitions they have for themselves and their families. But to find petty bosses with this sympathy is a crucial matter. For lack of them many a system breaks its own weight. A force of 15,000 men must be estimated in the mass for so many potential units of production. Select subordinates unwisely, and the force will not produce normally.

In a Boston store where a board of arbitration sits on the appeal of every discharged employee, two-thirds of those who appeal are reinstated because it is found that subordinates have been unjust or worked out a grudge. When the late Colonel Waring took charge of the New York street cleaning department, his thousands of sweepers and drivers had known nothing but a system of political pulls in righting grievances. He introduced the practice of hearing appeals on discharge cases. In a short time he was hearing very little else. Thereupon he issued an order establishing a "committee of 41," each sweeping section, damp and stable electing a member. A meeting place was provided, and the committeemen's wages went on while they sat. This committee held three meetings a month to hear appeals, deciding about half,

Those that could not be decided were referred to a "board of conference," made up of five men elected by the committee and five from Waring's office. It sat once a month.

At the first meeting a sweeper was made chairman and one of the commissioner's men secretary. "Look out for Waring—it's one of his tricks," said the politicians. But the sweepers themselves saw the justice of the system, and, whenever a malcontent rose in their ranks, they converted or eliminated him. In the first year, out of 345 cases the committee settled 221. Of 124 passed to the board, 22 fines were reduced or remitted, 13 sustained; 8 discharged employees were reinstated and 17 denied reinstatement. Twenty-four practical suggestions for improvement of the service also came up through this committee. The presence of a committeeman in each section of the service acted as a check on foremen and even reduced the use of profanity.

These are a few ways in which the principle of "Be square" is worked out in actual practice. All over the United States to-day are found others, devised to fit individual needs. The element of personality enters into all of them, but results are largely secured through attention to plain matters of justice. Employers formerly fought attempts at arbitration on a purely sentimental basis. Their men came with a grievance and a demand. "Nobody but me shall run this business," was the reply, and immediately the issue was made a matter of stubbornness. But to-day the disposition is to take up these questions in about the same businesslike way that is followed in buying new machinery or raw materials.

As the element of sentimentality is eliminated, demands of workmen become fewer in number and are presented in a more businesslike spirit. Yet such methods of keeping the line open from the humblest employe right up to the chief are still complicated in a number of ways.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company investigates even the appeal of the man whose application for employ-

ment has been denied. President Winter took up such an appeal from his desk the other day to illustrate this point, and found it was the application of a Hebrew who charged that he had been excluded on racial lines. The real cause lay in his physical disability. But his appeal was not denied until that had been made certain. An employe with a grievance can sometimes take his case right up to the president, and even past the president to the board of directors. But good judgment must be exerted, or subordinates would be weakened in authority. Appeals often take on a complex nature.

In his railroad days Mr. Winter had the case of an engineer who was discharged as the outcome of a wreck. The engineer appealed on the ground that a lever on his engine was out of order, preventing application of brakes. The case was clouded by technical difficulties and went from chief to chief, until finally a committee of the Brotherhood came to the president. He settled it by inducing the committee to go over the evidence and give a decision. This verdict he agreed to abide by. The committee did so, and decided against the engineer.

In the past few years there has grown up among employers a wide interest in what is termed "welfare work." The Civic Federation maintains a bureau through which information about such work is spread. Welfare work includes almost everything that is done for the comfort of employes, from supplying clean drinking water to installing a profit-sharing or pension system. Its primary object is to get better service through contentment and health of employes. But the secondary object is that of getting acquainted with them.

One railroad president is said to put on jumpers once or twice a month and walk through the yards at his chief terminal, sometimes giving a hand in the roundhouse, again riding around on a shifting engine, but always observing and chatting. His men first regarded him as harmless.

Now they regard him as a friend.

Another railroad says he can't do much with men until he knows them, and can't know much about a man until he has seen his wife and family. This is a spirit that seems to be growing at a rapid rate among executives, and accounts for the social features that sprout out of welfare work, such as dinners, dances and lectures. One industrial president in the Middle West carries a photographer with him when he goes on a foreign vacation, has stereopticon slides made when he comes home, and lectures to his employes on "The Homes of the Pharaohs" or "Europe as I Found It." Probably nobody would care to pay to get into one of his lectures. But that isn't the point. President Ralph Peters, of the Long Island Railroad, holds a reception in his office the first week in the year, and any worker on the road who can arrange his schedule is welcome to come in and shake the "Old Man's" hand. The annual dinner to employes is becoming a fixed feast in our industrial life, and plays the same purpose as the executive's occasional dinner to his official family. This may be an attempt to restore the close contact that existed between master and men when the latter lived at their employer's table. But what an advance over the "Ewing-in" system still exists in England!

The publication of monthly magazines for employes is another means of getting acquainted, infusing spirit into an organization, letting the men out on the tracks, the yards, the engines know what the front office is doing. The Erie Railroad has one, and each employe is entitled to a copy with his pay envelope. It records the live news of the whole system. An-

other element in handling men is attention to their personal finance problems. It was necessary in the past to bring about weekly payment of wages by law. There is still an amazing amount of pig-headedness in this matter, and too little attention to the worker's desire to have his pay every Saturday night. But many employers have inaugurated profit-sharing systems and enable their men to buy stock below the market price, with installment payments. How far a little attention goes in this direction is shown in the padrone system, for which there is little but condemnation. The padrone enslaves newly-arrived Italians and charges them enormous commissions for finding work, and high rents for the tenements they live in. But the following experience of the New York street cleaning department shows that there is also a thick gilding to his fetters.

Until 1896 it was the custom in this department to draw upon padrones for the large extra force needed in cleaning up a big snowstorm. The padrone furnished young, robust men in any quantity at \$1.50 apiece per day. What he paid was a matter between them and himself. But each man got his money for his day's work every night from the padrone and the latter waited weeks for the lump payment that came through the slow channels of the city government. Labor agitators fastened on this system and a law was passed requiring the city to pay two dollars a day for snow shovellers, and to hire only naturalized citizens, after physical examination. It was difficult to get men under the new law, and the slow system of city payment made the padrone system preferable.

The Passing of the Pay Car

By C. F. Cates in *American Magazine*

RAILROADING isn't any fun any more. Sordid commercial folk in Wall Street, with never an idea in their nogginns but to invest money and make it pay dividends, have improved all the romance out of life on the rails.

They have reduced grades and straightened kinks and eliminated low joints and high centres and wooden culverts and crazy bridges until a ride over the division is about as thrilling as walking to church.

Air brakes have so thoroughly crowded out the good old Armstrong kind that a brakeman has no use for skill or judgment or muscle or even a vocabulary in stopping a train. The engineer does all that is necessary with a slight twist of the wrist.

As for making a coupling, a brakeman no longer mines in the cinders on the back of the tank until he digs up a rusty old link and a couple of pins, and, taking these in one hand and his life in the other, sprints down the centre of an unballasted track and over unprotected frogs and guard rails six inches ahead of a string of cars rolling back at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. No, in these days of slavish adherence to M.C.B. standards he just stands around smoking cigarettes with an air of ennui and lets the cars couple themselves.

No more does he fracture the handle of the fireman's coal hammer and his own peace of mind in vain endeavors to pound a stub switch open after a grilling summer sun has expanded the rails until they are stuck as tight as if they were welded. A fellow in a dog house on a pole away off yonder, by manipulating a few dainty levers, throws the switches for him.

They have replaced the little old eight-wheel engines, with their ear-splitting, staccato bark, with compound steel mountains, with cylinders like hogheads and nozzles so big

that the exhaust is gentle as a lover's whispered nothings, for no better reason than a desire to keep coal consumption down. No more can the engineer and fireman have a nice sociable quarrel in the cab whenever either's hair pulls a little, for now they are so widely separated they only see each other on Sundays.

Trains, instead of being made up of a dozen or so of pull boxes, now consist of a string of warehouses on wheels so long that when the front end is arriving at its destination the hind end is just pulling out at the other end of the division.

No more do engineer and conductor, watches in hand, make nice calculations on the time they can steal to make a meeting point that has a sliding long enough to avert the necessity of sawing past. Roads are double-tracked and four-tracked and block-sigaled till all a man has to do is to trundle along from block to block until his run is ended and repeat the process until he is retired on a pension.

Ah, no! Railroad isn't what it used to be. But if those Wall Street money grubbers had only left us the Pay Car all else could have been forgiven.

Do you remember how, in the good old days, the decrepit jokes about what was to be done when the Pay Car came were taken out of the moth balls along about the tenth of the month and dusted off and put through their paces?

How, toward the fifteenth, a feeling of sprightliness gradually stole over every one from the wipers in the round house to the lucky dogs who had passenger runs?

How this exuberance swelled in volume as the forte pedal was put on in anticipation, until toward the eighteenth everybody went about with a broad grin and nerves all a-tingle

like you feel when the orchestra is playing the creepy music to accompany the villain's midnight assault with intent to kill?

How, still later, everybody drifted down to the depot about four times a day to ask the station agent if he had heard anything about the Pay Car, until he grew as crabbed as a setting hen?

How, about the twenty-second, the waiter girls at the Depot Hotel would give you a saucy wink and bring you a great, juicy, melting, extra special wedge of pie you didn't order, for dessert, along with the ice cream and nuts and raisins and fruit and pudding and shortcake you did order? Those girls knew how to work a fellow for tips about pay day, didn't they?

At last, one day as you were letting 'em down the hill into the junction, the operator pulled his train order signal on you. Your heart leaped into your throat because you knew—

Well, you just felt it in your bones.

You went down the side of the car without knowing how you did it and spritely for the switch to head 'em in on the passing track, and then flew to the station on winged feet, leaving the engineer to hold 'em with the driver brakes or let 'em run out at the lower end as he chose. And the grumpy old conundreeon stopped 'em beautifully, without so much as saying "boo," when on any other occasion he would have unleashed a torrent of vituperation that would have set the ties on fire, and would have followed it up by heaving a monkey wrench at you if you had been in range.

There behind the counter was the Old Man looking over the shoulder of the operator, who was spelling out the order without breaking oftener than every second word:

"Train No. 7, Conductor Flatwheel, Engineer Poundmen, will accept Pay Car special, Conductor Linkspen, Engineer Moriarty, at Emerson."

Such an air of nonchalance as Old Man Flatwheel did assume as he twined away to discuss with the blind man of making a switch of that through

car of corn next the engine to get it behind the way cars so we wouldn't be bothered with it at Lyons in doing our work on those heavy grades, and affected to forget that he was getting orders until the operator called him over to sign them. He was so slow about his signature that before the dispatcher's O.K. was received you looked out of the bag bay window and saw the section gang which was working just beyond the Y throw down their shovels and run down the track like a herd of stampeded steers.

There, just coming around the curve, was a glittering vision of brass and varnish half hidden in a nimbus of smoke and dust. Two short blasts on a whistle greeted the gang, the vision hesitated for a minute, while the section men disappeared in the nimbus and reappeared as suddenly as if they had been shot out of a gun, and here came the vision gliding up to the platform with bell ringing and pop valve sputtering sotto voce, like a young lady trying to suppress a ticklish cough.

It was the Pay Car.

At this point you lost consciousness.

Some time later, while still as one in a dream, you realized that your mumbled senses, beginning at the pilot, had taken in every detail of this romantic visitation of opulence.

Never was there such an engine as the one which pulled the Pay Car. At each point in her jacket was a band of brass four inches wide. Dome, sand box, steam chests and cylinders were encased in brass, polished until you could have seen to shave in it. Her front end and her dainty straight stack were rubbed with plumbago until they shone like a small boy's heel. All her bright work was smooth and spotless and glittering, while all the rest of her surface was striped and curlicued with all the colors the general shops could mix.

Moriarty, the lucky runner of this paragon, in a clean checked jumper left open at the neck to show a gorgeous red tie in which a diamond glittered, a hard boiled early cocked jauntily over his left ear, was loling

out of the cab window in such a way that all the world might see that he wore kid gloves while on his engine. Moriarty was something of a swell and he didn't care who knew it.

His only rival in sartorial effluence was Pete Swanson, his Swede fireman, who was leaning out of his cab window with a stony glare fixed on vacancy, affecting to watch for signals. Of course he knew that all the signals which concerned him would be given with the bell cord; but his zealous attention to duty relieved him of the necessity of recognizing his humbler fellow mortals.

No plebeian overclothes eclipsed Pete's glory. There was the aquarcast black coat that no one but a railroad man ever wore—you know the kind—a vest of fancy red cloth, trousers with stripes that you could hear ten car-lengths away, square-toed shoes with soles half an inch thick, and a stiff bosomed shirt with red and white stripes. On this foundation reposed a black satin puff tie held together by a locomotive clasp in gold. On his head at a rakish angle was one of those soft hats of the peculiar block affected exclusively by railroad men a score of years ago. No, you didn't need to read the tag to discover that Pete was a railroad man.

Coupled to the engine was a wheeled palace built on graceful lines in freshly varnished yellow paint which rivaled the brass work on the engine in brilliance. The plate glass windows were curtained with bright-hued brocade. Not a speck nor a flaw was to be seen. Even the yellow wheels bore only so much dust as had been gathered on the day's run. Through an open window came fragrant odors, while in the background a white jacket surmounted by a black face vibrated at intervals.

All this time Old Man Flatwheel was heading a little procession bound toward the rear platform of the Pay Car at a gait which he assumed but once a month. Flatwheel had contentious scruples against undue exertion, so he always had the caboose stopped at the station platform so

that without dissipating his energies he could saunter in to gas with the agent until the hind man announced that the work was all done and that he was ready to go. Then he would get his orders or a clearance and tell the hind man to give 'em the sign and saunter back to the caboose before they got to rolling. But to have seen the animation with which he swung himself aboard the Pay Car would have created the impression that he was the only working railroad man on the division.

At his side stalked Panhandle Dan, the engineer, his face actually wreathed in smiles. Panhandle Dan had a chronic grouch from 12.01 a.m. January 1 to 11:59 p.m. December 31, except for the three minutes once a month. On the way to the Pay Car he always perked up a bit and was even known to crack a joke with Old Man Flatwheel.

After these two came the hind man talking incessantly with the fireman. Charley always was talking that way. He had an automatic tongue which never ran down. Half the time he didn't know he was talking. His was what the doctors would diagnose as a reflex conversation.

Frank, the fireman, was the only sober one. He, poor fellow, was doing sums in mental arithmetic, trying to figure out how on earth \$38.60 could be made to pay all necessary bills for a helpless father and mother, a wife and four kids, besides board bills for a man who was obliged to be away from home half the time.

Then there was the operator, in shirt sleeves and careworn air, hoping he could get back to his key before the dispatcher lost his temper; the agent placidly smiling; and the two coal heavers from the coal shed with an expression of almost human intelligence struggling up through numberless strata of grime and whiskers. After thirty days of bumping over a scoop shovel in a choking smother of dust they were now about to be recompensed with thirty seconds of bliss in which they could fondle real money with their own hands. After that the storekeeper would do

the fondling and feel bad because there wasn't more.

You had presence of mind enough to float into the Pay Car in the wake of the others. There were nine in the little party and you knew by experience that the average time required to pay nine men was sixty seconds; also that Moriarty would have 'em rolling before the last man had scooped his allotted coin into his trembling palm.

But in the presence of death or the paymaster one may live an eternity in sixty seconds. How glad you were that you had not been rude and rushed in ahead of anybody, even the coal heavers! Now your hungry soul could have the uttermost second in which to revel in—

Great Mackeral! Just look at it! A metal coin rack crammed to the muzzle with three denominations of yellow boys, flanked with silver, and on the desk behind it a very large wooden tray on which were long columns of yellow coins. D'y'e ever see anything so pretty in all your life? No wonder your eyes stuck out until you could have used 'em for hot bats. And all the time an exquisitely musical "tinkle, tinkle, clink-clink" swelled up from coin rack and counter in response to the calls of the assistant paymaster. Talk about Beethoven's symphonies!

If it were not for that strong wire screen you could have touched that fascinating tray. For the infinitesimal fraction of a second a wicked thought flitted through your brain. Then you almost fainted as your roving eye stared down the barrel of a monstrous revolver. It was only in a rack, but it was within easy reach of the paymaster's hand and most eloquent for all that. Half a dozen of its fellows lay in the handiest places, with as many Winchester's lying on tables and settees, came in strong on the chorus.

Hurriedly your vagrant wits busied themselves with all the Sunday-school lessons you had ever learned. As your subconsciousness perceived that the head of the road's secret service department stood on the platform with

his eyes intent on every man in the car at once, while Conductor Linkenpin stood on the ground outside very much alert, with his coat tail bulging suggestively, your bosom swelled with pride over the watchful care the company had exercised to bring its honest tollers their hard-earned money.

From the lithograph of Caroline Miskel Hoyt on the wall to the little holoways in the hard mahogany counter worn out by the attrition of the hundred and twenty-eight million dollars in wages the paymaster had plunked down on that spot since this first Pay Car ever built had been commissioned, you kept on absorbing details until your name was called.

A still greater rush of blood to your head caused you to gulp violently. Mechanically you lifted your hand to touch the pen as the others had done, and turned to go.

When you came out of your trance you were standing in the middle of the track, your eyes wandering from some yellow objects in your hand to a nimbus of smoke and dust which was just tipping over the hill to the accompaniment of the diminishing flutter of Moriarty's exhaust.

But now! Oh, well! After you have washed up on a certain day in each month you trudge drearily down to the station all alone, walk in, and looting on the counter, affect to look indifferent and say:

"Hello, John!" And the agent, after going over a column of figures three times, replies, "Hello, Bill," and gets up and goes to the safe and fumbles over some papers and hands you—

A check! No jokes, no infectious sprightliness, no uncertainty to put a wire edge on anticipation, no fleeting vision of brass and varnish and opulence wreathed in a halo of romance to leave a golden taste in your mouth for a day, nothing but a measly old check handed over a commonplace counter by a man who lives next door to you.

Why couldn't they have left us the Pay Car?

Correcting the Rule of Thumb

By Oliver Norman in Stylen.

THE board of directors' yearly communication lay before the general manager of the Mann Mercantile Company.

It was his first news of the proceedings of the annual meeting. For Johnston was not a member of the board of directors; in fact, no one really was—except Benjamin Mann, founder, ninety-nine per cent. owner, eleven-months-of-the-year-absentee president of the Mann Mercantile Company.

So this polite and ambiguous letter to the general manager, expressing the directors' appreciation of his personal faithfulness, but also their disappointment in the year's meager profits and their hope that the coming year would show increased results—this was really a direct message from Benjamin Mann to Oliver Johnston to the effect: "Show a bigger profit in the next twelve months—or your resignation."

Johnston's call button rasped. A word to the answering messenger boy brought in the treasurer—built on the order of Mann's directors—a glorified cashier and head book-keeper.

The general manager went right to the point. "Braun," he said, "you and I are the only men outside the directors who know that this institution made less money this year than last, on a twenty per cent. greater volume. We were surprised, puzzled. Our one-man directorate is more than surprised. And it is up to me to find the cause and remedy it. My heart begins to-day—the tenth of January—I want no further time handicap, for I have got to find the goal and make the run by December 31. Have you any idea as to the source of the trouble?"

"I am undecided on this question," the treasurer replied. "You have our figures; sales nearly one-fourth more than last year—gross profits as large in proportion—all departments showing the necessary percent-

age of profits on the books; yet expenditures went way up and more than absorbed the additional gross profits."

"If you can't tell me, no one in this house can," Johnston said. Then, decisively—"I will know. To-morrow a new clerk comes into the executive department. Tell him everything, give him anything he wants, open up our books to him. He'll have to be the Stanley of my Livestone in the Africa of the Mann Mercantile Company."

So on the morning of January 31, I entered the employ of the Mann Mercantile Company as general clerk.

It was a progressive store I began to study—full of the hustle and ambition of young men, and yet well directed by the merchandizing ability of its manager. The books showed the situation: an increase in volume of sales; corresponding increase in gross profits, for the margin between costs and selling price remained the same; the expense list had taken an unwarranted increase.

It was on the expenditures that I therefore concentrated my attention.

"The first data I want to get from your books, Mr. Braun," I said to the treasurer, "are the items of expense for last year and this year."

"We can give you those in an hour," Mr. Braun answered.

The two sets of figures came to me, item by item—rent, light, heat, labor, equipment, repairs, delivery expense, supplies—all the expense accounts.

They brought out nothing startling, or even significant; the percentage of increase was uniform over all. No one item, as I had hoped, showed a comparatively greater rise, thus marking it for special attention.

"Either some adverse general condition or some broadly mistaken policy of management," I reported to Braun at the end of a day's scrutiny of the figures, "has caused this pro-

portionately large increase in expenditure, or there is some one part or another of your store responsible for the increased expense in all lines. The next point, therefore, is to find what the increase in expenses has been by departments."

"But my books won't show that," the treasurer answered. "This is not a department store, you know, although we sell different varieties of goods. All expenses are figured in totals and charged to the store as a whole."

"But you surely have distributed your expense," I protested, "so that you know how much labor, how much rent, how much delivery expense, how much of any general expense, is to be charged to each general merchandise division of your business?"

"Nothing of the kind," the treasurer answered. "In the old days Mr. Mann, and now the present manager, have had complete and direct charge of the business; the figures of sales, which are kept by lines, and the general expense totals enable them to know the condition of the business."

The statement was made with such assurance that I was nettled.

"Why is this investigation going on," I demanded, "if these figures show the condition of the business? It's because your manager does not know the store's condition that we are making this analysis. What's the use, for instance," I added, "of knowing the increase in sales by lines when you don't know whether the expense of selling those lines is increasing proportionately?"

The treasurer made no reply.

"Let me see," I asked, "the report of sales by lines for last year and also for the preceding year."

Here I struck something. Not a clew exactly, but at least something different. There was a general increase in the volume of all lines, but five lines had increased very much more than the others. I looked up the location of these lines in the store, the stock carried of each, the gross profit they showed. At the end of

the day I dropped into the general manager's office.

"Have you started any new departments this year, Mr. Johnston?" I asked, casually.

"Yes," he answered. "Three—although no one of them is extensive. We opened a music-box and phonograph department just before the holidays of last year. Then in the spring we introduced a line of sheet music, and as the goods seemed to be akin we put in books a little later."

"And are there any lines of goods that you pushed harder last year than you did before?"

"You bet we did," And the salesman's spirit within him kindled his eyes. "We certainly cleaned this town up on library desks and display counters. Times are prosperous; there have been a great many developments in this line of goods lately. Everybody seems to be putting in new equipment, and I was bound that we would get what was coming to us. I happen to know we got a good deal more. We did nearly half the business that was done in this town in these times."

Then, as if recollecting that I would probably not be interested in the little gossip of the store, he added, "How are things going, any news?"

"No, not yet," as I arose and swung the door. "I won't have anything to say until I have something worth while to report."

The next morning we set two clerks from the accounting department on what turned out to be a long job—the distribution of all expenses by departments or lines of goods. It was not only a long task, but a very difficult one. It meant going over every item of expense, every payroll and invoice, charging the wages of the clerks to the goods they sold, charging each department its proportion of the rent, heat, and light according to the space it occupied, going through the delivery slips and charging each department according to the time that had been spent in the delivery of its goods. And even harder was the distribution of the general expense—the superin-

tendence, the janitor work, the accounting and administration expense.

It was two weeks before I had all my detailed figures ready for assembling; and when I began this final stage of the work I felt like an engineer must feel when the next blow of the pick is to join the two ends of his tunnel, according as he has calculated them in his blue-prints. Here I must find the trouble point—or I could find none, for my study of the business showed no other opening in the apparently strong front of the management.

It was the next morning that I went in to see Johnston with two sheets of paper in my hand.

"I have something to report," I said significantly. And although it was his busy hour, he cleared his desk and his office.

"Have you ever thought, Mr. Johnston," I began, "of exactly how much it costs to sell a sheet of music, or a chair, or desk, or piano?"

"I know the percentage," he came back quickly. "My monthly reports give me that."

"But I mean in a more detailed fashion than that. Have you any idea how much clerk hire it costs to sell a chair—how much rent, how much wear and tear on equipment, on your door springs even, in that one sale—how much of your superintendent's and your floorwalker's and your door opener's time it takes to handle that one customer? How much it costs to enter and post the bill and collect the account on that one chair? How much it costs you to deliver the goods?"

"It's all in the percentage," Johnston repeated. But his answer was not so cock-sure as it had been before.

"I can tell you," I said, "how much it costs you in rent and light, and heat and clerk hire, in superintendence, in wear and tear, accounting and administration to sell, if not one chair, at least all the chairs you sold; or all the pianos you sold, or music boxes, or desks, or books. That is more than you ever knew before, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "more than I cared

to know, because it is only itemizing, it is only dividing up the entire expense. As long as I know the percentage, I know where we are at."

"But you don't know the percentage. You know, for instance, that your profit last year was four per cent. on all the goods you sold, taken in lump."

"Yes," was the answer. "You have not known until this moment that while you made four per cent. on your chairs, you made six per cent. on your rugs and carpets, only one per cent. on your books, and that you lost money on the sheet music you sold, and on the musical appliances, and on the library desks, and barely played even on the counter line?"

The general manager had the right hand drawer of his desk open before my statement was finished.

"That's impossible," he asserted, as his hand placed the last report on his desk. "On musical appliances, for instance, we made a gross profit of fifteen per cent. and our operating expenses are only ten per cent., so we made five per cent. there. On our sheet music we made a little less, I confess. The gross margin there is only fourteen per cent., but even there we made fully four per cent."

I laid my sheets down on his desk. There was a department for each sheet. First, there came the total sales of that department for the previous year by months, and then for the year before that; opposite were the expenses for the two years by departments, itemized into the various expense accounts.

"Here is the proof," I said. "It is absolutely correct, as your accounting system will allow; and while your accounting system has not told you much, its original entries are doubtless correct. But I tell you here what the actual expense of each part of your store has been. When you come to think of it, you cannot expect it will cost exactly the same percentage of the selling price to sell a piano that it does to sell sheet music or a library table or a book. Coincidences don't come so uniformly. It may cost twice

as much, in percentage, to sell one article as it does another. Just because, to get your selling price, you mark all your goods up twenty per cent. from the cost price, you can't be sure that it does not cost twenty-five per cent. to sell sheet music, and perhaps only five per cent. to sell chairs."

"But why is not your method as much a guess as ours?" Johnston asked. "How do I know that it cost \$20 rent, for instance, for our sheet music department, and \$24 for heat and light, and \$520 for clerk hire?"

"Because it actually did," I answered, and I proceeded to explain to him the basis of the figures before him. "It's a very easy matter to determine the total clerks' wages for any department for a year. It is merely the process of picking out the people who sell a certain line of goods and totaling their wages. It is just as simple to find the rent, the heat, and light for a department; that is a process of dividing the total number of square feet in the store by the number devoted to this department, and charging the same proportion of the year's rent. The superintendence is a little more difficult, but that can also best be arrived at on the basis of space, as can also the general wear and tear of equipment."

"Administration and office expense are charged in proportion to the department's volume of sales."

And so I went through every expense account, showing exactly the basis on which the distribution was made.

Buried in the interesting details which I had opened up to him, the general manager failed to see the forest because of the trees.

"These figures are interesting and they will doubtless help the management of the business; but how do they show what has been the matter with our profits?"

"Right here," and I picked out five sheets from the pile. "You pushed two departments particularly hard this year, chiefly in order to overcome competition. You lost money on both these departments.

"You opened three new departments; one was very successful; the other two you lost money on. Now, why?"

"You lost money on library tables and display counters because you were bucking against competition; you sold on too close a margin, did a great deal of advertising, and hired special salesmen. Your sales expense plus your general expense more than consumed your gross profit."

"You lost on sheet music because not only is the margin comparatively small, but each sale is for but a small amount. Then the department takes up a good deal of room; it requires a great display space; you have a piano there on which purchasers try the latest popular airs. And your gross profit is, therefore, more than eaten up by your general expense in this department. The same applies to books."

Johnston sat silent, his chin resting in his hand. He was waiting for more.

"Now take the year's business; subtract from your total expenses the expenses of three or four departments. The resultant profit would be larger than the actual profit you made last year, while the percentage of profit would show an even greater increase!"

"I have shown you the cause. It carries with it the remedy. How that remedy should be applied is for you to say. Some of these departments you can doubtless drop; others you must keep in order to hold certain business for other lines. In one or two of the departments you can make such changes that they will show the right margin of net profits."

The general manager rose abruptly and picked up the sheets. "There is more important work for me to do today," he said, "than sit at this desk. I am going home to my library to work this out."

"Mr. Norman," he said, his hand on my shoulder, "you have shown me the goal and the straight path. I have got to run to make it. The rest ought to be easy."

And it was.

Bread Eaten In Secret

By Anne O'Hagan in Harper's

IT is difficult for even the most subtly agile of moralists to append the good eras demonstrandum to this record of the final solution of Susan Apthorp's emotional complexities. Twist the tale as one will, there is no point at which he can say: "Here was the great mistake; here she had had indubitable choice. Had she but turned in this direction the outcome would have been utterly different." Chance, blind and cruel, played so large a role in the shaping of events; and temperament, as capricious, as uncontrollable, as chance, walked hand in hand with it. Even the mysteries among which the little drama came to its culmination were, perhaps, but Susan's fancies grown all-victorious.

Susan was twenty-two, and a normal young woman as young women go, when she met Hardaker. She was not a beauty, but she had charm—laughter, whimsy, wit of an uncertain, fine, feminine flavor, imagination. The impulsiveness of her youth was tempered with something of the poise of a woman of the world.

Lest an orphan, and not an heiress, before the end of her first decade, she had early learned something of the arts of concealment, of apparent subservency, of simulated self-forgetfulness—arts whose practice is necessitated by a shifting residence among semi-indifferent relatives. Her tact, however, never degenerated into hypocrisy; she was, at bottom, too affectionate not to be willing to pay, in helpfulness and entertainment, for the haphazard care and shelter she received. But for the time when the child first perceived that the world had not been constructed for her—a fact which orphaned children recognize many years before their fellows—she had made a little world of her own, in which she ruled, a kind and lovely young princess. She emerged from it cheerfully enough at the call of the actual, and her guardians never had cause even

to describe her as "dreamy," so immediate was her return.

Hardaker, at the time they met, was in the zenith of his social popularity, though he had not yet won complete recognition as an artist. He was, perhaps, forty; but he had carried into this beginning of middle age all the slim strong grace of body which had made him the most picturesque wrestler of his day in college. His was the classic regularity of feature which Susan lacked. Only his mouth, less full, with less of that sensuous joyousness which we call pugnacity, than the Greek type, laid a modern impress upon his face. It was almost thin-lipped, aristocratic, its native austerity converted into something which in repose resembled cruelty, as is often the way when a man of predominant intellect is deliberately a pleasure-seeker.

No one of the group assembled at Cedarholm, the Willis Apthorp suburban place, expected Hardaker to be seriously interested in Susan, for whom the Willis Apthorpes were disaffectionately that season. When it became evident that the young woman held his attention for more than an evening or two for which the least fascinating of Susan's sex might hope to hold it, Mrs. Willis consciously did her utmost for her husband's cousin. She recalled to the girl the discrepancy in their ages, warned her that Hardaker was not of the marrying type, and related enough of the story of his successes with women to indicate that these were matters of notoriety rather than of fair renown. Susan received the information with the right degree of worldly, familiar indifference, tempered with a little youthful disgust.

"I don't think we need worry, Willis," said Mrs. Willis that night. Susan has a good deal of the coquette in her makeup. I doubt if she'll ever be very hard hit. And I think I suc-

ceeded in making her see that he will be a drab, uninteresting person of fifty when she is in the very flower of her young matronhood. If once you can make a girl connect a man with gruel and porous plasters, she's safe enough."

While the astute Mrs. Willis reasoned thus, Susan lay in the darkness, her soft mouth pressed against her forearm on the pillow. He had kissed it when she had extended her hand for a friendly good-night. His kiss against her cool, firm flesh was not warmer than that of her own lips caressing what his touch had made so rapturously dear.

She knew, even while she summoned before her closed eyes the look which had burned in his, that her cousin's wife had told her the truth about Hardaker. But for the hour she elected to forget it, to live in her own familiar kingdom of make-believe. In the morning she would issue into the real world and conduct herself as was seemly. To-night she would dream a splendid, thrilling dream.

For once she found it difficult to separate her two realms. Into her jealously cherished blindness of the night the bitter truth would flash its illuminations—he was a man who only played at love; into the daytime clearness of her perceptions some golden memory of her dream would drift, filling her laughing eyes with sudden warmth and tenderness, breaking the cool smile upon her lips into the sigh of happy reverie. Hardaker, not in the secret of her moods, was puzzled, piqued, fascinated, almost to the undoing of his plans. In a month, half their acquaintances began to wonder if he was, by a miracle, in earnest. When, at the end of the second month, he departed abruptly for Europe, there were as many willing to award her the palm for consummate coquetry as to add her name to the monotonous list of his victims. Only she knew that he had gone without asking her to marry him, and only he knew that he had gone lest he most impudently might. In his creed, an artist's only excuse for marriage was the increase

of his leisure or opportunity for work. During her deliberate yielding to the intoxication of her dream, Susan had nursed the delusion that she discounted the pain of awakening by anticipating it. She found, however, that the real pangs were not so easily evaded. When he had gone, she longed for him as intensely as if she had expected, like the village maiden of familiar tragedy, to keep him forever; she missed his protestations of love—protestations made in a myriad ways—as if she had received them with full belief. It seemed to her that her hand was parched for the touch of his, that her eyes ached physically for the sight of his.

In her outward manner of life there was no change. She continued to occupy herself in a manner befitting a semidependent young woman of many social gifts but no remunerative talents. She lifted herself with graceful adaptability into several house holds, being in turn the glittering lure or the effective background for her hostess—here an excellent listener, there a humorous talker; here a skillful maker-over of old garments, there a sufficiently grateful recipient of new ones. Once, in the early period of her desolation, she had tried to make a useful career for herself and had dabbled in philanthropy after the fashion of the broken-hearted of her sex. But Susan's genius was not of the helping-hand variety. She soon withdrew from pursuits alien to her temperament and returned to her own sphere as an adornment of society and a subjugator of man.

In the latter profession she had the wonderful success that attends a native fitness for an undertaking. She liked—she could not help liking—the task of charming. Her inner conviction that she herself was proof against hurt lent, perhaps, an added zest to the sport. She advanced gayly, radiantly, to the duel when she saw an opponent worthy her skill; the sword-play, the passes, the poses, the fire from striking steel, delighted her. She felt that she wore an invisible armor, and sometimes the knowledge of her impregnability made

her kind to her fellow-fencer and sometimes it filled her with a brilliant recklessness of execution.

But whether she was making an abortive, pathetic attempt to be of use in the world, or whether she was visiting relatives in the country or relatives in town, or whether she was perverting her ardor, her wit, her sentiment, to the tinsel ruses of flirtation—whatever her outward life, her outward activities, inwardly she thought of herself as James Hardaker's creature. She acknowledged it to herself with a sort of fierce pride in her abasement. She fostered the feeling. It made for her the secret life she had always had since her childhood.

The mere sight of his name in the papers always stopped her heart for the fraction of a second. Each success of his which the paragraphs recounted—and in these years the steps of his approach to his pre-eminent greatness were magnificent strides which all might mark—started it beating again with the heavy stroke of pride. She admitted his weaknesses, his cruelties, and brushed them aside. Thank Heaven, she said to herself, she had wasted her love upon a man, a great man, a power! False, inconsistent, pleasure-seeking, was he? Ah, but he was great! Some women poured their love, their life's devotion, as the feet of poor, inefficient creatures whose moral weakness was redeemed by no strength of intellect, no beauty of artistic achievement. Thank Heaven, she had not been so base, so senseless, a groveller as these!

So six years had passed, and gradually the savor of her meaningless triumphs was growing stale against her palate. She was tormented by a sudden doubt of the nicety of her amusement of all these years; she consoled herself with the reflection that virgarity of manner was universally conceded to be impossible to an Aphrodisiac; but was it possible to give dignity to a pursuit so innately trivial and vulgar as flirtation? Moreover, she was no longer able to pass at will into a world dominated by Hardaker. One day, when the trance eluded and defied her, a quick fear made her pale

—a fear that she was not essentially different from the other women of her generation—no more fervent in loving, no more blindly loyal. It sickened her. She had had her vanity through the long time of her separation from Hardaker, a deeper vanity than the critics of her flirtations could have understood. It had been to believe herself a woman the intensity and constancy of whose love were boundless, a woman capable of an epic sentiment which only the accident of time and caste denied an epic expression.

The disdain for her amusements, the doubt of the endurance of her love for Hardaker, coincided with the appearance of young Williston upon her horizon. She saw him first one afternoon at the country club, a big, broad-shouldered, boyish figure. He stood before the fireplace and he was quoting some one to the effect that the capacity for a great passion is as rare as the capacity to compose a great opera. He had had the cold color that an autumn walk brings, she reminded and she had fixed his laugh as he had overthrown some sentimentalism with his bit of philosophy. She herself had thrilled with the consciousness of her secret genius. She had glanced up toward the speaker and had felt the blood mount girlishly to her face beneath the unexpected searching of his gray eyes. It was as though, in an idle conversation concerning poets, some one had divined a hidden gift of song. And yet, it was after that talk that she began to torment herself with the fear that her great song was merely doggerel, after all. She closed her eyes and summoned Hardaker's face. She struggled to wrest from unwilling memory the lusciousness of his eyes; but blue was a mere word in her mind, not a color, not a living light, as of old. She recalled words—they left her unthrilled. She reminded herself of twilights—sunssets, scenes set for romance, with Hardaker close to her, his hand touching hers, his face, beautiful and eager, bending toward her. But the scenes vanished before their message reached her heart. She was left in the darkness with the memory of

young Williston's divining scrutiny of her.

That young Williston had soon attached himself rather conspicuously to Susan's train was a matter commented upon by her relatives with the cheerful frankness common to families. Some of them averred that he was a boy, little likely to stir a real ardor in a woman who had so long played with fire. Some said that it would be a shame if she trifled with him after her customs, despoiling him of the morning freshness of his emotions merely to feed an insatiable vanity. Willis Aphrodisiac expounded a more hopeful theory to his wife.

"Did you ever notice Williston's jaw?" he asked. "That fresh color of his blinds one to the east of his face, rather. But you look at him the next time you see him. If he wants Susan, he'll get her. I'll wager you three to one that in five years you'll see her and a pair of young ones driving meekly down to the station to meet him when he comes out from the city in the afternoon. She'll quote his sayings and warm his slippers and humbly wait for him to finish the newspaper before interrupting him—provided he wants it. You mark my words."

"I'm sure I hope so," sighed Mrs. Willis. "But you know, dear, Susan has never seemed quite the same to me since the Hardaker affair."

"Hardaker? Nonsense!" Willis was emphatic rather than argumentative.

"But really—"

"But really," interrupted her husband conclusively, "the whole trouble with Susan is that she hasn't met me. Now young Williston's a man though he's only a boy. He's going to love like a man and win his woman like a man, and marry and go out and do a man's work in the world. He isn't going to sit around turning phrases about his emotions. And that's the kind of man Susan needs and wants and is waiting for—you'll see."

"I'm sure I hope so," his wife sighed again, some presentiment upon her that so sane and fair a destiny was not

for her cousin, despite that cousin's compelling and appealing charms.

Meantime young Williston made it evident to all observers that he held Susan in extravagant admiration. He laughed at her whimsies, watched her changeable face by the evening together, condoned her ignorance of practical affairs—Williston himself was rather phenomenal in objective knowledge—humored her caprices after the indulgent manner of the strong, not the ingratiating manner of the weak.

"He's too nice to be spoiled," Susan told herself as she did up her hair one evening, after she had been off for a splendid, swinging, stinging walk with him through the wind and the driving mist. She was trying to explain to herself why she had held her hand from flirtation with him. Her face looked back at her out of the mirror, glowing, smiling, young-eyed—such a face as she had not seen there for years. "Much too nice," she said again, more emphatically, "and very, very much too young."

Too young! She sighed. Had she offered up her youth on the altar of an unreality? How old was the boy—two, three years younger than she was? He might as well be a decade younger, she felt; he might as well be in the nursery! Ten years and she would be faded, withered, burned out, not to be thrilled even by the thought of the great, secret romance of her youth; ten years and he, the boy, would still be in the vigor and glory of life. A chill went creeping up to her heart. Out of the mirror, which had so often framed her memory of Hardaker's face, Williston's eyes seemed to look forth at her, laughing, commanding her to put away recollections and anticipations, commanding her to—

"It couldn't be, it couldn't be," she told herself vehemently. "If that other was not real and eternal, then nothing can be real and eternal on God's earth—or I am not the kind that may feel real things. I will not be that other kind. I will keep my love, I will keep it."

She walked downstairs to find young Williston in his favorite att-

dade before the hall fire. He was talking politics with Willis, but he broke off to watch her as she came down. She passed him coldly, listened with a careful indifference as he explained how Mrs. Apthorpe, meeting him at the gate, had been so jolly as to ask him to come back to dinner just as he was.

"Very nice, I'm sure," said Susan, rudely. He looked surprised, and almost hurt for half a second. The ruddy color faded a little from his face and suddenly the firmness of his jaw became his most prominent facial characteristic. His gray eyes studied her. Then with a slight gesture of accepting her manner, he sauntered across the drawing-room to Mrs. Apthorpe. Susan felt chidden and ashamed. Like a child who is conscious of having misbehaved, she exerted herself at dinner to efface the impression of her wilfulness. But Williston did not lose the air of a man who merely defers explanation and punishment to a fitting season.

When he was about to leave the house, it came.

"You promised to go with me to see those pictures of Lwin's," he said.

"Yes," answered Susan, docilely.

"Is his exhibition on yet?"

"It opens to-morrow. Can you go then?"

Susan smiled and said that she could, without even the pretence of consulting a mental engagement-book.

"Won't you come in early and go to luncheon with me?"

"That will be delightful," said Susan.

"I'm not so sure you'll think so afterwards," he announced. "Very well, then. I'll meet the train that gets in a few minutes before one—the twelve-seven, isn't it?"

Susan's "yes" was unsteady. She was not going to be able to dominate the situation, to keep this downright person from downright utterance and demand—that she felt. But was she going to be able even to control herself, to hold fast to her dream before the vigorous, splendid sunshine he would let into her heart? The premonition of vanquishment shook her.

It was not a joy to her to find herself again on the verge of love. It discredited her past, it mocked her, it disgraced her in her own eyes. A good wife could scarcely feel more shame at the stirring of a vagrant emotion than Susan at the approach of a fresh passion in herself. Her long infatuation for Hardaker was, in her mind, redeemed from folly, ennobled, set among heroic sentiments, by its endurance, its subsistence upon pure imagination. That had been the badge of its sincerity, had marked it no spurious metal. That another emotion should have power to crowd it from her heart debased it and then derided her.

She was not a religious woman, but that night she found herself upon her knees, her arms flung across her bed, her face hidden. She formulated no prayer, but all her being brought that her heart might be faithful to its fruitless dream.

As though in answer to her, her broken sleep held dreams of Hardaker, smiling, tender, triumphant. She awoke, strengthened against the boy. To be sure, she counted the hours until they were to meet, but she told herself that her impatience was the burning desire to say what must be said, to end the situation, to strangle the new feeling that struggled for life in her heart, while it was still quiescent.

The train loitered and lagged. She grew almost feverish. She trembled, and hated herself that she could not tell whether it was an old recollection of Hardaker or the memory of Williston's good-night that thrilled her. She was suddenly afraid to meet the boy's eyes again. Why had she said that she would come, would see him?

And here the malignant fairy that had not been invited to Susan's chiseling took part in her destiny, or some power as wantonly cruel. To quiet her nerves, she leaned over and took from an empty chair opposite hers a morning paper flung there by some one leaving the train. Her eyes idly roamed up and down the columns. She was unconscious of a word, until there stood out clearly, as though in

some raised and curious type for the blind, a paragraph copied from Florence. "American Sculptor Marius Heirss," it read. The day before, in the Italian city, James Hardaker had taken to wife the only daughter of an ex-ambassador whose chief fitness for his office had been the possession of a fortune larger than those of the monarchs to whose courts he had been accredited.

Jealousy that outlives love and simulates passion, that stirs the slight embers of a trivial emotion to a sudden final burst of flame, sprang up in Susan. Often as she had prepared herself for the announcement of Hardaker's marriage, the reality found her totally unready. It was as though some new substance had been thrown among the inchoate uncertainties of her heart and had crystallized them. She burned with misery and jealousy. Therefore she loved Hardaker. Therefore, she had no feeling at all for Williston. So, if she had been capable of defining herself, she would have described her emotions.

As she met Williston in the station, the unnatural, hard brilliance of her eyes, so unlike their customary liquid radiance, the harsh red line of her mouth, the furious rose that burned upon her creamy skin—all these gave him a minute's uneasiness. But he refused to listen to their warning; he had determined that day to settle for all time the question of his relation to Susan. Last night he had been deliriously sure that the settlement would be what he desired. To-day he would not let the doubt born of her strange, abrupt manner, her tense, excited face, deter him.

They were not far advanced at the pretence of luncheon when he spoke.

"You know what I want to say to you, don't you?"

The thought of hurting him was not distasteful to Susan in the mood in which she was, though usually she was all exquisite, illogical, feminine tenderness for the pain that she could see.

"I suppose I do," she answered curtly. He studied her with an air of grave surprise for a moment.

"Your manner when you came

down to dinner last night," he began, "was so unlike your manner when you came home from our walk, and your manner at dinner so unlike either, that I was puzzled. I am not a subtle person like some of your friends." He half smiled. "I don't care for riddles. I don't want to waste time wondering where I stand with you, and guessing what you mean by this gesture and what by that smile, and whether I have offended you or not. I want to know—to know—how you feel about me."

She was regarding him with hard eyes and a satiric pressure of the lips. His gaze did not falter beneath the irony of her glance.

"Of course," he went on, "this is not a fitting time or place for this conversation. But you see you never treated me capriciously or coquettishly until last night, and my one idea was to have the thing cleared up at the earliest possible second. Susan—I'm pretty madly in love with you. I want your love, I want you, more than I have ever wanted anything in the world. Have I any chance at all?"

He bent forward slightly, his face pale, his eyes shining with suspense. The waiter, hovering near with a chafing dish upon a tray, discerningly withdrew a few feet.

It seemed to Susan that it would relieve the intolerable, throbbing agony of her own pain if she could wound as deeply. Still satiric and hard, she looked at him.

"You have not the least chance in the world," she replied, with a soft, coarsely brutal. He drew a sharp breath, settled back in his chair and nodded toward the bearer of the chafing dish. That functionary, regulating an alcohol flame, removing a cover disclosing the bubbling contents of the pan as though he revealed the riches of a jewel case, making passes across the table with plate and fork, mercifully hid the two from each other for a few seconds. When he had once more withdrawn, Susan stole a half-frightened glance at Williston. Her cruelty had spent itself, after the feminine fashion, in one blow.

"E—I am very sorry," she whispered.

"You are not at all to blame," he told her courteously. "You must not reproach yourself in the least." The formality of his manner was not to her liking.

"You do not understand," she said. "I am afraid I understand quite clearly all that concerns me—Shall we have a French dressing with the alligator-pears or a—"

"I don't care what we have with our pears or whether we have pears, or anything," cried Susan, temperamental, despite the softness of her voice. "You are angry. You think I did this for—my vanity's sake. Oh, yes, you do!"—as he made a slight gesture of dissent. "You despise me for a coquette. Every one does—"

"I love you," he interrupted her. "I wanted you for my wife. If you had cared for me you would not have coquetted any more. But you have said you don't, and, if you'll forgive my selfish concern for my own feelings, it's damnably painful for me to talk about it just now. You know I told you I wasn't an amateur psychologist."

But Susan did not want to drop the subject. The relentless egotism of grief, the passion for speech, for outpouring of soul, were upon her.

"You are angry with me," she persisted. "Ah, don't be. Pity me. Can't you see I'm wretched? Can't you see I'm tortured, crucified? Don't I know all about love and pain?"

Her voice broke in self-pity. Williston leaned forward, forgetting himself.

"You poor girl, you poor child!" "Don't be too sorry for me," she said in her turn. "I ought to be used to it. It's six—it's nearly seven years now."

"Is he blind or an ass?"

"He's married."

In the silence that fell upon them the waiter removed plates, brought cups. Williston looked long and searchingly at her. The innocent melancholy of her expression—a sort of confession of ignorance—banished whatever ugly thought had sprung to

life at her last words. Resolution gathered in his eyes.

"Listen," he said. His hand fell upon hers, nervously tearing at a leaf upon the table. "Listen. You're awfully young, after all. You're romantic—silly, dear heart, like a sixteen-year-old about a matinee hero. No, you mustn't be angry with me yet. You must listen. You've been fostering something unreal, playing, pretending. Let me teach you the truth. Give me a chance. Why, hang it all, I'm not a fool. You could care for me—I've seen it. Dear love, your eyes—either you've deliberately let them lie to me or you have cared—a little. Only last night—"

But the message from Florence had blotted out last night for Susan.

"I may have thought at one time that I could forget him and care for you," she said. "But I do not wish to. I did not wish to. Real or unreal, it's all there is in the world for me. I'd rather remember his hand clasp than—than feel your kiss," she cried recklessly. "The memory of him, once in a year, is dearer company for me than you, all of you, love and sympathy and talk and laugh, every day. I'd rather be the woman who loves him hopelessly, never seeing him, forgotten by him, than the best-loved wife in all the world."

"That is all romantic nonsense, Susan," replied Williston. "To cherish passionately what can have no fruition is morbid, hysterical, false. I'll make you see that some day."

"Romantic, morbid, hysterical, whatever it is, it is my life," she asserted.

"But it shall not be your life, Susan. Listen to me. You shall love me yet. I will make it the one object of existence to make you forget this—this moonshine. And I'll succeed."

"You never will. I shall not see you, hear from you, hold any communication with you, if you will not respect my feeling. Oh, you do not realize it."

"I realize it better than you do. I am a man. And I mean to win you. I wouldn't fight you, dearest, if I had any real rival, any man who could

offer you love and happiness. But as it is—you'll see. Oh, you shan't be able to evade me." He laughed. "If you refuse to see me I'll haunt you with my astral body; I'll impress myself upon the light and you'll never see any one else but me! If you won't hear me I'll make the winds my messengers. I'm talking like a drunken fool, am I not? But it only means that I'm not going to give you up to an illusion—that I'm never going to give you up. Do you hear me, Susan—I'm going to win you, for your happiness and my own!"

The boyish rhapsody and daring restored Susan somewhat to herself. She smiled faintly.

"Ah," she said, "you are very young."

"So I have all the more years to persuade you to be happy and all the more years to love you in," he answered, smiling a little also.

They went out into the gusty brightness of the March day. The violence of Susan's mood had passed, but it had left her tired.

"If you don't mind," she said, "we'll skip the pictures. I'm—I'm tired. I'll go home at once."

"But I do mind—most dreadfully."

"Nevertheless, I must go home. Get me a cab, if you will, and send me to the station. I—I think I'm too old for scenes."

"I want you to forget the scene," he rejoined earnestly. "I want you to come and see pictures with me in just a commonplace, every-day fashion. And I won't even tell you"—his eyes were mirthful and daring—"how we'll go jog-trotting to picture shows together all our life!"

She frowned and shook her head in quick impatience. "Let me go with you to the station, at any rate," she begged.

"No. I want to be alone."

"Ah, but remember how I'm not going to let you escape me in that way," he laughed. "At least to-night I may—"

"No, no, not to-night," she cried nervously, forestalling his request.

"But I may call you up on the telephone and learn that you have re-

covered from the—scene?" He could not have explained his own buoyancy; but hope—certainty—flooded his heart as he looked at her. The conquering mood of the night before was again upon him. He shut the carriage door upon her, and before he turned to give directions to the driver, he leaned in through its lowered window.

"Remember," he whispered, "I am going to win out. And you will be as glad as I."

Before anything more articulate than a blush could answer his confident prediction, the carriage began to move, and she looked out to see him standing, barcheased, young, triumphant, in the bright light. And that vision of him remained with her all the afternoon, contending with the older one and—though she would not yet admit it—overthrowing it.

Late in the day she found herself in the library on the second floor of her cousin's house. The windows commanded a sweep of the high, sloping lawn, the bare trees, the broad road outside the grounds, and the ice-cluttered river beyond. Susan told herself that she was there to see the brief crimson fires die down behind the farther shore. But she knew in her heart that it was to watch for a swinging figure that sometimes strode up from the station in the twilight. Williston had for home, besides his club in town, his sister's house beyond the Willis Asphorpe place. He would go there to-night. Susan argued; or could he have meant to telephone from the city? Ah, there he came through the enfolded dusk! No, it was Willis, turning in at his own drive. How ridiculous a blunder—to mistake Willis's middle-aged strength of outline for the swinging, youthful leanness of the boy! Then she remembered his boast—his promise—his threat—that she should come to see him in every vision her eyes beheld. She laughed in a flurry of shame and gladness that already his words began to be true.

Nervously, expectantly, she occupied herself after dinner. She paced the rooms aimlessly, she played snatches of melody. She had been hurt, she had fed her heart upon folly,

she had nourished herself upon mista—and now, what balm, what tenderness, were to be hers! She looked at her cousins. There had been no guests the younger children were asleep in the nursery, the older ones busy in the schoolroom with their books. Willis read in middle-aged comfort and Caroline pricked at a piece of fine linen with a needle. It was very sweet. Warmth and peace and the security of wedded love—how beautiful and blessed they were! Her fingers made a sudden discord at the piano.—Did she mean, then, without a further struggle, to yield to the domination of this new love, to yield to this new lover?

The telephone on Willis's desk in the library rang sharply. She turned, half starting to her foot. But Willis moved toward the instrument. She waited, unsure, trembling, to be summoned to it. Their talk would be, of course, non-committal, but—"My God! what are you saying, Baird? It can't be true." That was what Willis was shouting in a high, hoarse voice. Lena Baird was Arthur Williston's sister. From head to foot Susan was instantly cold, stiff, tense.

"Yes, yes. Of course. I'll come at once."

Caroline had stopped her embroidery and was staring at her husband, aghast at the horror and hurry of his tones. Susan was still sitting, perfectly motionless, at the piano.

"God! this is awful," shuddered Willis, stumbling up from the desk and crossing the room. "There's been an explosion. Baird has heard that young Williston—the hospital telephoned. It seems Arthur had some memoranda with Baird's address—"

"For Heaven's sake, Willis!" Caroline was strident with fear and impatience. "Tell it straight. What is it?"

"Young Williston's dead—killed in an explosion on Danne Street this afternoon. The hospital authorities have telephoned to Baird. He wants me to go in town with him. Identification—"

Then he became aware of Susan, tall and ghastly white, by his side.

"I do not believe a single word of it," she said woodenly, and, with that expression of unbelief upon her lips, fell forward into Willis's arms in a dead faint.

The steep slope to the river was garlanded with the pale green and rosy white of the later spring time when Susan looked forth again at eventide. She was stretched in a long chair, a rug across her knees, her hands folded weakly in her lap. For weeks she had been lying in bed—not sick with tangible disease, not suffering keen pangs, but inert, indifferent, deadened to feeling.

Finally the spell broke. The doctor said that Miss Aphorpe had happily escaped with a brief attack of nervous prostration, and that now, with due care, with a cautious avoidance of excitements, with gentle stimulations of interest, with electricity and massage and tonics, her vigorous constitution would finally reassert itself. Then he went away and wrote a convincing paper upon the penalties exacted by nature from society women for gambling and automobile racing.

And Susan lay at the library window, looking idly down the billowy, blossoming slope to the broad road, where now and then the flash of varnish or the gleam of metal proclaimed the passing of equipages. Faintly she enjoyed the tender colors of the hillside. She still dwelt in the nebulous region where pain and joy are no more real than those are real men and women who pass and repass in a mirror at the end of a great hall.

The west grew softly, celestially bright with pink and primrose and lilac. The carriages rolled closer. Dark figures of pedestrians strode by the low wall at the foot of the hill. The frequent trains were bringing the men home from the city.

Along the road came some one swingingly. He seemed straight and tall and lithe. Something caught roughly at Susan's heart. A hand snatched at the veil which had enveloped her. She leaned forward, her lips parted, her eyes starry, her whole face transfigured. The man passed at the gate, turned in, resolved

himself to Willis's stalwart proportions. She gave a great cry and threw herself backward in her chair. There was no longer any shield of misty forgetfulness between her and the agony of realization.

So she came quite back to life and its cruelty of loneliness. She never even said to herself that she had loved Arthur Williston, and that in the loss of him, the loss of life with him, she had tasted what was for her the supreme bitterness. She was done with telling herself what her emotions were, done with cherishing them, with defying them, with all forms of playing with them.

Yet, unsought by her—beyond, indeed, any human power of seeking—the visionary life she had always maintained began to reassert itself. Dreams such as she had tried to compel in the old days came to her now unbidden. At first it was only in the twilights, under the shadow of a tree or under the flickering of a street lamp, that some familiar trick of shoulder or of stride, some turn of the neck or free motion of the arm, would make her heart stand still for the space of a quivering eyelash and then bound madly on. By and by the hallucination, that was no hallucination, grew more frequent. Arthur was dead, dead in the great glory of life, dead—ah, the misery of it!—because she had not granted such a little, trivial wish one sunny, blustery day—she knew it. That knowledge was the core of existence to her. Yet, constantly, men walked with his tread, bent their heads as he had done, sprang, ran—stimulated all his vigorous supple motions. Never the man close beside her, never the one who brushed her skirts on the sidewalk, but always the one just turning the far corner, just alighting from the next carriage, the next car, just closing the door of his home behind him. And her eyes, charged with lasting sorrow, came at last to be always longingly fixed on the distances.

Nor was that all. The first time she had answered the telephone after her recovery from her illness—re-

pressing a shudder as she lifted the receiver from the hook—that day the "hello" which had greeted her had been familiar, buoyant, young—the very tones that had prophesied to her joy and the fulfillment of destiny. Her answer had been a whisper. And then a commonplace voice had pronounced a commonplace message and her fluttering heart had dropped, a piece of lead in her breast.

The next time she had been called to the telephone, she went with tremulous expectancy. If only she might have her half-second of delusion that was no delusion! She gave the signal in a low, eager voice, and her blood, for an instant still in her veins, leaped at the answer. Again the "hello" was Williston's own—ringing, assured, alive, alive, alive! And though the next word shattered into a thousand bits the sought-for joy, nevertheless, for one immeasurable heart-beat, Arthur's very tones had broken against her ears.

So it went on. He appeared to her—no glimmering wraith at twilight, no chilling presence in the pearly grayness of the dawn, but in the half-glimpsed grace and strength of other men, in half-faded calls from the distance, in a passing laugh, in a boatman's voice upon the water at sunset. None knew of her obsession. None guessed what her far-gazing eyes sought or for what she listened, with an ethereal light of hope upon her face. They said that she seemed like a woman living in a dream, but they did not guess how truly they spoke.

The days had slid into weeks and the weeks into months, until a year was nearly past. Willis and Caroline, coming home across the snowy lawn from some neighborly gathering one night, were talking of their cousin with that deeper, more protective tenderness they had felt for her since her retirement from the world. They were asking themselves how she might be again brought to the life of every day; they were talking of the wonder of her smile, asking themselves what hope shone through her transparent beauty like a light through a fragile lamp.

They unlocked the door and stepped into the soft warmth and luxury of the hall. The tall clock by the staircase chimed some late hour. Then the telephone bell in the library rang loudly, demanding. They heard the gentle trailing of Susan's dress to the desk. Then they caught each other's hands in quick, instinctive affright.

For the trembling melody of her greeting had been followed by a full-throated cry of rapture. "Arthur, Arthur!" she called; and then: "Yes, yes, I know; I'll come."

As swiftly as a moonbeam glides into a room she had come into the hall, in front of her cousins. She did not speak to them; her shining eyes took no note of them. She unfastened the door so silently, so swiftly, that she seemed rather to pass through it than to unlock it.

"See who was calling up—ask Central. I'll follow Susan," whispered Willis, bounding to the door. He was out upon the broad, stone steps in an instant, but already the slight figure before him was speeding half-way down the white lawn. He ran, he called, but she made no sign of having heard. On the spot, suddenly flinging her arms wide in a gesture of most loving welcome, of most glad surrender, as she neared the wall.

He came rushing back, alone, white-faced, in a few minutes.

"I must have help," he said. "She—she fell—or—fainted—at the wall. I—it's over, dearest. Who was it telephoned?"

"Central said," whispered Caroline, her grieved, horrified eyes upon her

husband's, her voice unvarying—"Central says that our house had not been called this evening?"

"But," protested Willis, while the servants began to gather in response to his ring—"but we heard."

"Yes," whispered Caroline; "I told Central so. She said that she could not understand—that she had not rung us up at all."

They looked at each other, wide-eyed, stupefied, their lips parted, their breath coming in brief gulps. Then Willis turned from his wife and gave his commands to the servants. The little group moved down the white lawn to where the snow at the foot of the garden was darkened by a long, inert figure.

There was a sleigh jingling ironically along the road beyond the wall. At sight of these bent over the relaxed form on the ground, and of the lanterns incongruously yellow in the white night, at sound of a hysterical maid weeping and of tense orders given the vehicle drew to a standstill. A man leaped from the back seat.

"This is the Aphorpe place, is it not?" he began. Willis turned dutifully toward the intruder, and the man spoke again. "It is, of course—Aphorpe, don't you remember me? Hardaker? Is there some trouble?"

He stepped nearer the burden that the men had lifted, and looked on Susan's face.

"My God!" he said very quietly. And then: "I've been thinking of her all the evening. We've been at the club with—What does it all mean, Aphorpe?"

Our Men Of The Midi

By E. N. Vallandigham in Atlantic Monthly

OUR Southern whites present the only instance in the history of the world of a people mainly English by blood and tradition, who have dwelt continuously for six or eight generations below the 39th parallel. They are essentially a people of what the French call the *Midi*, and these interrelated facts of race and residence have been too little considered in the examination of their history and the prognostication of their future. Not elsewhere would one have Englishmen dwelt continuously in large numbers under semi-tropical conditions for so much as three generations. The whites in Australia present the nearest parallel in this regard to our own Southern whites, but the white population of Australia has been considerable for only two generations, and large for hardly more than fifty years; and much of the increase up to very recent times came from immigration. It is fair to say then that only a small part of the whites in Australia are a people dwelling for more than two generations under semi-tropical conditions. They are an English people of the *Midi* in the making.

The total population of the British North American mainland in 1688, it is estimated, was 200,000. By 1700, it is believed to have grown to 1,850,000, in which latter estimate are probably included about 100,000 whites in the Canada. Much of this growth came from natural increase, especially in the South, where a considerable part of the gain from immigration must be set down to the importation of African slaves. The first census, that of 1790, showed a population of nearly 4,000,000, almost equally divided between the North and South. Of rather more than 750,000 colored persons enumerated in that census by far the larger part were in the Southern States. As late as 1860 there were only a little more than 225,000

negroes in the North out of more than 4,440,000 in the whole country. Toward the end of the eighteenth century slavery had probably begun to check white immigration to the South; and again, immigration was not large for the whole country during the first forty years, under the Federal Constitution.

The number of white immigrants to reach the South after the opening of the nineteenth century must have been comparatively small save in the region immediately bordering upon Mason and Dixon's Line. From about the middle of the eighteenth century, indeed, the increase in the white population of the older Southern States must have been largely the natural increase in the native population of English descent. There was much intercolonial immigration, but the newer South drew upon Virginia and the Carolinas rather than upon the North. Some thousands of French Huguenots settled in the South between 1670 and the end of the seventeenth century; but these immigrants included many French of the *Midi*, so that the newcomers tended to intensify characteristics already developing in the native population under climatic influences. About the middle of the eighteenth century there was a movement of Scotch and Scotch-Irish immigration to the South, and nothing in the social history of that region is more instructive than the effect of new conditions, climatic and otherwise, upon these sturdy and impetuous Protestants. After the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745 there was an immigration of Irish and Highland Scotch to America, and part of these immigrants reached the South.

It may be said then that for almost two centuries, or six generations, the Southern whites have been essentially a semi-tropical people by residence, birth, and ancestry; and that not a



few of those who have come to the South since the close of the seventeenth century are descended on one side or the other from earlier immigrants; so that many of the Southern whites are of a race for nearly three centuries exposed to semi-tropical conditions. These people are in large part what we loosely call Anglo-Saxons; for whatever Celtic blood may have come to them from France, from Ireland, and from the Highlands of Scotland, has been in large measure mixed with purely English strains. There is, of course, a large unmixed French element in Louisiana, and a Spanish element not intimately mixed with English in Florida and Texas, besides a German element in Louisiana, in Maryland, in Kentucky, and perhaps elsewhere; while there has been within two decades some Italian immigration to parts of the South. When all these foreign strains have been taken into account, however, the fact remains that between Mason and Dixon's Line and the Gulf of Mexico there is a larger population of approximately pure English stock than anywhere else on earth outside of Great Britain.

We must bear in mind also, when we think of the Southern white as an Englishman of the Midi, that he and his ancestors have not been merely winter residents here for, say, two-and-a-half centuries, but have steadily made the region their home at all seasons. Englishmen have dwelt under tropical and semi-tropical conditions in India and elsewhere for a century and a half, but merely as a garrison, military and civil; for adaptable as the Englishman is, he has steadily refused to make India his permanent home. The Southerner's loyalty to the soil in all seasons seems to have been even more marked in earlier generations than to-day. Even now, however, from the Potomac to the Gulf, we find the Southern white for the most part either living in his accustomed winter home all summer long, or seeking only such relief as the seashore or the mountains of his own latitude afford. Finally, for more than a century and a quarter the

people thus subjected to climatic conditions new to the race have been self-dependent, in no measure politically subordinated to the mother country, and singularly free in the matter of local self-government, so that they have developed without serious pressure from their brethren in Europe and America living under different climatic conditions. At the same time, they have preserved the common traditions of the race, and read its common literature.

What should we expect of an Englishman, in his own person and through six or eight ancestral generations subjected to conditions such as the race never before knew? We think we know the English character pretty well. It varies, of course, and within a pretty wide range. There are madly impulsive Englishmen, but the race is phlegmatic rather than the reverse, cool, self-contained, sturdy in maintenance of opinion, steady but not fiery in courage, moderate in love, prone to marry late rather than early, not excitable, distinguished by the occurrence of rarely imaginative individuals, but on the whole prosaic and negligent of the fine arts, and commonly sincere in the ordinary relations of life, however hypocritical in some of its conventions.

The Southern European, on the other hand, is apt to be excitable, fiery in his courage, ardent in love, imaginative, fond of pleasure and sensitive to the fine arts, somewhat effusive in his social relations, almost indecently frank in some matters that English conventional hypocrisy passes by in silence. When we think of these two and of our own Southerner, we easily realize that he is essentially an Englishman of the Midi. His semi-tropical climate has burned into him some of the qualities that we associate with the Southern European, but he has retained also many of his own racial characteristics. He is both fire and snow. He is ardent in love; but he at least equals the Englishman at home in jealous regard for the purity of his women and surpasses him—or any other man—in his romantic devotion to the other sex. His

courage has the fire of the Southern European, and the steadiness of the Englishman. He is soft of speech, and amiability itself at ordinary times, but roused to instant anger at the slightest suspicion of an assault upon his honor. Perhaps his most charming characteristic is his delightfully unsuspicious outlook upon the world, his consequent readiness to accept a new acquaintance for what he seems to be, and his open-handed hospitality. In this latter relation he shows the fascinating politeness of the European of the Midi, along with the essential sincerity of the Englishman in everyday social relations. You cannot altogether trust the social effectiveness of the Southern European; you rarely meet with such effusiveness in the Englishman; but if our Southerner invites you to his house after the second casual meeting, be sure that the invitation is given in good faith.

Physically, also, the Southerner is an Englishman of the Midi. He retains the relatively tall stature of his race; but he is apt to be dark and slender, rather than fair and large. He has cared less for systematic athletics than the Englishman at home, but having been mainly a dweller in the open air, and has been handy with weapons, fond of horse and dog. There may have been a suspicion up to the middle of the last century that the Southerners were suffering some physical deterioration because of the climate to which they and their ancestors had been so long exposed; but the civil war seems abundantly to have demonstrated not only their courage and dash, but as well their endurance of all kinds.

These considerations of the physical and temperamental effects of the Southern climate upon the English race naturally raise the question whether the Southern white has retained the fine qualities of his English ancestors and superimposed upon them the fire and charm of the Southern European; whether he has suffered no serious loss of intellectual and spiritual effectiveness through the climatic conditions to which he has

been subjected. It is hardly to be denied that the Southern youth suffered morally from his contact with an enslaved race, and continues to suffer morally from contact with the same race in a state of freedom. Doubtless each race has gained some good of the other; but they have also done much mutual ill. The South and the Southerner will long bear the marks of the evil institution that they so long cherished.

Every Southerner who is familiar with the South will at once recall squalid Southern villages and slovenly Southern farms as possibly proving the evil effects of an enervating climate upon the civic and domestic ideals of the whites. Schouler, the historian, intimates that the White House and its grounds had fallen into something like shabbiness under a long succession of Southern Presidents, remarking that upon the accession of John Quincy Adams the President's official residence took on the air of a neat New England homestead. The Southerner, indeed, often submits with apparent unconcern to slovenly surroundings such as would not be tolerated by an equally well placed Englishman, and the contrast between rural conditions in much of the South and in the greater part of New England is notoriously to the advantage of the latter. It would be hard to say how much of Southern slovenliness is due to climatic influence upon the ideals of the whites, and how much to traditions going back to the inefficiency of slave labor. Something also is to be set down to the poverty that immediately followed the war, when the pillaged South was almost perforce content to give all its energies to merely living; when families saw handsome old homesteads fall into ruins, and were meanwhile too poor either to repair them or to rebuild upon a smaller scale. Southern indifference to meticulous neatness, however, antedates the war. The story of the Virginian whose excess for not mending his fences was that he found it cheaper to station little negroes at the gaps, is perhaps apocryphal.

pial, but it has some value as an economic indicator.

Intellectually and spiritually, however, the Southerner seems to have suffered not so much by reason of climatic conditions as by reason of his partial isolation, brought upon him in large measure by slavery. The institution to which the Southerner tenaciously clung after it had ceased to be economically profitable—if, indeed, such it ever was—separated him from the great stream of national life, and the race problem left in the train of slavery has sufficed in some measure to perpetuate his isolation. The woe of slavery had grown to be nearly as big as the civic body upon which it was bred, and amputation not only proved almost fatal, but also brought its own enduring evils. The Union is now perhaps politically intact; but it has never been quite intellectually, spiritually, and socially such. The South remains in some measure provincial, and the Southerner, even when intellectually alert finds it hard not to share the conditions with which he is surrounded. Because the South has escaped some of the worst aspects of Northern commercialism, the Southerner is apt to rejoice in his own provincialism. At the same time the South has shown the supersensitiveness to outside criticism characteristic of an isolated people, and has often responded to such criticism with a heat of provincial patriotic rage such as the Southern European could not excel. Thus things Southern have rarely appeared to the Southerner in their true proportions and relations. In matters of taste, also, the South has remained provincial or archaic. Even now much of the South is in the midst of that "architectural reign of terror" which made hideous the mid-quarters of the last century, but which happily the North seems at length about to emerge from. Again, the South has much of the time abstained from the highest endeavor in the fine arts, in mechanical invention, and in most other fields save those of politics and war.

During the first forty years under the Constitution, for the greater part

of which period slavery was only growing its thews, the Union was perhaps nearer intact, not only in form but in spirit, than at any time during the next sixty years. The isolation of the South was less marked during those first forty years than later, and it was precisely then that she contributed her largest share in men and measures to our political progress. Unfortunately for all of us, that region came passionately to the defense of slavery about the time when the protective tariff system began to extend and threatened to be permanent. The South then made the tactical and politico-economic mistake of assuming that protection was good perhaps for one section, but certainly bad for another; whereas it was merely good for a privileged few in any section, and always bad for most of us everywhere. Thus the opposition of the South to the protective system became another source of isolation, another means of excluding her from participation in the streams of national development and from full sympathy with national ideals. In spite of occasional academic arguments for free trade as a universal good, the South by her own neglect was made to appear as selfishly arrayed against a system advocated as a national blessing.

At the same time the necessity that the South felt of fighting for slavery and against protection perpetuated her race of brilliant public men, and made her in politics at least the equal of the North. But after 1832 only one permanently resident Southerner was elected to the presidency. In the only other field of endeavor in which the South has unreservedly given herself, the military field, she has proved also of equal validity with the North, and in both these fields her distinction has often been won by individuals who were typically Englishmen of the Mid.

A few concrete illustrations will serve to enforce the contention of the immediately foregoing paragraph. Let us glance rapidly at some of the men who have conferred distinction upon the South in politics or in war. Wash-

ington, to be sure, was mainly an Englishman rather than a man of the Mid. What is true of him is almost equally true of several of his Southern contemporaries. Jefferson had marked traits of the Mid, and so had John Randolph of Roanoke. Calhoun seems almost a dual personality; he was intense and passionate in spirit, but coldly logical in his mental processes, and as conscientious as the steepest Puritan. His paternal family, indeed, came late to the South, though he inherited upon one side old Southern blood. But there is a large group of less conspicuous South Carolinians who signally illustrate the effect of semi-tropical conditions upon the people of that state. Hayne, Rhett, Brooks, Pickens, and others will occur so many, and the temperament of the Mid in an exaggerated form seems to belong to at least one conspicuous South Carolinian of to-day. Henry Clay was typically a man of the Mid, pleasure-loving, eloquent, sympathetic, charming in his personal relations, fiery yet steady in courage, sensitive upon points of honor—a shining and romantic figure, in the presence of which Puritan virtue as exemplified by John Quincy Adams at his early morning prayers seems a little cold and pale.

Coming further down, we find in Lincoln marked traits of race, with others that may have been climatic, for he and his had long been men of the Mid. Stonewall Jackson, too, was, so to speak, mingled Covenanter and Provencal, with the Covenanter element in far larger proportion. Lee is perhaps the most conspicuous example that the South has furnished of an almost perfect blend of the Englishman and the man of the Mid. He had the dash and fire of the South with the steady coolness of the Englishman, the social warmth of the Mid with the domestic sincerity of his race. His English military biographer seems occasionally almost aghast at Lee's apparent easiness even when it was vindicated by success. Beauregard, in character, as in aspect, seems an unmistakable Franco-American of the Mid, and three or four

other conspicuous Confederate commanders exhibited traits which may well be set down to climatic influence. It is hard to believe that the amazing exploits of Mosby and other partisan leaders of the border were not in some degree due to the fact that they and their bands were essentially guerrillas of the Mid.

Among the Southern public men of the mid-century period and earlier, the Breckenridges illustrate that union of logic and passion which marks some other Scotchmen of the Mid. Foote of Mississippi brought to the defense of the Union through many bitter years the same fire that some of his fellows of the Mid showed in their advocacy of secession. As to Jefferson Davis, he was a Southerner of English blood, whose racial characteristics seem to have been peculiarly resistant to climatic influences. When he shall cease to be the scapegoat of half a nation, and New England shall regard the Confederate President dispassionately, she may well find in him something very like a Puritan of the South.

It seems probable then that our Englishman of the Mid has gained more than he has lost by his six or eight generations in a sub-tropical climate. The Yankee's energy, persistence, temperance, thrift, and ingenuity have helped to make the people of New England perhaps the richest community in the world; yet they occupy as inhospitable a soil probably as that of any like area with an equal population. Furthermore, New England's material contribution to our national wealth is but a small part of her total beneficence to mankind. When all this has been acknowledged, however, and as well the steel-like faithfulness of the New England character, one must confess to missing in the Yankee a certain warmth and color which make the Southerner appear as almost of a different race. Falsely, it will be recalled, could not warm to that "sober-blooded boy," Prince John of Lancaster, and reflecting upon John's obsti-

*The original concept of the White House seems to have inherited a share of Southernness from its ancestors of our Mid.

ence from wine, he was led to his famous soliloquy in praise of sack. "So that skill in the weapon," he reflects, "is nothing without sack," and the very valor of Prince Hal himself he ascribes to the same agency, saying, "For the cold blood he did naturally inherit from his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, maimed, husbanded and tilled, with excellent endeavor of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherries, that he has become very hot and valiant."

What sack did for Prince Hal, the semi-tropical suns below the 30th parallel seem in some measure to have done for the Englishman of the South, so that he has added to the qualities of his race some at least of those that give force and charm to the European of the Midi. Doubtless he has the defects of his acquired qualities; but he is really a new thing in the history of the human race, and, as such, an interesting product, with a possible future that gives matter for speculation.

What is likely to be the future of this man? It seems, so far as one may judge from the past, that he needs only to break the bonds of isolation, and rid himself of his provincialism, in order to enter into every field of endeavor in friendly competition with his brother of the North for the promotion of national progress. Plainly the old cause of isolation continues in a slightly new form. The South worked through at least two generations of our national life with one hand tied by reason of slavery. Slave labor was uneconomic, in part because the slave labored without hope; and hopeless free labor is likely to be little more effective.

Is the South determined to reduce its laboring population to hopelessness, or will our Man of the Midi solve the race problem rightly and so burst the bonds of his own isolation and emerge into the open? In spite of recent apparently discouraging events there are signs that he will answer successfully this Sphinx's riddle of the Occident. Pessimism is rare to the negro; the loudest note now heard from the South, and the

colored race has not in years had fewer sanguine friends at the North; but it frequently happens that an evil condition is upon the mind just at the moment when we have our eyes so riveted upon its ill aspects that we fail to note the signs of coming improvement. It is not impossible that such is now the case with the problem of the South; and nothing is so likely to soften Southern public opinion as the knowledge that the North recognizes our national problem as peculiarly a Southern problem, and watches the course of events below Mason and Dixon's Line in a spirit of broad human sympathy and not in a spirit of mere arrogant criticism. After all, the Southern white, however he may underestimate the remote possibilities of the negro race, knows better than his Northern critic its immediate condition and capacity; and there is still a deep-seated Southern affection for the negro that will respond to intelligent Northern sentiment.

Patience, patience and charity, then, is surely the counsel that should be addressed to North as well as South, and alike to both races. A gradual diffusion of the colored race, an increase of the whites by immigration and by excess of births until that race shall be everywhere in a substantial majority, and the accompanying material and moral improvement of the negroes (a thing easier of accomplishment when they shall be no longer demoralized in special areas), will give the problem a very different look from that threatening and disheartening one which it now seems to wear.

With this immediately threatening pressure of the race problem relieved, and men's minds freed for turning to other things, who shall say what our men of the Midi in coming generations may not accomplish in fields of endeavor that they now neglect or cultivate but feebly? It will be worth much to the Southern white to be drawn into the full stream of national life, to feel himself and his section one with the rest of the Union, not alone politically, but intellectually and spiritually.

With improved economic conditions at home and a less threatening race problem the South will perhaps be no longer subject to that ravenous drain of her energetic and ambitious youth to the cities of the North; and, on the other hand, the South will receive an increasing immigration of young men from the North and West eager to share in her rich but ill-developed natural opportunities.

Finally, if the boast that the Anglo-Saxon race is peculiarly gifted in the realms of politics and the higher imagination be justified, our Man of the Midi has a great future; for not only is he almost pure Anglo-Saxon, but his race has been warmed by the generous sark of his own semi-tropical sunshine; he is a blend of reason and passion new to the world of endeavor and service.

The Road To Success

Andrew Carnegie's Address to Students of Pittsburgh Commercial College

IT is well that young men should begin at the beginning and occupy the most subordinate positions. Many of the leading business men of the country had a serious responsibility thrust upon them at the very threshold of their career. They were introduced to the broom and spent the first hours of their business lives sweeping out the office. We have janitors and janitresses now in offices, and our young men unfortunately miss that salutary branch of a business education. But, if by chance, the professional sweeper is absent any morning, the boy who has the genius of the future partner in him will not hesitate to try his hand at the broom.

Assuming that a young man has obtained employment, the next step for him is to "aim high," to see himself already in imagination the partner or head of his firm. He should not rest content for a moment in his thoughts as head clerk or foreman, or general manager, in any concern, no matter how extensive. He should say to himself: "My place is at the top," should be king in his dreams, he should make a vow to himself to reach that position, with untarnished reputation, and should make no other vow to distract his attention.

There are conditions essential to success. There can be no genuine, praiseworthy success in life without honesty, truth and fair dealing. A young man must be determined to live a pure, respectable life, free from pernicious, equivocal relations, with

either sex, or there is no creditable future for him. His learning will not only go for naught, but will serve to accentuate the failure and disgrace.

Speculation is one of the greatest dangers to a young business man. There is scarcely an instance of a man who has made a fortune by speculation and kept it. Gamblers die poor, and there is certainly not an instance of a speculator who has lived a life creditable to himself, or advantageous to the community. The man who grasps the morning paper to see first how his speculative ventures upon the exchange are likely to result, unfits himself for the calm consideration and proper solution of business problems, with which he has to deal in the day, and saps the sources of that persistent and concentrated energy upon which depend the permanent success, and often, the very safety of his main business. Too, nothing is more essential to the young business man than untarnished credit; credit begotten of confidence in his prudence, principles and ability of character. Nothing kills credit sooner in any bank board than the knowledge that either firms or men engage in speculation. It matters not a whit whether gains or losses be the temporary result of these operations. The moment a man is known to speculate his credit is impaired, and soon thereafter it is gone. How can a man be credited whose resources may be swept away in one hour by a panic among gamblers? Who can tell how he

stands among them? except that it is certain—he has given due notice that he stands to lose all, so that those who credit him have themselves to blame.

Another perilous habit is that of endorsing—all the more dangerous, inasmuch as it assails one generally in the garb of friendship. It appeals to a man's generous instincts, and he says: "How can I refuse to lend my name only, to assist a friend? It is because there is so much that is true and commendable in that view that the practice is so dangerous." But there is a line at which the regard for the success of friends should cease and regard for one's own honor begin. If a man owns anything, all his capital and all his effects are a solemn trust in his hands to be held inviolate for the security of those who have trusted him. Nothing can be done by him with honor which jeopardizes these first claims upon him. When a man in debt endorses for another, it is not his own credit or his own capital he risks, it is that of his creditors. He violates a trust. Therefore, a man should never endorse until he has cash means not required for his own debts, and then he should never endorse beyond those means. This is the only ground which an honest business man can occupy.

The next question is, how to rise from the subordinate position a young man may have started in, through the successive grades to the position for which he is, in his own mind, evidently intended. The secret lies mainly in this. Instead of the question: "What must I do for my employer?" he should substitute: "What can I do?" Faithful and conscientious discharge of the duties assigned him is all very well, but the verdict in such cases generally is that he performs his present duties so well that he had better continue performing them. There must be something beyond this. Clerks, book-keepers, bank tellers are made of this class and there they remain to the end of the chapter. The rising man must do something exceptional, and beyond the range of his special department. He must attract

attention. If a shipping clerk he may do so by discovering in an invoice an error, with which he has nothing to do, and which has escaped the attention of the proper party. If a weighing clerk, he may save for the firm by doubting the adjustment of the scales and having them corrected, even if this be the province of the master mechanic. If a messenger boy even he can lay the seed of promotion by going beyond the letter of his instructions in order to secure the desired reply. There is no service so low and simple, neither any so high, in which the young man of ability and willing disposition cannot readily and almost daily prove himself capable of greater trust and usefulness, and what is equally important, show his invincible determination to rise. Some day, in his own department, he will be directed to do or say something which he knows will prove disadvantageous to the interests of the firm. Here is his chance to stand up like a man and say so, to say it boldly and give his reasons, and thus prove to his employer that he, the young man, has been studying to advance that employer's interests. He may be right or he may be wrong, but in either case, he has gained the first condition of success, he has attracted attention, and proved to his employer that he is not a mere hireling, but one who devotes his spare hours and constant thoughts to the business, and consequently, an employee to be thought of kindly and well. It will not be long before his advice is asked in his special branch, and if the advice given be sound, it will soon be asked and taken upon questions of broader bearing. This means partnership; if not with present employers, then with others. His foot, in such a case, is upon the ladder; the amount of climbing done depends entirely upon himself.

There is one sure mark of the coming partner, his expenditure is always within his income. He begins to save early, almost as soon as he begins to learn. He then invests securely in anything which he has good reason to believe will be profitable, but no

gambling. A rare chance will soon present itself for investment. The little he has saved will prove the basis for an amount of credit utterly surprising to him. Capitalists trust the saving young man. For every hundred dollars you can produce as the result of hard-won savings, Midas, in search of a partner, will lend or credit a thousand; for every thousand, fifty thousand. It is not capital the society require, it is the man who has proved that he has the business habits which create capital. It is the first hundred dollars saved that tells.

There is always a boom in brains

That crop should be cultivated, for the market cannot be overstocked, and the more brains one has to sell, the higher price one can exact.

Lastly—the prime condition of success is concentration—concentration of energy, thought and capital upon the business in which a man is engaged. Having begun in one line, he should resolve to fight it out on that line, to lead in it, to adopt every improvement, to have the best machinery, to know the most about it. Then, as Emerson says, no one can cheat you out of ultimate success but yourself.

The World's Greatest Telescope

By F. Crosby Parsons in *The Overland Monthly*

WITHIN recent years, many honors have come to the great commonwealth of California, none of which outrank in splendor or in prophesy the crown she has won as Queen of climatic conditions. Finishing a superior vantage ground for the sweep of the "magic mirror" when it shall swing to the motion of the universe—the largest telescope the world has ever seen.

To the far south, the ramparts of the Sierra Madre lift their serrated heights forever to north and east above the famed San Gabriel Valley, where, upon its loftiest peak, Mount Wilson, at an altitude of 6,000 feet, has been erected a fine solar observatory 230 feet long, with steel frame and canvas cover, giving it the appearance of a splendid ship about to sail out over the crags and steep and voiceless canyons, above the vast pine forests that clothe the mountain sides, away over the fair valley with its vineyards and orange groves; away, away, into the limitless blue of the vaulted sky.

This white-winged ship contains not only a horizontal telescope, but is equipped with a variety of other instruments—clocks, short and tall, photographic machinery and an array of scientific paraphernalia that seems,

indeed, the work of a magician to the ordinary poor mortal who follows the professor about in a dazed and confounded condition, secretly hoping he looks wise, and can manage to stammer: "Oh, certainly!" "Ah, yes!" in the right places.

The situation is relieved by the fact that the courteous conductor, Professor George E. Hale, never by word or look assumes that you cannot understand his explanations, or are not perfectly familiar with astronomy throughout its heights and depths.

The observatory is in charge of this genial professor, a man still young in years, possessing rare charm of manner, so modest, in fact, that he seems unaware of his rank as one of the foremost astronomers in the country, that his fame has gone abroad as inventor of the spectro heliograph, an instrument for photographing solar phenomena, and for his recent discoveries upon the sun.

When Mr. Carnegie gave ten millions to establish the Carnegie Institution of Washington, the largest grant accorded to any one department, amounting thus far to over \$300,000, was allotted to astronomy.

The observatory shops, built and maintained from this fund, and where-

in are made all the instruments for use upon the mountain, are located in Pasadena, that beautiful city whose name means "the Valley of Crowns."

Astronomers, especially, seem so filled with a sense of the immensity of the universe, and of their own comparative insignificance, that they are very modest men, and oft-times retiring, keeping much within the realm of their own thought.

All this wonderful work in the shops is under the superintendence of Professor George W. Ritchey, who possesses both of the above named attributes. Apparently unconscious of the boast he might make as standing among the leaders both here and in Europe, in his chosen field of astronomical photography, and the construction for this work of reflecting telescopes.

The great centre of attraction just now is the huge glass that was cast at St. Gobain, France, remaining at the Yerkes Observatory optical shop for five years awaiting funds for its completion, when it was brought to Pasadena, where for two years it has been under the eye of Professor Ritchey during the long and careful process of "grinding and figuring."

Do not suppose that the public are admitted, even on visiting days, into the very presence chamber wherein this splendid mirror rests upon its iron throne. They must pay their court through the medium of a glass panel.

The impression is of looking into an operating room, rather than into a shop.

The walls and floor are carefully washed—above the mirror is stretched a canvas; directions are given through a speaking tube, the workmen don surgeon's cap and aprons, performing their labor behind closed doors—all these precautions lest dust from the Everywhere, the very notes at the sunbeam, should gather upon the delicate surface.

Notwithstanding constant vigilance, particles will float upon the forbidden ground.

This mirror is 60 inches in diameter, 8 inches thick, and weighs 6½ tons. As it rests upon the base-

table it resembles a huge wheel of ice into whose green depths you can look as if it were a frozen block.

This lovely coloring in green is a surprise to the beholder, who thinks to see the mirror clear or about as white as a window pane.

In the work of grinding, fine emery and water are placed between the grinding tools and the surface of the mirror.

When the surfaces are properly smoothed, they are coated with pure silver, that metal furnishing highest reflective power. The concave front is the optical surface, the other side being polished approximately flat, and silvered because the changes effected by the temperature would otherwise be unsymmetrical.

Before it was decided where to place the great telescope, various points were visited and their merits considered. The severe winters at Yerkes make the astronomer's work difficult, and as the San Gabriel Valley has a large percentage of cloudless days, it is hoped to find much advantage in the clear atmosphere and altitude of Mt. Wilson, a peak destined to be no longer unknown to fame.

And now the 60-inch mirror is to be unmounted upon its own grounds. A citizen of Los Angeles, Mr. John D. Houser, has placed at the disposal of the Carnegie Institute fifty thousand dollars wherewith to purchase and prepare a set of glass that shall be one hundred inches in diameter—the largest reflector lens in the world. This mammoth wheel will be eighteen inches thick, and weigh four and one-half tons.

Professor Ritchey explains that "this thickness is necessary that the glass shall be sufficiently rigid to retain its perfect form, and even then it is necessary to support the back and edges by an elaborate system of plates, levers and weights to prevent the flexure of the mirror when the telescope is in use."

The great French manufacturers of St. Gobain have agreed to undertake the casting. Prof. Hale says: "It will be an extremely long and difficult operation to cast and anneal such an immense mass, but in view of

their experience we confidently count on a successful outcome."

Prof. Hale asserts that this 100-inch telescope will give seven and a half times as much light as the most powerful photographic telescope in use, and two and a half times as much as the 60-inch reflector now being made.

He further declares: "We cannot tell whether atmospheric conditions even on Mt. Wilson will be perfect enough to meet the demands which will be imposed by the great size of the telescope."

Although the 60-inch lens will be ready within this year for its mounting, it will require about four years to complete its marvelous successor.

The work is by no means done when the glass receives its coat of shining silver.

Think of taking 250 tons of metal, huge iron castings, up a narrow mountain trail, at its widest only twelve feet, previous means of transportation having been the backs of sturdy little burros.

Even the stoutest of these strangely wise and sure-footed creatures could hardly be expected to climb eight miles up those perilous steep with the precious mirror, weighing a ton, strapped upon its back!

For months the famous trail has been in process of widening and smoothing, at a cost of \$25,000 under the skillful hands of Japanese laborers, who deserve unlimited praise for the marvel they have wrought. But at its best it is a dangerous road, subject to disaster from mountain rains and from boulders falling from above. To carry such heavy materials to that altitude, a special truck has been constructed by the Cougle-Gear Freight Wheel Company of Detroit.

Much interest and enthusiasm was shown when the long, red-painted automobile car appeared for its trial trip upon the streets of Pasadena. A storage battery could not furnish power for four motors, so a gasoline engine of forty horse-power is connected with a dynamo which generates the electric current.

The direct transmission of power

to each wheel is effected by a series of electric motors, one in each wheel, which is operated on its own axle so that shortest possible turns may be made.

There is a separate gear for each set of wheels, or the four may be steered together. The weight of the truck is seven thousand pounds. A trap door in its centre allows portions of the castings to sink within its depths to bring the centre of weight as low as possible.

The 60-inch glass is not to be mounted in the observatory now in use upon "the peak," but will be placed in a metal building having a steel dome 60 feet in diameter, to be erected the coming summer by men sent from San Francisco, where all the heavy castings were made. The fine attachments and delicate machinery for adjusting the telescope, together with the driving clock, have been fashioned in the Pasadena shops. Next April the auto truck will begin carrying up materials for this dome, and last of all, some time in the autumn the famous glass will make the ascent. If the four years' work upon the 100-inch lens proves successful, another and larger building will be prepared upon the mountain top to receive it.

Since that day when "the morning stars sang together," men have striven to interpret the symbols blazoned upon the vaulted sky by Him who sitteth "above the circle of the earth."

The work of the astronomer is but dimly comprehended, to a very large extent unappreciated. Who stops to think of him up there in his lonely watch tower fairly wrestling with the spheres for science's sake?

He knows much of severe midnight, yes, all-night toil, of solitude, oft-times of bitter cold, of terrible stress upon nerve and brain and muscle, and with the world asleep, he sits motionless, yet with every sense alert, his keen eye upon the great glass which shall perchance reveal ere the sun comes again from out his chamber in the east, the path of some new star, the orbit of some whirling planet.

Powerless to "loose the hands of

Orion, or to kind the sweet influence of the *Meleides*," nevertheless, he can do his heroic part toward swinging that old world up into clearer light.

"There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard." The faint, far sound, mystic as the music of the spheres, fell upon the ear of astrologer, magician, divinator, among the ancients, gathering volume when heard by astronomers in Egypt, in Greece, in Chaldea, vibrating yet

louder as Copernicus, Galileo, Herschel, bent their heads to listen.

Yet none of these ever dared to dream or prophesy or picture to the imagination the wonder that may be within the grasp of modern research, when away up among the solitudes of the hoary mount, the mighty lens turns its shining eye of silver upon the starry heavens declaring the glory of God, the firmament showing His handiwork.

Red-Head and Whistle-Breeches

By Ellis Parker Butler in *The Scrap Book*

WHEN Tim Murphy let his enthusiasm get the better of his judgment, and in the excitement of that disastrous night, joined the front rank of the strikers in a general mix-up and cracked the head of a deputy sheriff, the result was what he might have expected—two years in the penitentiary. That was all right. The peace of the commonwealth must be preserved, and that is why laws and penitentiaries exist, and that is sometimes goes hard with the mothers and wives. That is also to be expected, and the boy should have thought of it before he crowded to the front of the angry mob or struck the deputy.

It went very hard with the boy's mother and wife. It went hard with his old man, too. It is a cruel thing to have one's only boy in the penitentiary, even if one is only a village hod-carrier.

Maggie Murphy, the boy's wife, did not suffer for food or shelter after the boy went to wear stripes, for old Mike had a handy little roll in the bank and a shanty of his own, and he took Maggie into his house and made a daughter of her; but the girl grew thin and had no spirits. She cried a good part of the time, quite as if Tim had been a law-abiding citizen, instead of a law-breaking rowdy. Then the baby came, and after that she cried more than ever.

As for the boy's mother, it was to be expected that she would weep also. Mothers have a way of weeping over

the son they love, even if he has gone wrong. It is not logical, but it is a fact. It is one of the grand facts of human life.

When Maggie's baby came the boy's mother could stand it no longer. It had been urged—and there was some evidence to support it—that the boy had acted in self-defense. He said so himself, but he admitted that he had been in the front rank. The strikers had carried things with a high hand all along, and the jury had decided against him.

Night and day the boy's mother begged the old man to try for a pardon, but Mike knew it was not worth a trial. The Governor was an old man and a strong man, and not one to forgive an injury done to the State or to himself. He had never been known to forget a wrong, or to leave a debt unpaid. He was a just man, as the ancient Jews were just. It was this that had made him Governor; his righteousness and fearlessness were greater than cliques and bosses.

Old Mrs. Murphy, however, was only a woman, and the boy was her boy, and she pardoned him. She knew he was innocent, for he was her boy. Mike refused a thousand times to ask the Governor for a pardon, but as Mrs. Murphy was the boy's mother and had a valiant tongue, the old man changed his mind. One day he put on his silk hat, and with Father Maurice, the good gray priest, went up to the

A strange pair they were to sit in the Governor's richly furnished reception room—Mike with his smoothly shaven face, red as the sunset, his snowy eyebrows, his white-flecked red hair, and the shiny black of his baggy Sunday suit; Father Maurice with his long gray beard that had been his before the days of the smoothly shaven priests, his kindly eyes, and the jolly roundness of his well-fed stomach. The father's gentle heart was hopeful, but Mike sat sadly with his eyes on the toe of his boot, for he knew the errand was folly; not alone because the Governor had never pardoned a condemned man, but because it was he, Mike Murphy, who came.

He remembered an incident of his boyhood, and he frowned as he recalled it. Think of it! He, Mike Murphy, had bullied the Governor—had drubbed him and chased him and worried the life out of him. That was why he had told the old woman it was no use to try it. Who was he to come asking pardons when, years ago, he had done his best to make life miserable for the quaking schoolboy who was now the stern-faced Governor—the Governor who never forgot or forgave, or left a debt unpaid?

When the Governor entered the reception room he came in unexpectedly, as Father Maurice was leaning forward with one of Mike's red hands clasped in his two white ones. Mike was wiping his eyes with his coat sleeve.

The Governor paused in the doorway and coughed. His visitors started in surprise, and then arose.

It was Father Maurice who stated their errand, his seemed face turned upward to the serious eyes of the Governor; and as he proceeded, choosing his quaint Frenchified English carefully, the Governor's face became grave. He motioned them to their chairs.

He was a gray-haired man, and his face was the face of a nobleman. Clear, gray eyes were set deep under his brows, and his mouth was a straight line of uncompromising honesty. He sat with one knee thrown over the other. With one hand he fingered

a pen on the desk at his side; the other he ran again and again through the hair that stood in masses on his head. His face was long, and the cheeks bones protruded. His nose was power, and his chin was resistance.

He listened silently until Father Maurice had ended. Then he laid the pen carefully by the inkstand, unfolded his gaunt limbs, and arose.

"No," he said slowly. "I cannot interfere."

"But his wife? His mother?" asked the priest.

"He should have considered them before," said the Governor sadly. "If you prepare a petition, I will consider it, but I cannot offer you any hope. They all come to me with the same plea—the wife and the mother—but they do not take the wife and the mother into account when the blow is struck. It is late to think of them when the prison door is closed. You will pardon me, father, but I am very tired to-night."

He extended his hand, in token that the interview was at an end, and Mike arose from his chair in the shadow. He stood awkwardly turning his hat while the Governor shook the priest's hand, and then shuffled forward to be dismissed.

"Good night, sir," said the Governor. "I did not hear your name."

"Murphy," said the priest quickly—"Michael Murphy. He is the father of the boy."

The Governor looked the old man over carefully, and the old man's eyes fell under his keen glances.

"Mike Murphy?" asked the Governor slowly. "Are you the Mike Murphy who used to go to old No. 3 school in Hamontown, forty—no, nearly fifty—years ago? There was a Mike Murphy sat on my bench. Are you the boy they called Red-Head?"

The old man tried to answer. His lips formed the words, but his voice did not come. He nodded his head.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said the Governor, and Father Maurice sat down hopefully. Mike Murphy dropped into a chair with deeper dejection.

"Well, well!" The Governor nodded his head slowly, his gray eyes searching the ruddy face before him. "So you are the Mike Murphy who used to drub me?"

He smiled grimly. His eyes strayed from the old man's face, and his glance was lost in the air above his head. He smiled again, as he sat with the fingers of his left hand pressing the thin skin into a roll above his cheek bone, for he recalled an incident of his boyhood.

The Governor had once been an arrant little coward. His mother lived in the big white house two blocks above the schoolhouse, on the opposite side of the street. Red-Head Mike lived across the alley in a shanty. The Governor's mother bought milk of Mrs. Murphy, and Red-Head brought it every evening.

Red-Head was a wonderful boy. He was the first to go barefoot in the spring, picking his way with painful carelessness over the clods in the street. He was the only boy who chewed tobacco. The others chewed licorice or purple thistle-tops, but Red-Head had the real thing. He even smoked a real pipe without dire consequences, and laughed at the other boys' mild substitutes of corn-silk and "lady cigars"; and the way he swore was a liberal education. All the boys swore more or less, especially when they were behind the barn smoking corn-silk, but they knew it was not natural. It was a puny imitation, but the Red-Head article sounded right.

But it was when it came to fighting that Red-Head had proved his right to the worship of the world. He could lick any two boys in the school.

The Governor, who was plain Willie Gary then, could not fight at all. His early youth was one great fear of being whipped. The smallest boys in the school were accustomed to practise on him until they gained sufficient dexterity or courage to attack one another. He had a hundred opprobrious nicknames, which he accepted meekly. "Cry-baby" was the favorite. When he was attacked he hid his face in his arm and howled,

leaving his arm against any convenient fence or tree, while his tormentor drubbed his back at pleasure. He was happy when he could sneak home unmolested. The chiefest of his tormentors was Red-Head, but there was no partiality. All the boys drubbed him.

One day Mrs. Gary made him a pair of breeches. They were good, stout breeches of dove-colored corduroy, and his mother was proud of them. So was Willie. As he walked to school he felt that every one saw and admired them. He felt as conspicuous as when, in a dream, he went to school in his nightdress, but he felt more comfortable.

He took his seat in the schoolroom proudly, and when he was called to the blackboard to do a sum he walked with a strut. He felt that even the big boys—the wonderful youths who had money to jingle in their pockets—observed him, and he blushed as he imagined the eyes of the little women on the girls' side of the room following him.

As he crossed the floor, the legs of his breeches rubbed against each other, giving forth the crisp corduroy sound of "Whist—whist—whist." It could be heard in the farthest corner. All the scholars looked up from their slates or books. He caught Bessie Clayton's eye upon him, and his cheek flamed. She had blue eyes and yellow curls, and snubbed him daily.

Even the teacher glanced at his new breeches. Willie paused in his sum and looked at them with satisfaction himself. Then he walked back to his bench, and the corduroy spoke again—"Whist—whist—whist." It was as musical as the clamping of a new pair of red-topped boots.

As he slid into his place on his bench, Red-Head turned his face and made a mouth.

"Don't you think you're smart, Whistle-Breeches?" he whispered. "Whist—whist," said the breeches in reply, as Willie moved, and every eye in the school seemed to gaze on him, not as jeeringly as before, but sincerely. Who'd want whistle-breeches?

When the recess bell rang, Willie walked to the playground with short steps, but still the corduroy whistled. Two boys behind him laughed, and Willie burned with shame. They must be laughing at his new breeches. Bessie Clayton passed him, and he stood motionless, crowded against the wall, until she was out of hearing.

He paused in the doorway timidly. Red-Head was standing just outside, one shoulder turned toward Whistle-Breeches. It was the signal for a fight, and the small boys were crowded about them.

"Aw, you're one yourself," Red-Head was saying, "an' you dassan't say it agin. I dare you to it," he cried, but he caught sight of Willie. "Whist!" he shouted. "Look here, fellers! Here's Whistle-Breeches. Let's spit on 'em!"

The boys crowded into the entry and spat on them. Red-Head pulled Willie's hair twice, drawing his head forward as he would pull a bell-rope.

"Don't he think he's smart?" "Wouldn't have 'em!" "Whistle-Breeches!" "Whistle-Breeches!" they shouted in derision, and Willie whimpered and edged into a corner.

"Don't you do that," he said in a choking voice. "I'll tell teacher, I will!"

Red-Head stuck his freckled face close and shoved him with a warlike shoulder. His fists were doubled, and he jabbed Willie with his elbow.

"Aw, you tell him, then, why don't you, Whistle-Breeches?" he inquired. "Just you tell him, an' I'll punch your face off."

He drew his arm back and feigned. Willie crooked his elbow to hide his face.

"Aw, come on, fellers," said Red-Head with deep disgust. "What's the use of footin' with him? He ain't nothin' but a cry-baby in whistle-breeches. He ain't no fun."

That noon Willie remained in the schoolroom until the boys had gone. Some went home for dinner, and the rest ate their lunches under the oak tree at the side of the school. When the room was clear, Willie stole out

by the back way and ran rapidly up the alley. He knew he was branded for life. The shame of the name of Whistle-Breeches bore him down. He undressed wild plans for getting rid of the offending garment. He would burn it, lose it in the river. He even considered running away from home.

After dinner he slipped quietly away from the table, crept up to his room under the slanting roof, and put on his old patched breeches. He came down quietly, but his mother caught him slipping through the hall.

"Why, Willie," she said, "where are your new trousers, dear?"

"Upstairs," he said simply. "I don't want to wear them. These—they're too tight."

His mother saw the prevarication in the drop of his head.

"Nonsense!" she answered lightly. "They fit you perfectly, dear. If they are a little stiff now, they will soon wear soft. Go up and put them on."

"I don't want to," he replied stubbornly. He meant, "I will not," but he had learned the disadvantage of contradicting his mother flatly.

"William," said his mother sternly, "go upstairs and put on those trousers this instant."

He climbed the stairs slowly. He hoped he would be late to school. He would be so leisurely in donning them that his mother would make him stay at home to avoid the greater disgrace of being tardy. He thought of playing sick, but decided such an illness would be too sudden to excite his mother's sympathy. If only the school-house would burn down, or worse!—come that the teacher was dead! But neither came to pass, and his mother's voice sounded from the hall, bidding him hurry.

With his head of shame, he shook out of the gate and crept to school, begging the fences and making himself as insignificant and small as possible, walking with short steps to avoid the endless "whist—whist" of the corduroy. He sniffed as he thought of the woe the day still held for him. Some men, going back to business, glanced at him to see the

cause of his whimpering. He imagined they were thinking cruel things of his breeches.

He heard the tardy bell ring, and then he ran in and hurried to his seat. As he hastened down the aisle the corduroy spoke louder than before, but if Red-Head heard, he made no sign, and as Willie sidled on to the bench beside him he kept his nose buried in his book.

Willie did not go to the playground at the afternoon recess. He would have died rather, and for once he saw the advantage of the rule that the tardy scholar must lose that half-hour of play.

When school ended for the day, Willie hoped the teacher would keep him in. He was willing to be whipped rather than meet Red-Head again, but he was dismissed with the rest. He paused in the doorway, gathering his breath to make a run for liberty, as he had often run to escape his persecutors. As he waited, he saw Red-Head approaching, and he drew back; but Red-Head stepped up to him and took him by the arm.

"You let me alone now!" whimpered Willie.

"Aw, shut up," said Red-Head roughly. "I ain't gom' to hurt you. You shut up an' don't be a cry-baby. Come along an' I won't let 'em hurt you."

Fighting and scuffling were not allowed in the entry. Willie put his thumb in his mouth and gazed at Red-Head doubtfully. Such friendliness was unnatural. It savored of a plot to entice him forth to be slaughtered. It was not easy to believe that the Red-Head who had drubbed him a hundred times and who scorned him as a cry-baby, should seek to defend him.

Red-Head waited.

"Come on," he said at length. "I'll let you help me drive the cow home to-night."

Still Willie hesitated, although he was almost willing to risk a hiding so he was allowed to slap the sleek legs of Mrs. Murphy's cow with a limber willow switch.

"Come on," said Red-Head. "I'll let you smoke my pipe."

"Won't you lick me?" asked Willie doubtfully.

"Naw, I won't lick you. What would I want to lick you for?"

Willie followed Red-Head hesitatingly, with an eye to a safe retreat, if necessary.

One of the boys came forward from the group by the gate.

"Hi, here comes 'Whistle-Breeches'!" he shouted gleefully.

Red-Head turned and clenched his fists, his blue eyes blazing.

"Shut up, Bob Palmer!" he cried fiercely. "Don't you call him that. That ain't no name to call a feller. You jist want you had breeches like 'em!"

Bob stopped suddenly. He looked at Red-Head in astonishment. Then he turned and ran to the boys by the gate. They listened to what he said, and then began a loud singsong chant: "Whistle-Bree-ches—Whistle Bree-ches—Whistle-Bree-ches!"

Red-Head boomed forward, his eyes glowing with anger. He toppled two boys over, and rained his blows right and left.

"Don't youse call him that!" he cried.

It was a surprise. The boys drew back and stood ready to scatter at the next onslaught. Red-Head waited, puffing, with clenched fists.

"The next feller that calls him that, I'll break his face!" he threatened. "An' I ain't foolin', neither."

They saw that he was not, and they waited respectfully as Red-Head and Willie walked away.

Willie went with Red-Head to drive the cow home, and Red-Head taught him how to double up his fist for battle according to the traditions of the school, with the knuckle of the second finger protruded.

"You jist do that," he explained, "an' you can hurt 'em worse. An' if they fight back, kick 'em in the legs. That's how I do. Why, you're as big as I am, an' I bet you're jist as strong. You jist stand up to 'em. There ain't nothin' in fightin' when you know how. If you jist stand up to

'em they 'most always back down. You begin on Tom Ament. He's a bigger boly'n you are. Anybody kin lick him. I kin lick him with my little finger. An' then you tackle Shorty. He's a baby, too. You're jist afraid."

It was Red-Head who egged Willie on to strike Tom Ament the next day, and Red-Head coached him until Tom took to his heels, defeated. Then Red-Head made him lick Shorty, and with the lust of victory in his veins Willie worked his way upward, and soon the other mothers began telling Willie's mother that he was a bad boy, always fighting, and Mrs. Gray went over him. But no one called him Whistle-Breeches, and he learned that he was as much of a man as any of them, and more of a man than most.

Then came a bottle royal, when Red-Head and Willie stood face to face and pounded each other for a good half-hour for supremacy, and Willie went down with a bleeding nose and an eye that was dark for days.

But Red-Head had taught him self-confidence, and self-confidence made him the Governor of a great state.

When the Governor's eyes came back to Mike Murphy's face, they rested a moment on the grizzled red hair, and a smile softened the lines of his mouth.

"Mike," he said, "I believe you used to give me a drubbing about once every day."

The old Irishman moved uneasily, and his hands played nervously with the rim of his hat. He drew his feet under his chair, and moved his lips

without speaking. He thought of that last fierce battle, when the Governor had fallen with a bleeding nose, and he shifted his eyes from spot to spot on the soft carpet. He felt as does a mouse when the cat plays with it.

The Governor turned to Father Maurice.

"Father," he said, "I do not often allow myself a personal indulgence, but I have an unsettled score with Mike. I shall settle it now. I am going to parlor that young man."

Two tears fell from the priest's eyes and rolled slowly into the white forest of his beard. Mike Murphy stared straight before him, while his fingers felt vaguely for the rim of the hat that had fallen from his hands.

"Go home, Mike," said the Governor gently. "Go home and tell the wife and the mother."

When his petitioners had departed, the Governor sat long in the reception-room, thinking of the old days. When he opened his watch it was not to note the hour, but to look on a woman's likeness; and he crossed his arms on the desk and buried his face in them. The old days had given him much that the latter years had stolen from him. He sighed and lifted his head.

"Poor old Mike!" he said. "I'm square with him at last. I wonder why he took my part that day?" And he wearily climbed the stair to his lonely room.

He did not know that when Red-Head went home that noon, nearly fifty years before, he had found Mrs. Murphy cutting out a pair of corduroy breeches.



Women Who Have Immense Wealth

WHO is she?

Who is the female Ceresus of this age of colossal fortunes, of magically acquired wealth?

Richest woman of the world—who can claim such distinction? Where does she live? What does she do? What are her hobbies? Is she generous to the poor? Is she married? Is she the mother of children? What are her characteristics—the peculiar traits that make every human being indifferent from some one else?

Would it not be interesting to know?

Yet the Sphinx could not give answer says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Undoubtedly there is one richest woman in the world, but who she is no one knows.

Old earth to-day has many rich women—women whose vast fortunes would have staggered the famous old King of Lydia. There are, for example, Mrs. Hetty Green, Mrs. Anne Weightman Walker, Mme. Creel wife of the Mexican Ambassador to the United States; Bertha von Böhlen, formerly Bertha Krupp, head of the great Krupp gun works of Germany; Princess Marie Bonaparte of France; Mrs. Russell Sage, the Marchioness of Graham, England's richest heiress, and others. But who actually possesses the greatest amount of the world's goods is still a question for debate.

It is not that all rich women are peculiar that their doings are invested with more than ordinary interest. They are not more peculiar, perhaps, than their sisters of humbler financial station.

Naturally they are forced into the limelight by their wealth; money elevates them to a position of prominence and each little foible or idiosyncrasy assumes exaggerated proportions and attracts attention.

Their methods of enjoying their fortunes differ as much as do those in the trim little cottages where the wife is also cook and housemaid.

Some like to give money to the poor and to build hospitals and churches; other dogs on dimpled doggies and other pets. Some are generous and open hearted; they give freely, and their names are blessed. Others are as "close-fisted as a dry potato," possessing as little of the warmth of human kindness as a bubble of liquid air.

Among the world's richest women some are young, rosy, and handsome, graceful and gracious. Others are aged and feeble. Some are married, others are single, still others are widows.

Now, what would you do if you should suddenly become rich? Gratiify your whims, without doubt. That's what these women do—these modern Ceresuses in petticoats.

There's La Senora de Creel, richest woman of the diplomatic corps at Washington and one of the wealthiest in all the world. Mme. Creel wears \$14 dresses.

Her income is \$5,000,000 a year. Her fortune is incalculable. From mines which her husband gave her years ago already more than \$200,000,000 worth of precious metal has been taken. Much of this great sum, of course, was expended in conducting the mining operations. Her father is also enormously rich, and she is his only heiress.

And she wears \$14 gowns!

"What do I think of American women and what they should spend on their dress, their entourage?" said Madame Creel recently in reply to a question. "Really, I do not know. I could not say."

"They say I am very rich," with a little deprecatory gesture of her hand. "I have cattle—600,000 very good ones. I have 280,000 acres of very good land. At my table every day sit 400 good friends—all welcome. My income exceeds \$5,000,000 a year."

Mme. Creel was told that Miss McCoosini of New York considered an expenditure for dress of \$200,000 each

year quite within reason. The Mexican matron held up her hands in dismay.

"To say that a woman needs \$200,000 a year for dress to move in society is sheer nonsense," she declared. "In Mexico a woman who spends \$2 a week in entertaining her friends has done all that is expected of her. When my father had 400,000 cattle on the plains of Chihuahua I did not have a dollar a week spending money. I wore cotton gowns, and danced in them, too."

Mme. Creel is the mother of four sons and two daughters, and her grandchildren number four. She is handsome and affable, typical of the South, with soft skin, dark, slumberous eyes and a wealth of raven hair. She delights in gowns of black satin trimmed with yellow lace. Her evening gowns, though modest, are elegant.

The daughter of General Louis Terrazas, who won honors in the Maximilian incident, and was rewarded with large tracts of land, Mme. Creel, in addition to her own great wealth, is heiress to a fortune rating upward of \$100,000,000. General Terrazas is governor of Chihuahua.

Ambassador Creel is president of the Banco Minero, the leading financial institution in the state of Chihuahua and one of the dominant spirits of the Banco Central of the City of Mexico.

He controls mines, railroads and factories in Chihuahua. Together the Ambassador's parents and his father-in-law practically own the state. The Ambassador's parents were Americans, hailing from Kentucky. His fortune is estimated in eight and nine figures.

And the wife wears \$14 dresses!

Perhaps Mme. Creel's hobby—if it is such—is going among girls in her husband's mills and helping them. Her charity is enormous, but as she refuses to speak of it, it is little known. Recently she built an ideal hospital in her state. She is known as the "Lady Bountiful of Mexico."

England also claims a Lady Bountiful. The beautiful Marchioness of

Graham, formerly Lady Mary Hamilton. She is the richest native born English woman.

Those that know her declare that she is a woman among women, noble in thought, generous to the extreme of generosity.

The Marchioness is the only daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. When he died she was left an estate which yields an annual income of \$750,000. Lady Hamilton, upon her father's death, became mistress of Broderick Castle, Easton Park, Wickham market and the Isle of Arran.

The Isle of Arran—there is where the heart of the lovely woman lies! There during her girlhood, she was queen of 5,000 people. She loved them, and they loved her. Even now, escaping whenever she can from fashionable London life, she flies to her Scottish island where she is regarded as the Lady Bountiful, a very queen.

As a child, Lady Mary played with the children of her father's tenants. She swam with them in the cool pools on hot summer days. She romped with them in the woods and went fishing in the rivers.

Before she was married, the sight of Lady Mary walking through the village, her arms laden with presents for her friends—and all of the 5,000 were her friends—was a familiar one.

The Isle of Arran is one of the most beautiful of Scotland. There are forests where timid deer look from thick hanging greens. There are moors where grouse abound. There are streams filled with salmon.

With her playmates, Lady Mary went gunning after the deer, and thus she grew into a strong, healthy athletic woman. She went shooting grouse and became an expert rifle shot. She went fishing and was as "good a sport" as any of the men. She still goes hunting and fishing.

It was supposed that at the death of her father Lady Mary would inherit only his personal means. Then it was discovered that the old Scotch entail was invalid, and she would be entire mistress of his property and fortune.

But she did not cease to mingle with her people. Through the streets Lady Mary would tramp in a corduroy suit, top boots, and Tyrolean hat, as picturesque a figure as you could imagine. Her arms filled with gifts, she visited the peasants every day.

Lady Mary was married in London in June, 1906. Her husband, the Marquis of Graham, is also rich. He served as a lieutenant in the fifth volunteer battalion of the Black Watch. Both the Marchioness and her husband often go to Arran. Neither an automobile nor dog is allowed on the island.

The richest woman in France is the Princess Marie Bonaparte. Her fortune is enormous. Her mother was a grandmother of M. Blane, the founder and proprietor of Monte Carlo, and the fortune which has descended to Marie amounts to—ah! who could say? Parisians shake their heads and raise their hands when they speak of it.

Princess Marie is a remarkable young woman. She is a skilled amateur photographer and an ardent automobilist. She had taken up Orientalism and has become a popular exponent of esoteric doctrines.

Her knowledge of astronomy has secured her admittance to half the scientific societies of Europe. She is the most noted linguist among Parisian women, speaking—ah! again the Frenchmen shake their heads—not one knows how many languages! She has studied under Baldelli, who says her voice surpasses any of the popular opera singers.

She is only 23 years of age, fresh and beautiful.

And Princess Marie's chief desire is what? Guess.

To become as free and easy going as American girls.

Until the death of her grandmother, Princess Pierre, in December, 1905, the Princess Marie was kept secluded from the social life of Paris. Now she has thrown her doors open with a bang.

Among the persons admitted to the select coterie of the Princess Pierre was Countess Reventlow, wife of Den-

mark's Minister to France. Before her marriage the countess was Miss Mary Dameron, a reigning belle of the society of St. Louis. She was a typical American girl, and became the bosom friend of the young Princess.

From her Princess Marie learned of the freedom and independence of American girls, and now she has gone into Parisian society with American vim and vivacity.

What, think you, is the favorite pastime of the richest woman of Germany?

Frau von Bohlen, formerly Bertha Krupp, is said to possess property valued at \$75,000,000 or more. Her income has amounted to more than \$300,000 a month. Yet Frau von Bohlen, head of the great gun works, makes her own clothing. When she was married last October, she wore a trousseau made by her own hands, at a cost of something like \$300.

As a housewife, Frau von Bohlen has proved a model. She takes particular pride in her home, like many rich German women, making her own clothing and often going into the kitchen and cooking.

She is exceedingly generous to her workmen. Of these there are more than 45,000. After her marriage an announcement of a gift of \$250,000 to the workmen's invalid fund was made.

With every mail come to her upward of 150 begging letters. These are all examined, and no worthy case is said to be overlooked. Thus Germany's richest woman devotes herself to housekeeping, to her business and to charity.

Perhaps the distinction of being the richest woman of America rests among Mrs. Green, Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Sage. Mrs. Sage has announced that she intends to devote her entire fortune, exceeding \$60,000,000, for the benefit of humanity. Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Green have given little, so far as known by the world.

Mrs. Annie Weightman Walker, both before and after the death of her father, the rich Philadelphia manufacturing chemist, William Weightman, showed admirable qual-

ities as a business woman. Every morning she was at her desk in the office of the big drug manufacturing plant; she attended strictly to business, and it is said that the merger with Rosengarten & Sons, the firm's chief competitors, was effected by her. After the merger, Mrs. Walker retired from business, and since then has been leading a quiet life. She divides her time between New York and Philadelphia. Perhaps Mrs. Walker's hobby may be said to be the raising of orchids. Every year at the horticultural show in Philadelphia she carries off prizes with her orchids. She maintains a splendid conservatory.

Mrs. Hetty Green rides in an automobile which cost \$12,000—her one extravagance. Yet, because the board of assessors attempted to raise the assessment on her property at Bellows Falls, Vt., from \$10,000 to \$12,000, she prepared to desert the home of her youth.

"They'll impoverish me," Mrs. Green is said to have remarked to a neighbor.

"Why don't you give the horse away to be used as a Carnegie free library?" was asked.

To this the aged millionairess replied vehemently that she had no use for Carnegie libraries, and did not propose to give libraries with strings attached.

Mrs. Green is said to possess a fortune exceeding \$60,000,000. She devotes most of her time to accumulating money, bringing lawsuits against people who, she says, try to "silk" her, and practicing the gospel of thrift.

One of the most remarkable of America's rich women is Mrs. Helen M. King, the "cattle queen" of Texas. She owns more than 1,000,000 acres of land, and her fortune is estimated at \$50,000,000.

In her time Mrs. King, who is past 70, has battled with desperadoes, fought against Indians, and has ridden the plains bareback, a typical woman of the West. It has been said that it is 50 miles from the doorway of Mrs. King's house to her front gate.

But the richest woman of Texas is never lonely. She possesses a magnificent library, and in the evening her chief pleasure is reading or playing the piano. In her employ Mrs. King has 1,000 men. Within two years she has given away 100,000 acres of land.



The Rise Of James Butler

The New York Herald

WHEN James Butler left Ireland, thirty-one years ago, his only assets were a ticket to New York, a rugged constitution, smiling blue eyes and an ambition to make his mark. When he went back to Ireland thirty years later to see the friends of his boyhood he was the owner of more than three hundred grocery stores, millions of dollars' worth of New York city real estate, the promoter of a scheme to own grocery stores in every city in America and the possessor of one of the finest trotting stables in the New World.

In these days of swollen fortunes and phenomenal business rises the achievements of Mr. Butler do not attract as much attention as they would have done in other periods, but his career is none the less interesting. At present he is conspicuously in the public eye because of the winking light he has made to compel the Jockey Club to give consent for him to have racing at the Empire track, which he owns.

All his energies were centred in this fight, and its outcome created no surprise among those who have watched him in other battles. For three years he tried to get the "runners" at the Empire track, and he went to the courts, with the result that the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in Kings ruled that the State Racing Commission should give him a license. There remained another hurdle, the Jockey Club, and his peace with it assures racing at the Empire track next month and during forthcoming seasons if Mr. Butler so desires.

Efforts to obtain from Mr. Butler facts bearing on his early career proved fruitless. He will talk about his horses and he will talk about the future, but himself and the past he declines to discuss. One of his friends said that he never looks back, but perpetually keeps his eyes on the fu-

ture, and is always dreaming of things to be done, not things that have been done.

As a horseman he is among the country's foremost breeders and drivers, and his horses at East View Farm, on the Hudson, are among the best known trotters in the country, many of them sons and daughters of the famous stallion Direct. He knows a horse from the hoofs up. He knows how to drive as only a man who loves horses and understands them can drive, and he would rather win a race with one of his own trotters than do anything else in the world. It is interesting to note in this connection that on Monday last, at the Empire track, he personally drove five winners, three of them being by his own horse Direct. This was a record which has not been equalled.

It was only by accident that Mr. Butler did not become a hotel owner instead of a grocer. That was his first ambition after he got settled in America. But fate—a kind one, it has developed—threw him into the grocery business, and to-day he owns more stores than any other man in the world probably, and expects to own hundreds more before he retires from commercial activity. As he is only fifty-one years old now, and is as rugged and youthful in spirit, as he was when he drove his first race, it is probable that he will not retire for a long time.

Mr. Butler came from a little place called Rosethown, Ireland, where his family had lived on one piece of land for fifteen generations. He came to this country with his parents, with whom he lived a short time in Massachusetts, going to Chicago a short time later, at the age of twenty, and returning to New York in a year or two to work in the steward's department of the Windsor Hotel. He had no fixed ambition at that time, but was determined to learn a business,

and he picked the hotel business as a first venture. From the Windsor he went to the Murry Hill Hotel when that place opened, and while there formed a friendship with the proprietor, which continues at present.

Having been taught by his parents, hardly, prosperous countrymen, that part of one's earnings should always be saved, he started as soon as he began work to lay aside some of his weekly wages. His little nest egg grew until, about 1882, he had money to lend. It was at this period that the turn came in his life.

Mr. Butler had boarded for a long time with a woman named O'Connor. She had a son whose health would not permit him to do heavy work and whose ambition was to own a grocery store. His mother encouraged the notion, but there seemed no way of getting the necessary capital to start business. Mr. Butler saw an opportunity for investment, and he offered to lend \$2,000 to young O'Connor, the two to form a partnership in the management of the store.

From the first the store prospered. O'Connor proved a good manager, and in a few months Mr. Butler raised money with which to open a second store. This also paid, and pretty soon a third was opened. Profits flowed in from this one, and after a time still another was opened. The possibilities of the business appealed to the young business man, and he bought out O'Connor and laid the plan for establishing a string of stores all over New York city.

It did not occur to him at that time that he might also extend his business to other cities; indeed, it was only recently that he decided to begin business in Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis—in fact, in all the principal centres of population in the country.

At present the James Butler Grocery Company owns 178 stores in New York city and is capitalized at \$10,000,000. Mr. Butler owns the company. He also owns an heavy interest in a company which, under the name of James Butler, owns more than one hundred stores in Philadelphia and seventy in Pittsburgh. Every

one of them pays a profit; every one of them is conducted in exactly the same manner.

In addition to his grocery business he is a heavy owner of real estate and is continually increasing his investments. It is a subject of comment among real estate men that in all his deals he pays spot cash. This is the more notable in that one investment, the purchase of the Seminole and Ormonde apartment house in upper Broadway, the consideration was more than \$1,000,000. For many years it has been his custom to buy corners on which his stores stand and his holdings have increased greatly in value. While Mr. Butler will not discuss the value of his real estate, persons who have associated with him declare that his fortune in real estate alone is well up in the millions.

His country estate is about two miles and a half from Tarrytown and is known as East View Farm. It is here that he spends much of his time in the warm months and here that he keeps his horses. The farm consists of 350 acres of rich meadow and upland, lying on both sides of the turnpike road between White Plains and Tarrytown, in a circular valley through which ripples a sparkling little river known as Sawmill Creek.

While he was a boy Mr. Butler's love for horseflesh had its beginning. He aspired to own a horse, and during the years that he was buffeted about before he found himself in business it never occurred to him that he would some day be one of the best known breeders of trotters in the country and would have a stable ranking with the very best. It was not until his business success had been assured that he started in to own trotters. In fact, there had been no recreation until he had placed his business on a solid foundation.

Before that he worked practically night and day. But when he found himself in possession of a comfortable fortune and with an income of growing dimensions he decided to branch out as a horseman. The first trotter he owned was a bay, bred by James B. Haggis. In honor of the

town from which the Butler family migrated he named the filly Russell T. He won races with this filly in 1894, and from that time his interest in the sport quickened and his string of trotters began to increase.

For the runners Mr. Butler has no great love, although he likes to see a race. His desire to have running races at his Empire track is due to a wish to have the property put on a paying basis. It was bought in for about \$300,000 and he has spent a large sum in improving it. Its value is now placed at \$1,000,000.

William H. Clark, once Corporation Counsel, built the track for runners, but he died before any races were held on it. There was one meeting for the benefit of Mr. Clark's widow. John B. Sexton and Frank Farrell bought the track from the Clark estate for \$250,000, but the court reversed the sale and it was purchased by a syndicate in which Hugh J. Grant and C. K. G. Billings were heavily interested. Mr. Butler acquired an interest in it, and after a clash with Mr. Billings came out as the owner. He set out to have running races, but each season was balked by the State Racing Commission, which refused to grant a license on the ground that the track was not well equipped for running races.

Determined to have his way, Mr. Butler continued his efforts before the State Racing Commission, but met with failure until, in despair, he applied to the courts, with the result that an order was issued compelling the Racing Commission to give him a license.

Although possessing a handsome fortune and in a position to have as many luxuries as any man, Mr. Butler always has lived in an unpretentious way. He has been to Europe several times and has traveled about this country with his family, to whom he is devoted, but he has always done it in an unostentatious manner. During the winter months he spends practically all his time at his business, and in the summer, while spending much of his time on his estate near Tarry-

town, he is always in intimate touch with all the details of his business.

In fact, so closely is he in touch with it that it was once said of him:

"Wake him up in the middle of the night and he can tell you just what he is worth at that particular moment."

His capacity for work is unlimited, and his grasp of detail is remarkable. For many years—in fact, up to five years ago—he personally managed his own affairs from a corner in a little office. He did all his buying—and he buys by the shipload and carload—looked after the deliveries from the main warehouse and looked over the reports of his scores of store managers.

But he doesn't attempt to do that now. The business has grown to such proportions that no one man could manage it. He has divided it into departments and at the head of each one he has placed a man who grew up with him in the business and who knows his ideas. He is the directing head. He knows more about the affairs of each department than the man in charge of it and keeps them constantly on their toes. He is just as likely to drop into one of his stores in the northern end of the Bronx as he is into one of those in the heart of Manhattan. The managers are always looking for him and they never know when he is coming.

When he is in his office there is a stream of managers coming to him. He listens to them for a moment, answers their questions almost before they have finished putting them, and beckons to the next. He never hesitates, and he decides matters of utmost importance with lightning speed. Asked what qualities have aided Mr. Butler most in building up his enormous business and at the same time creating a fortune which promises to rank with the biggest of New York within a short time, one of his oldest associates said:

"His indomitable will and his persistence. When he starts out to do a thing he does it, if it takes him years."

Mr. Butler is not talkative when speaking of himself or his business affairs, but he consented to discuss briefly the opportunities at present for young men.

"All the advice I would give young men starting out in any line of business," said he, "is to persevere. Don't spend too much time in recreation. I do not say that no time should be set aside for play, because a little diversion makes a mind clearer for the problems of business life. But work while you work and always learn all there is to know about the subject in hand. Don't get a smattering of a

thing and let some one else supply your information. Know what you are doing and then you won't make mistakes."

"There are more opportunities for success in business now than there ever were. That is because there is so much more business. There is no reason why a young man with good health and brains should not be able in these days to make a comfortable fortune. Ambition is the first essential; then comes perseverance. One should not be in too big a hurry about it. Go slowly, then you will be thorough."

The Man With One Pocket

By Margaret Cameron in Seattle

NED FARRELL was a gambler by instinct and a business man by conviction. Because his convictions tempered and guided the manifestations of his instinct, he was acting Pacific Coast manager for the old and conservative house of Kendrick & Company, Incorporated, instead of being a stock operator or a follower of the races. Moreover, his business methods had so favorably impressed the "Home Office" that there seemed a prospect that he would be permanently retained, in spite of his youth, in the managerial chair recently made vacant by the death of his former chief.

Therefore, because his conception of business integrity was definite and stern, Ned confined the indulgence of his taste for gambling to matching nickels for carfare, shaking dice or playing slot machines for cigars, buying Chinese lottery tickets from the "cousin" of his wife's cook, and otherwise provoking, in trivial ventures, the caprice of the God of Chance. It was the seduction of a wager, however, that finally led him into trouble.

His wife had been shopping in town all day, and he met her at a restaurant for dinner, preliminary to going to the theater. While he glanced over the

menu she took off her veil, daintily shook it, folded it into a little square and thrust a pin through it.

"Please put that somewhere, dear," she said handing it across the table to him. The deftness with which he thrust the colorfully fabric into his pocket without crumpling its folds bespoke his familiarity with the service.

"And here's the opera glass," she continued. "I forgot to give it to you this morning, and I've been carrying it around all the afternoon. Such a nuisance, when one is shopping!" Farrell's overcoat hung near him and he dropped the case into a conveniently yawning pocket. "And—would you mind taking my purse, too? I might lose it."

"What are those?" He indicated two or three small parcels which lay beside her plate. "The delivery system seems to be interrupted to-day," he whimically added, as he found pockets for each of them.

"Well, one hesitates to ask a tradesman to send a tiny purchase that's only worth ten cents, the funny papers to the contrary notwithstanding," she replied, "particularly when one lives in a suburb. And those things all came from different shops."

A woman passed them, carrying a number of little parcels, several of which she dropped before she had them counted and arranged to her satisfaction upon a neighboring table, at which she seated herself.

"I'm sorry for a woman who has no husband," Farrell's tone was grave; as Millicent glanced at him, however, she noticed a slight but significant contraction of the muscles about his eyes.

"Don't be inquisitive," she dryly responded. "A celibate condition probably has its compensations."

"Possibly," he admitted; "but nothing can alter the fact that the unmarried woman has no vicious pockets to carry her belongings."

"A statement which admirably illustrates one limitation of the masculine point of view." There was challenge in her laugh, but Ned was not to be diverted from his purpose.

"Why does a woman hamper her comfort in that way?" he demanded. "Why has she not even one pocket, as a rule?"

"Why has a man several more than he needs?"

"To accommodate his wife's overflow," was the prompt reply.

"Small thanks to the man, however," she retorted, still laughing. "We are all unreasonable puppets in the hands of the gods. They give you twenty-odd pockets, counting those in your overcoat; they give us none at all. I suppose it's another exemplification of the traditional disposition of privileges between the sexes."

"It's another exemplification of a woman's lack of ingenuity! You always carry—this is quite impersonal, you know, dear—you women always carry such a lot of unnecessary things!"

"Yes," drawled his wife, the mischievous gleam in her eyes disappearing under quickly lowered lashes. Her tone should have warned him, but he was fired by the incautious zeal of the reformer and swept rashly on.

"Women have no method," he argued. "Now, of course, a man wouldn't submit to the nonsense of no pockets; but if he had to—if, for

some reason, he had only one—he would so manage that he wouldn't be seriously inconvenienced, and he wouldn't always be going around with a handful of little things and dropping one or another of them every three minutes."

"No-o?" queried Millicent, studying the menu.

"No," he persisted, piqued by her apparent indifference. "A man would contrive some way to carry all the things he needed without doing that sort of thing."

Millicent knew Ned and recognized her opportunity. Dropping the menu card, she flashed a tantalizing glance at him and laughed.

"I'll wager you can't get along for a week with one pocket," she declared, "let alone none at all."

"That would be easy money," he retorted. "I could do it like a micc."

"The proof of the pudding," she suggested. "I'd like to see you try."

She well knew that her husband had not entirely outgrown the prankish spirit of his college days, although it was long since he had permitted it expression. But temptation as that guise he could have resisted, had she not laughed again, teasingly, repeating: "I'll wager you couldn't."

"Done!" he cried, his eyes sparkling. "Just for a lark! What are your terms?"

"Well—there's a ring at Shreve's that I admire." Her glance was questioning.

"Good! And if you lose, you shall find some way to carry your small necessities without burdening every man you meet."

"If I lose, I'll never again ask you to carry a small parcel for me."

"Oh, as to that," with a deprecating gesture, "I don't mind carrying your parcels. My objection is to the principle of the thing."

"Which pocket will you keep?" The demons of mischief that lurked in Millicent's dimples rioted about her mouth.

"Keep?"

"Yes; I'm going to sew up all the others, you know."

"Oh, you're going to sew up all

the others." Full comprehension of her purpose required a mental effort militating against originality of phrase.

"Because otherwise you would unconsciously make use of some of them. Habit is strong."

"True," he assented, reflectively thrusting his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, "habit is strong."

"Oh, by the way," continued his roguish wife, "by the terms of this wager, you are not permitted to tell your friends about it."

"Oh, I say!" protested Ned.

"Oh, no! You are to accept the inconveniences and makeshifts as a matter of course, as a woman must, and make no explanations. Otherwise, you'd have an unfair advantage. A little wager with my wife would account for any sort of apparent eccentricity. If you tell, I win." And so it was agreed.

Several hours later, while his wife was engaged in sewing with her needle fifteen of the sixteen pockets in his business suit, Ned stood regarding with a whimsical face the articles which had been removed from those pockets, and which now lay in rows on the bed, in this order: his bill-book, a half dozen letters, cigar case, note book, commutation ticket, pencil, fountain pen, cardcase, toothpick holder, watch, gold pocketpiece containing his wife's picture, matchbox, small change from his waistcoat pocket, cigar clip, keys, knife, a purse holding gold and large silver coins, and his handkerchief. He had begun to divide these things into two very uneven piles, when of a sudden his puzzled smile gave place to an expression of blank dismay.

"By Jove! he slowly ejaculated.

"Well?"

"Say, look here, Millicent, this is awkward! Mr. Kendrick and Scott Searies get back from Del Monte tomorrow."

Allen Kendrick was the venerable head of the firm in whose employ Ned hoped to continue as manager of the Pacific Department; Scott Searies was his son-in-law, and vice-president of the company, and it was supposed that

their visit to the coast at this time was for the purpose of definitely deciding upon a manager for the department.

"Well!" By this time the dimple demons were well under Millicent's control, and her calm face betrayed only a cheerful interest.

"Well, don't you see? Ned's voice held a suggestion of irritability. "I can't make myself ridiculous—"

"Oh, if you're willing to admit—" quickly began his wife.

"I admit nothing," he as quickly rejoined. "It can be done, of course—any man could do it, but—"

"But any man would like to make his own conditions?" dryly suggested Millicent. "Well, that's another masculine privilege."

"Not at all," he protested. "If it were anybody but the president of the company—"

"Oh, well, of course, dear, if you want to give it up—! It was only a joke anyway." She broke off her thread with a good natured laugh, and took up her scissors to rip the stitches. The laugh turned the scale. To him it seemed laden with indignity.

"Not a bit of it," he stoutly declared, slipping the commutation ticket inside the lining of his hat. "I'll do it anyway, just to show you how simple it is, if one has a little ingenuity."

Before twelve o'clock the next day, when Mr. Kendrick and Scott Searies entered the office to go to luncheon with him, Farrell had had several slightly disconcerting adventures. On the car, he had been unable to reach any money until he had first removed his cigar case, and his handkerchief, and even then, his keys and his knife and the larger coins—those in his pocket because he had found his purse too bulky to carry—prevented his quickly finding a dime. Meanwhile, the man who waited to match with him, to decide who should pay the fare for both, waxed facetious at his expense, and the terms of the wager prevented his making any explanation. And he had had a similar experience when he reached his private office, where the book-keeper was

waiting for a paper which was locked in the manager's desk. Farrell took out his cigar case, and as he drew up the keys, they caught in his handkerchief, dragging it out, and in thrusting back the handkerchief, he dropped the keys.

When he had been trying to arrange comfortably in his pocket the articles he had finally decided to carry, Millicent had mentioned that she always tied her keys to her garter and tucked them into the top of her stocking, but he had not adopted the suggestion. It had not seemed consistent with managerial dignity.

As the book-keeper returned them to him, Ned thought he saw an amused twinkle in the man's eyes, and he flushed, feeling like a schoolboy detected in a transgression. He resolved to find, before another day, a more convenient location for those keys, for no matter how much he may enjoy a prankish adventure, no young manager relishes the conviction of callow youth and awkwardness in the mind of a subordinate. However, as the morning wore on, he felt that he had not made a bad start, and he was still confident of his ability to win the wager.

As Ned pushed back his chair and arose to go to luncheon with the heads of the firm, Mr. Kendrick took out his watch, saying, "I think I'm a minute or two slow. What is the time, Mr. Farrell?"

Ned's hand went instinctively to his left side, and was quickly withdrawn. "Perhaps Mr. Searles can tell us," he replied, flushing. His color deepened as he looked up and met the calm, observant gaze of the vice-president.

"No," said Searles, "I left my watch for repairs on the way down here. It was out of order."

"Don't you carry a watch, Mr. Farrell?" testily inquired the old man.

"Why, yes, ordinarily," stammered Ned, "but—see you I'm not wearing it to-day." He recovered his self-possession and threw back his coat, speaking lightly.

"I hope you didn't forget it," pursued the president. "It's not a good indication when a young man forgets.

He may be honest, but he's not to be trusted. He lacks system, and system is the byword of business."

When he was dressing that morning, Ned had hinted that it would ruin the satin finish of his watchcase to put it in the pocket with his keys and his money. Millicent generously desiring to help, had suggested that he might slip the timepiece inside the belt of his trousers, or wear it pinned to his waistcoat, and had enthusiastically offered to lend him the jeweled book that he had given her with the tiny watch which she sometimes wore. This, also, had seemed inconsistent with the dignity of his position, and he had compromised by hanging the watch on one of the hooks of his suspenders, where he could get at it fairly well if he were not too closely observed. And there it hung, vociferously ticking. He fancied that Searles must hear it, and as he glanced up and met the look in the vice-president's eyes, he flushed again.

To hide his confusion, he turned toward the outer office, saying: "Shall we take a little stroll about town before luncheon?" and the older man followed him to the street.

As they passed a cigar stand where young men were shaking dice, Mr. Kendrick's face hardened.

"There," he said, pointing to them with his stick, "is the bane of modern business life—the game of chance. I meet it everywhere, but particularly here in the West. The desire to get something for nothing—the desire to gamble—is weakening the integrity of all our young men and making them unfit for steady, conservative, honest, business. I'm told that a man sometimes puts a nickel into one of those slot machines, and gets a dollar's worth of cigars. Persisted in, that will ruin a man's moral perception. It will give him a certain obliquity of moral vision that is deplorable and dangerous, and it's wrong, all wrong!"

"Mr. Kendrick, isn't it possible that you exaggerate the importance—" began Ned.

"Not a bit, sir! Not a bit!" cut in the old man, and Farrell bit his lip

and listened, while the president continued, with the slow proficiency of age.

"It's just what I say it is, the curse of modern business life. Every other man you meet is a gambler. He plays these machines, or shakes dice, or matches coins for carfare—I know men, sir, who never ride on a street car without gambling for the miserable little fare! It's that sort of man who can't even let a presidential election go by—the most serious and pregnant event of our national life—without making it the subject of idiotic and degrading wagers. Or they bet on horses, or play poker, or buy lottery tickets, or speculate in stocks—sometimes with another man's money. It's all the same thing at bottom, sir. It's all gambling, and it's all dishonest, because it's all trying to get something for nothing, even if the something is no more than making another man ridiculous, as in the case of many silly election bets. If I find a young man addicted to that sort of thing, it's all I want to know about him. There may be men who are willing to give him employment, but he won't find it with Kendrick & Company. Every position with us is, in a sense, a position of trust, and every man in our employ must be a man who is trustworthy. And he can't be that if he's a gambler!"

"But, Mr. Kendrick—"

"Mr. Kendrick belongs to an old and very conservative school," interrupted Searle's pleasant voice, "a school which, as he himself says, is rapidly—"

"Now, Scott, I will not have you defending this wretched modern tendency," querulously objected his father-in-law. "You know perfectly well that in your heart you have no more tolerance for it than I have!"

Ned shot a covert glance of interrogation at the vice-president, and met a gaze so quizzical, so shrewd, and withal, so kindly, that his uneasiness was dispelled for the moment, and with a clearing brow, he led the way into the restaurant.

As they were finishing their dessert, Mr. Kendrick, grown unwontedly ex-

pansive and genial under the influence of his wine, said:

"Perhaps this is as good a time as any to tell you, Mr. Farrell, that Mr. Searles and I have been very much pleased with what we have learned of your work out here, and we think we could not do better for the Pacific Department than to leave it permanently in your hands." Ned flushed with pleasure, and would have stammered a response, but the old man continued, "It's not the policy of the company to place so much responsibility in the hands of so young a man, as a rule, but you seem to be an exception. I shall write to the directors to-night, asking them to confirm your appointment at their next meeting."

Ned made a modest little speech of acknowledgement, expressing his gratitude for the company's appreciation of his labors in its behalf, and added something about the continuance of his earnest efforts in the future. Then the men shook hands over the table, and the little unofficial ceremony was at an end. Mr. Kendrick took one of Ned's cigars and rolled it appreciatively in his fingers.

"It's strange how a similarity of taste in tobacco will prejudice one man in another's favor," he said, Ned rejoined inwardly that this very reflection had decided him in the morning to give the major portion of the room in his hip pocket to his cigar case, at the expense of his notebook and some papers. Mr. Kendrick had complimented his cigars before.

"Have you a match?" asked the president.

"Er—no—I—I haven't my match-box with me," replied the new manager.

Mr. Searles proffered his and the three men were silent for a moment, while they leaned back in their chairs and enjoyed the aroma of their cigars.

"By the way," said Mr. Kendrick, taking his notebook and pencil from his pocket. "I wish, while I think of it, you would give me the names and addresses of those Seattle men you mentioned the other day, with whom

you think we might make a deal. We're going back that way and might look them up."

"I'm sorry I haven't them with me," replied Ned. "I'll give them to you when we get back to the office."

Mr. Kendrick's brow contracted a little. "You read them to me from your notebook," he said. "Have you forgotten?"

"No," Ned moved uneasily, "but—I haven't my notebook with me to-day. I have the addresses at the office, however."

"H'm," commented the president, as he replaced his notebook and pencil in his pocket.

"I remember one or two of them," added Farrell, stung by Mr. Kendrick's sharp glance and his own knowledge of the reason for the notebook's absence. "One is George B. Giddings, whose office is in the—"

"Just write them down, will you?" curtly interrupted Mr. Kendrick. "We'll verify them when we get to the office."

Ned helplessly touched his closed pockets. "I—I haven't a card," he stammered.

"Take mine," promptly suggested Mr. Searles, handing it across the table.

"Thanks. And may I—er—may I use your pencil, also?" Then, seeing the surprise in the faces of both his guests, Ned added, with a nervous laugh, "the truth is, 'I left most of my pocket paraphernalia at home this morning.'"

A sharp frown brought Mr. Kendrick's brows together. "It is very important, Mr. Farrell," he said, "that the manager of a large business should not only make a practice of having the ordinary requirements of business life about him, but that he should not forget to keep them about him. I don't like young men who forget. They're not to be trusted." He turned up his lips and irritably stared at his prospective manager.

Farrell wrote the addresses slowly, while his mind whirled from one alternative to another, in an endeavor to find a lubricant for a situation which was becoming dangerous.

His inclination was to make a clean breast of the whole affair, but that would be only to make matters worse. That his confession would yield the wager to his wife was of small consequence beside the fact that, in view of Mr. Kendrick's radical opinions it would almost certainly lead to the recall of his as yet unofficial appointment as manager.

Then it occurred to him that he might take the vice-president into his confidence. It was current gossip among the older employees of the firm that Scott Searles was the only man who had ever been able to persuade the president to retreat from a position which he had once taken. Ned remembered the quizzical smile in Searles's eyes when Mr. Kendrick had so unequivocally condemned all forms of small gambling, and decided that if worst came to worst, he would attack what seemed the line of least resistance, and tell the vice-president.

As he looked up and saw Mr. Kendrick's still frowning visage, his fingers involuntarily contracted, and the pencil that he had been using slipped out of their control and rolled to the floor. He had almost to get under the table to recover it, and he was still pulling at his waistcoat and readjusting his cravat when the waiter brought him the check. He tried to fish out a coin without first removing the various impediments that filled his one pocket to overflowing, but the money, naturally, was all at the bottom and pervertedly, eluded his grasp.

Mr. Kendrick, with pursed lips and somber eyes, regarded his every motion, and Ned reflected that it would not improve the situation to fumble and empty his pocket in the president's sight, in order to get at money enough to pay for a very simple luncheon. His glance fell on a telephone booth, and relief seemed to beckon from its curtained seclusion.

"If you'll excuse me a moment," he said, addressing Mr. Kendrick, "I'll use the telephone before we go out, as we may not return at once to the office."

He arose, and as he did so, his watch, which had been pushed off

the hook of his suspenders by the pressure of his clothing while he was recovering the pencil, fell at his feet, with a sharp rattle. Mr. Kendrick, sitting next the wall, could not see it, but Searles, at the end of the table opposite Ned, pulled the cloth aside just before Farrell's napkin dropped over the watch, so that he saw, not only the watch, but the younger man's evident attempt to conceal it.

The vice-president's face took on an expression that Ned had never before seen in it; a sternness in comparison with which Mr. Kendrick's aged petulance seemed childish. For a moment the two men gazed into each other's eyes. Then Searles pushed back his chair and turned away his glance, but his face had not softened. "Mr. Searles—" said Ned, and stopped to clear his throat.

"Don't mention it, Mr. Farrell," interrupted his guest. "You were about to go to the telephone, I believe."

Ned saw that his only salvation lay in a bold play. "I think you said that

you wished to telephone to Mrs. Farrell," he suggested. "Will you do it now?"

"I don't remember expressing any such intention," deliberately replied Searles.

"Pardon me," persisted Ned. "I think you did." He met unwaveringly the question of the stern gray eyes. "Will you come now?" he repeated. Bowing coldly, Searles arose and followed his host into the curtained telephone booth.

Ten minutes later, when they again emerged, a quizzical smile played over the vice-president's lips and made pleasant little lines about his eyes. Ned's hands were sunk deep in his trousers pockets, around the edges of which there were occasional loose threads, and his face wore an expression of profound satisfaction.

"Father," said the vice-president, "we've just telephoned to Mrs. Farrell, and now we're all going up town to help her select a ring."

The World And The Door

By O. Henry in America

WHEN H. Ferguson Hedges, millionaire promoter, investor and man-about-New York, turned his thoughts upon matters convivial, and word of it went "down the line," bootlegs took a precautionary turn at the Indian clubs, waiters put ironstone china on his favorite tables, cab-drivers crowded close to the curbstone in front of all-night cafes, and careful cashiers in his regular haunts charged up a few bottles to his account by way of preface and introduction.

As a money power a one-millionaire is of small account in a city where the man who cuts your slice of beef behind the free lunch counter rides to work in his own automobile. But Hedges spent his money as lavishly, loudly and showily as though he were

only a clerk gauding a week's wages. And after all, the bartender takes no interest in your reserve fund. He would rather look you up on his cash register than in Broadway.

On the evening that the material allegation of facts begins Hedges was bidding dull care begone in the company of five or six good fellows—acquaintances and friends who had gathered in his wake.

Among them were two younger men—Ralph Merriman, a broker, and Wade, his friend.

Two deep-sea cabins were chartered. At Columbus Circle they have to long enough to revile the statue of the great navigator, unapologetically rebuking him for having voyaged in search of land instead of liquids. Midnight overtook the party maroon-

ed in the rear of a cheap cafe far uptown.

Hedges was arrogant, overriding and quarrelsome. He was bony and tough, iron-gray but vigorous, "good" for the rest of the night. There was a dispute—about nothing that matters—and the five-fingered words were passed—the words that represent the glove cast into the lists. Merriam played the roll of the verbal Hot-sper.

Hedges rose quickly, seized his chair, swung it once and smashed wildly down at Merriam's head. Merriam dodged, drew a small revolver and shot Hedges in the chest. The leading royster stumbled, fell in a wry heap, and lay still.

Wade, a commuter, had formed a habit of promptness. He juggled Merriam out of a side door, walked him to the corner, ran him a block and caught a hansom. They rode five minutes and then got out on a dark corner and dismissed the cab. Across the street the lights of a small saloon betrayed its hectic hospitality.

"Go in the back room of that saloon," said Wade, "and wait. I'll go find out what's doing and let you know. You may take two drinks while I am gone—no more."

At ten minutes to one o'clock Wade returned.

"Brace up, old chap," he said. "The ambulance got there just as I did. The doctor says he's dead. You may have one more drink. You let me run this thing for you. You've got to skip. I don't believe a chair is legally a deadly weapon. You've got to make tracks, that's all there is to it."

Merriam complained of the cold querulously, and asked for another drink. "Did you notice what big veins he had on the back of his hands?" he said. "I never could stand—I never could—"

"Take one more," said Wade, "and then come on. I'll see you through."

Wade kept his promise so well that at eleven o'clock the next morning Merriam, with a new suit case full of new clothes and hair brushes, stepped quietly on board a little gossamer fruit steamer on an East River

pier. The vessel had brought the season's first cargo of limes from Port Limon, and was homeward bound. Merriam had his bank balance of \$4,800 in his pocket in large bills, and brief instructions to pile up as much water as he could between himself and New York. There was no time for anything more.

From Port Limon Merriam worked down the coast by schooner and sloop to Colon, thence across the isthmus to Panama, where he caught a tramp bound for Callao and such intermediate ports as might tempt the discursive skipper from his course.

It was at La Paz that Merriam decided to land—La Paz, the beautiful, little harborless town smothered in a living green ribbon that banded the foot of a cloud-piercing mountain. Here the little steamer stopped to tread water while the captain's dory took him ashore that he might feel the pulse of the coconut market. Merriam went too, with his suit case, and remained.

Klah, the vice-consul, a Grace-Armenian citizen of the United States, born in Hessen-Darmstadt, and educated in Cincinnati ward primaries, considered all Americans his brothers and bankers. He attached himself to Merriam's elbow, introduced him to every one in La Paz who wore shoes, borrowed ten dollars and went back to his hammock.

There was a little wooden hotel in the edge of a banana grove, facing the sea, that catered to the tastes of the few foreigners that had dropped out of the world into the triste Peruvian town. At Klah's introductory: "Shake hands with—," he had obediently exchanged manual salutations with a German doctor, one French and two Italian merchants, and three or four Americans who were spoken of as gold men, rubber men, mahogany men—anything but men of living tissue.

After dinner Merriam sat in a corner of the broad front gallery with Bibb, a Vermonteer interested in hydraulic mining, and smoked and drank Scotch "smoke." The moonlight sea, spreading infinitely before him, seem-

ed to separate him beyond all apprehension from his old life. The horrid tragedy in which he had played such a disastrous part now began, for the first time since he stole on board the fruiter, a wretched fugitive, to lose its sharper outlines. Distance lent assuagement to his view. Bibb had opened the flood-gates of a stream of long damned discourse, overjoyed to have captured an audience that had not suffered under a hundred repetitions of his views and theories.

"One year more," said Bibb, "and I'll go back to God's country. Oh, I know I'm pretty hard, and you get doddie for nixes handed to you in chunks, but this country wasn't made for a white man to live in. You've got to have to plug through snow now and then, and see a game of baseball and wear a stiff collar and have a policeman cuss you. Still, La Paz is a good sort of a pipe-dreamy old hole. And Mrs. Conant is here. When any of us feels particularly like jumping into the sea we rush around to her house and propose. It's nicer to be rejected by Mrs. Conant than it is to be drowned. And they say drowning is a delightful sensation."

"Many like her here?" asked Merriam.

"Not anywhere," said Bibb, with a comfortable sigh. "She's the only white woman in La Paz. The rest range from a dappled den to the color of a b-flat piano key. She's been here a year. Comes from—well, you know how a woman can talk—ask 'em to say 'string' and they'll say 'crow's foot' or 'cat's cradle.' Sometimes you'd think she was from Oshkosh, and again from Jacksonville, Florida, and the next day from Cape Cod."

"Mystery?" ventured Merriam.

"M—well, she looks it; but her talk's translucent enough. But that's a woman. I suppose if the Sphinx were to begin talking she'd merely say: 'Goodness me! more visitors coming for dinner, and nothing to eat but the sand which is here.' But you won't think about that when you meet her, Merriam. You'll propose to her, too."

To make a hard story soft, Mer-

riam did meet her and propose to her. He found her to be a woman in black with hair the color of a bronze turkey's wings, and mysterious, remembering eyes that—well, that looked as if she might have been a trained nurse looking on when Eve was created. Her words and manner, though, were translucent, as Bibb had said. She spoke, vaguely, of friends in California and some of the lower parishes in Louisiana. The tropical climate and indolent life suited her; she had thought of buying an orange grove later on; La Paz, all in all, charmed her.

Merriam's courtship of the Sphinx lasted three months, although he did not know that he was courting her. He was using her as an antidote for remorse, until he found, too late, that he had acquired the habit. During that time he had received no news from home. Wade did not know where he was; and he was not sure of Wade's exact address, and was afraid to write. He thought he had better let matters rest as they were for a while.

One afternoon he and Mrs. Conant hired two ponies and rode out along the mountain trail as far as the little cold river that came tumbling down the foothills. There they stopped for a drink, and Merriam spoke his piece—*he* proposed, as Bibb had prophesied.

Mrs. Conant gave him one glance of brilliant tenderness, and then her face took on such a strange, haggard look that Merriam was shaken out of his intoxication and back to his senses.

"I beg your pardon, Florence," he said, releasing her hand; "but I'll have to hedge on part of what I said. I can't ask you to marry me, of course. I killed a man in New York—a man who was my friend—shot him down—in quite a cowardly manner, I understand. Of course, the drinking didn't excuse it. Well, I couldn't resist having my say; and I'll always mean it. I'm here as a fugitive from justice, and—I suppose that ends our acquaintance."

Mrs. Conant plucked little leaves

assiduously from the low-hanging branch of a lime tree.

"I suppose so," she said, in low, oddly uneven tones; "but that depends upon you. I'll be as honest as you were. I poisoned my husband. I am a self-made widow. A man cannot love a murderer. So I suppose that ends our acquaintance."

She looked up at him slowly. His face turned a little pale, and he stared at her blankly, like a deaf and dumb man who was wondering what it was all about.

She took a swift step toward him, with stiffened arms and eyes blazing. "Don't look at me like that!" she cried, as though she were in acute pain. "Curse me, or turn your back on me, but don't look that way. Am I a woman to be beaten? If I could show you—here on my arms, and on my back are scars—and it has been more than a year—scars that he made in his brutal rages. A holy nun would have risen and struck the fiend down. Yes, I killed him. The foul and horrible words that he hurled at me that last day are repeated in my ears every night when I sleep. And then came his blows, and the end of my endurance. I got the poison that afternoon. It was his custom to drink every night in the library before going to bed a hot punch made of rum and wine. Only from my fair hands would he receive it—because he knew the fumes of spirits always sickened me. That night when the maid brought it to me I sent her downstairs on an errand. Before taking him his drink I went to my little private cabinet and poured into it more than a teaspoonful of tincture of aconite—enough to kill three men, so I had learned. I had drawn \$6,000 that I had in the bank, and with that and a few things in a satchel I left the house without anyone seeing me. As I passed the library I heard him stagger up and fall heavily on a couch. I took a night train for New Orleans, and from there I sailed to the Bermuda. I finally cast anchor in La Paz. And now what have you to say? Can you open your mouth?"

Merriam came back to life.

"Florence," he said earnestly, "I want you. I don't care what you've done. If the world—"

"Ralph," she interrupted, almost with a scream, "be my world."

Her eyes melted; she relaxed magnificently and swayed toward Merriam so suddenly that he had to jump to catch her.

Dear me! in such scenes how the talk runs into artificial prose. But it can't be helped. It's the subconscious smell of the footlights smoke that's in all of us. Stir the depth of your cook's soul sufficiently and she will discourse in Bulwer-Lyttonese.

Merriam and Mrs. Conant were very happy. He announced their engagement at the Hotel Orilla del Mar. Eight foreigners and four native Astors pounded his back and shouted insincere congratulations at him. Pedro, the Castilian-mannered barkeeper, was goaded to extra duty until his agility would have turned a Boston cherry phosphate clerk a pale lilac with envy.

They were both very happy. According to the strange mathematics of the god of mutual affinity, the shadows that clouded their pasts when united became only half as dense instead of darker. They shut the world out and bolted the doors. Each was the other's world. Mrs. Conant lived again. The remembering look left her eyes. Merriam was with her every moment that was possible. On a little plateau under a grove of palms and calabash trees they were going to build a fairy bungalow. They were to be married in two months. Many hours of the day they had their heads together over the house plans. Their joint capital would set up a business in fruit or woods that would yield a comfortable support. "Good-night, my world," would say Mrs. Conant every evening when Merriam left her for his hotel. They were very happy. Their love had, circumstantially, that element of monochromy in it that it seems to require to attain its supremest elevation. And it seemed that their mutual great misfortune or sin was a bond that nothing could sever.

One day a steamer hove in the offing. Bare-legged and bare-shouldered La Paz scrambled down to the beach, for the arrival of a steamer was their loop-the-loops, circus, Emancipation Day and four o'clock tea.

When the steamer was near enough, wise ones proclaimed that she was the Pajaro, bound up-coast from Callao to Panama.

The Pajaro put on brakes a mile off shore. Soon a boat came bobbing shoreward. Merriam stroled down on the beach to look on. In the shallow water the Caribbean sailors sprang out and dragged the boat with a mighty rush to the firm shingle. Out climbed the purser, the captain and two passengers, plowing their way through the deep sand toward the hotel. Merriam glanced toward them with the mild interest due to strangers. There was something familiar to him in the walk of one of the passengers. He looked again, and his blood seemed to turn to strawberry ice cream in his veins. Berly, arrogant, debonaire as ever, H. Ferguson Hedges, the man he had killed, was coming toward him ten feet away.

When Hedges saw Merriam his face flushed a dark red. Then he shouted in his old, bluff way: "Hello, Merriam. Glad to see you. This is expect to find you out here. Quinby, this is my old friend Merriam, of New York—Merriam, Mr. Quinby. Merriam gave Hedges and then Quinby an ice-cold hand.

"Br-r-r-r!" said Hedges. "But you've got a frapped lip! Man, you're not well. You're as yellow as a Chinaman. Malaria here! Steer us to a bar if there is such a thing, and let's take a phlogystic."

Merriam, still half comatose, led them toward the Hotel Orilla del Mar.

"Quinby and I," explained Hedges, puffing through the slippery sand, "are looking out along the coast for some investments. We've just come up from Concepcion and Valparaiso and Lima. The captain of this subsidized ferry boat told us there was some good picking around here in silver mines. So we got off. Now,

where is that cafe, Merriam? Oh, in this portable soda water pavilion!" Leaving Quinby at the bar, Hedges drew Merriam aside.

"Now, what does this mean?" he said, with greff indifference. "Are you sulking about that fool row we had?"

"I thought," stammered Merriam—"I heard—they told me you were—that I had—"

"Well, you didn't, and I'm not," said Hedges. "That fool young ambulance surgeon told Wade I was a candidate for a coffin just because I'd got tired and quit breathing. I laid up in a private hospital for a month; but here I am, kicking as hard as ever. Wade and I tried to find you, but couldn't. Now, Merriam, shake hands and forget it all. I was as much to blame as you were; and the shot really did me good—I came out of the hospital as healthy and fit as a cab horse. Come on; that drink's waiting."

"Old man," said Merriam, brokenly, "I don't know how to thank you—I—well, you know—"

"Oh, forget it," boomed Hedges. "Quinby'll die of thirst if we don't join him."

Bibb was sitting on the shady side of the gallery waiting for the eleven o'clock breakfast. Presently Merriam came out and joined him. His eye was strangely bright.

"Bibb, my boy," said he, slowly waving his hand, "do you see those mountains and that sea and sky and sunshine?—they're mine, Bibb—all mine."

"You go in," said Bibb, "and take eight grains of quinine, right away. It won't do in this climate for a man to get to thinking he's Rockefeller, or James O'Neill either."

Inside, the purser was untying a great roll of newspapers, many of them weeks old, gathered in the lower ports by the Pajaro to be distributed at casual stopping places. Thus do the beneficent voyagers scatter news and entertainment among the prisoners of sea and mountains.

Tio Pascho, the hotel proprietor, set his great silver-rimmed anteojos upon his nose and divided the papers

into a number of smaller rolls. A barefooted muchacho dashed in, desiring the post of messenger.

"Buen vuido," said "El Pancho." "This is Señora Conant; that to el Doctor S—S—Schlegel—Dios! what a name to say!—that to Señor Davis—one for Don Alberto. These two for the Casa de Huespedes, Número 6, en la calle de Buenas Gracias. And say to them all, muchacho, that the Pajaro sails for Panama at three this afternoon. If any have letters to send by the post, let them come quickly, that they may first pass through the correo.

Mrs. Conant received her roll of newspapers at four o'clock. The boy was late in delivering them, because he had been deflected from his duty by an iguana that crossed his path and to which he immediately gave chase. But it made no hardship, for she had no letters to send.

She was idling in a hammock in the patio of the house that she occupied, half awake, half happily dreaming of the paradise that she and Merriam had created out of the wrecks of their pasts. She was content now for the horizon of that shimmering sea to be the horizon of her life. They had shut out the world and closed the door.

Merriam was coming to her house at seven, after his dinner at the hotel. She would put on a white dress and an apricot-colored lace mantilla, and they would walk an hour under the cocoanut palms by the lagoon. She smiled contentedly, and chose a paper at random from the roll the boy had brought.

At first the words of a certain headline of a Sunday newspaper meant nothing to her; they conveyed only a visualized sense of familiarity. The largest type ran thus: "Lloyd B. Conant secures divorce." And then the subheadings: "Well-known Saint Louis paint manufacturer wins suit, pleading one year's absence of wife." "Her mysterious disappearance recalled." "Nothing has been heard of her since."

Twisting herself quickly out of the hammock, Mrs. Conant's eye soon

traversed the half-column of the "recall." It ended thus: "It will be remembered that Mrs. Conant disappeared one evening in March of last year. It was freely rumored that her marriage with Lloyd B. Conant resulted in much unhappiness. Stories were not wanting to the effect that his cruelty toward his wife had more than once taken the form of physical abuse. After her departure a full bottle of tincture of aconite, a deadly poison, was found in a small medicine cabinet in her bedroom. This might have been an indication that she meditated suicide. It is supposed that she abandoned such an intention if she possessed it, and left her home instead."

Mrs. Conant slowly dropped the paper, and sat on a chair, clasping her hands tightly.

"Let me think—O God!—let me think," she whispered. "I took the bottle with me. I threw it out the window of the train. . . . I . . . there was another bottle in the cabinet. . . . there were two, side by side—the aconite—and the valerian that I took when I could not sleep. . . . If they found the aconite bottle full, why—but, he is alive, of course—I gave him only a harmless dose of valerian. . . . I am not a murderer in fact. . . . Ralph, I—O God, don't let this be a dream!"

She went into the part of the house that she rented from the old Peruvian man and his wife, shut the door, and walked up and down her room swiftly and feverishly for half an hour. Merriam's photograph stood in a frame on a table. She picked it up, looked at it with a smile of exquisite tenderness, and—dropped four tears on it. And Merriam only twenty rods away! Then she stood still for ten minutes, looking into space. She looked into space through a slowly opening door. On her side of the door was the building material for a castle of Romance—love, an Arcady of waving palms, a lullaby of waves on the shore of a haven of rest, respite, peace, a lotos land of dreamy ease and security—a life of poetry

and heart's ease and refuge. Romanticism, will you tell me what Mrs. Conant saw on the other side of the door? You cannot?—that is, you will not? Very well; then listen.

She saw herself go into a department store and buy five spools of silk thread and three yards of gingham to make an apron for the cook. "Shall I charge it, ma'am?" asked the clerk. As she walked out a lady whom she met greeted her cordially. "Oh, where did you get the pattern for those sleeves, dear Mrs. Conant?" she said. At the corner a policeman helped her across the street and touched his helmet. "Any callers?" she asked the maid when she reached home. "Mrs. Waldron," answered the maid, "and the two Misses Jenkinson." "Very well," she said. "You may bring me a cup of tea, Maggie."

Mrs. Conant went to the door and called Angela, the old Peruvian woman. "If Mateo is there send him to me." Mateo, a half-breed, shuffling and old, but efficient, came.

"Is there a steamer or a vessel of any kind leaving this coast to-night or to-morrow that I can get passage on?" she asked.

Mateo considered.

"At Punta Reina, thirty miles down the coast, senora," he answered, there is a small steamer loading with cinchona and dyewoods. She sails for San Francisco to-morrow at sunrise. So says my brother, who arrived in his sleep to-day, passing by Punta Reina."

"You must take me in that sleep to that steamer to-night. Will you do that?"

"Perhaps—" Mateo shrugged a suggestive shoulder. Mrs. Conant took a handful of money from a drawer and gave it to him.

"Get the sleep ready behind the little point of land below the town," she ordered. "Get sailors, and be ready to sail at six o'clock. In half an hour bring a cart partly filled with straw into the patio here, and take my trunk to the lagoon. There is more money yet. Now, hurry."

For one time Mateo walked away without shuffling his feet.

"Angela," cried Mrs. Conant, almost fiercely, "come and help me pack. I am going away. Cut with this trunk. My clothes first. Stir yourself. Those dark dresses first, Henry."

From the first she did not waver from her decision. Her view was clear and final. Her door had opened and let the world in. Her love for Merriam was not lessened; but it now appeared a hopeless and unrealistic thing. The visions of their future that had seemed so blissful and complete had vanished. She tried to assure herself that her renunciation was rather for his sake than for her own. Now that she was cleared of her burden—at least, technically—would not his own weigh too heavily upon him? If she should cling to him, would not the difference forever silently mar and corrode their happiness? Thus she reasoned; but there were a thousand little voices calling to her that she could feel rather than hear, like the hum of distant, powerful machinery—the little voices of the world, that, when raised in unison, can send their insistent call through the thickest door.

Once well packed, a brief shadow of the lagoon dream came back to her. She held Merriam's picture to her heart with one hand, while she threw a pair of shoes into the trunk with her other.

At six o'clock Mateo returned and reported the sleep ready. He and his brother lifted the trunk into the cart, covered it with straw and conveyed it to the point of embarkation. From there they transferred it on board in the sleep's dory. Then Mateo returned for additional orders.

Mrs. Conant was ready. She had settled all business matters with Angela, and was impatiently waiting. She wore a long, loose black silk duster that she often walked about in when the evenings were chilly. On her head was a small round hat, and over it the apricot-colored lace mantilla.

Dusk had quickly followed the short twilight. Mateo led her by dark and grass-grown streets toward the point behind which the sleep was anchored.

On turning a corner they beheld the Hotel Orilla del Mar three streets away, nobly aglow with its array of kerosene lamps.

Mrs. Conant paused, with streaming eyes. "I must, I must see him once before I go," she murmured in anguish. But even then she did not falter in her decision. Quickly she invented a plan by which she might speak to him, and yet make her departure without his knowing. She would walk past the hotel, ask some one to call him out, and talk a few moments on some trivial excuse, leaving him expecting to see her at her home at seven.

She unpinched her hat and gave it to Mateo. "Keep this, and wait here till come," she ordered. Then she draped the mantilla over her head as

she usually did when walking after sunset, and went straight to the Orilla del Mar.

She was glad to see the bulky, white-clad figure of Tio Pancho standing alone on the gallery.

"Tio Pancho," she said, with a charming smile, "may I trouble you to ask Mr. Merriam to come out for just a few moments that I may speak with him?"

Tio Pancho bowed as an elephant bows.

"Buenas tardes, Senora Conant," he said, as a cavalier talks. And then he went on, less at his ease:

"But does not the senora know that Senor Merriam sailed on the Pajaro for Panama at three o'clock of this afternoon?"

Charles S. Mellen : Railroad Lord of New England

By Frederick Colman in The World To-Day

"I YIELD to no one of you," said Mr. Mellen in a talk before the West Side Workmen's Club of Hartford, "I yield to no one of you that you have worked harder, or longer hours, or for less pay; that you have had harder taskmasters, or more disagreeable; that you have been more apprehensive of the future or more bitter over injustice; or that the spirit of discouragement has ever made the world darker than seemed possible to bear, so dark that almost any change was a promise of improvement. . . . I am nothing more nor less than a workman myself."

First and last Mr. Mellen is always "nothing more nor less than a workman." The visitor to his offices in New Haven who sees the bowl of crackers and milk which constitutes the tardy lunch taken at his work often at 4 o'clock, or whenever he can find time to snatch it, the fellow official laboring with him who tells you that fourteen or sixteen hours a day comprise the not uncommon day's stint of the president of the road—

these and other witnesses bear testimony to the immense working efficiency of the head of the rapidly expanding New Haven system.

For thirty-eight years, boy and man, Mr. Mellen has been engaged in railroading. When but eighteen years of age, just after he had finished his course in the local academy, and was hoping to complete his education at Dartmouth College, he decided for financial reasons to go to work.

Promise of future prominence did not necessarily appear in his first employment as a clerk with the Northern Railroad of New Hampshire, for the road itself was small, offering only limited opportunities, but hard work makes opportunities—and young Mellen worked. Three years of experience in keeping accounts and thus getting acquainted with the financial side of railroading have stood him in good stead during a lifetime. Presently he became clerk to the chief engineer of the Central Vermont, a position in which he became familiar with the engineering features of rail-

way operation. Thence he returned to the Northern Railroad of New Hampshire, this time as superintendent's clerk. There followed promotion to the chief clerkship, and later to the office of assistant treasurer.

In 1880 came a change to the Boston and Lowell as assistant to the manager. A year later Mr. Mellen was made auditor, then superintendent, and in 1884, after fifteen years of untiring work, general superintendent. In this position he scandalized old railroad men by actually increasing the number of local trains on the winter service, instead of decreasing them according to the established practice. They said that young Mellen must be crazy. Yet the road's business increased and his judgment was vindicated.

Thereafter came his appointment as assistant general traffic manager, and then traffic manager of the Union Pacific. Four years were spent in the West. Then he returned to New England as general traffic manager of the New York & New England, resigning after six months to become second vice-president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford. In 1897 in two minutes' telephone conversation Mr. Mellen considered and accepted the presidency of the Northern Pacific.

"I expected to find a railroad," he is reported to have said, "but instead, I find two streaks of rust across the prairie." At that time the line of the railroad across the prairie region could be found by the discoloration of the grass growing between the ties where it had rubbed against the greasy cars. The rust was just out of the hands of a receiver. It had never paid a dividend on its common stock, which was then selling below twenty. It was known mainly as the road which had bankrupted the great house of Jay Cooke & Co., and which had later tested the strength of Amsterdam itself by a second bankruptcy.

Hard work proved its redemption. A man associated with Mr. Mellen in the Northern Pacific says that twenty hours out of twenty-four were not uncommonly given by the new presi-

dent to his task. He got results quickly. At his coming, in addition to the financial difficulties of the road, its equipment was almost worthless. The ties were so rotten as often to fall apart when kicked. The track was covered with weeds. The rolling stock was antiquated and entirely inadequate. The traffic had fallen off. When Mr. Mellen left the Northern Pacific, six years later, its special trains were making seventy miles an hour over many portions of the route, its giant engines hauled immense freight trains more economically than they could be handled by any other road, and its stock, now paying dividends, had risen far above par.

He had proved himself the right man for the presidency of the New York, New Haven & Hartford road, which connects the two greatest centres of population in North America. At the head of the system Mr. Mellen, both through his personality and his policies, is necessarily in a position to do greater things than ever before done among eastern railroads. He has brought to his office an attitude of openness and accessibility. Two years ago he astonished lawmakers, and perhaps some railroad men, by going openly and personally to the Connecticut Legislature to ask for certain measures instead of resorting to the traditional methods of lobbying. He listens readily to the road's employees, for in his own phrase, there is "no frost on his doorknob." The great amount of work which he accomplishes excludes the possibility of trifling with his time, but an appointment concerning business that merits his personal attention is easily secured.

"In any early business life," he once said, "I had experience with men of affairs of a character to make me desire to avoid creating a like feeling of resentment to myself and the interests in my charge, should fortune ever place me in authority, and I am solicitous of a measure of confidence on the part of the public and our employees that I shall hope may be warranted by the fairness and good fellowship I intend shall prevail in our

relationship." At the same time he added, "But do not feel that I am disposed to grant unreasonable requests or to spend the money of our company unnecessarily."

The policies of the New Haven's president reveal his personality. Above other things he believes in good equipment, as is shown by the money he has spent in bringing the New Haven to its present point of efficiency from the condition of "dry rot" which he inherited from his predecessors. Furthermore, he is an expansionist. Many lines have been acquired by his road in the last four years, and even now the most momentous consolidation of all, that with the Boston & Maine, is apparently in process of consummation. The New Haven, under Mr. Mellen, has spent more than \$150,000,000, one-third on equipment and improvements, and two-thirds in buying securities of other lines, all of which give a commensurate return on the investment. That a railroad must fight the industrial battles of the territory which it serves is also one of President Mellen's guiding principles. He holds that it can fight these best by serving the section through unified lines of transportation of all kinds, whether steamship lines, steam railroads or electric lines. Unification promotes efficiency of service.

The era of electrification is beginning. It seems to be the theory of New Haven that all important steam roads will be electrified before many years, and that then the trolley lines, instead of continuing to be separate transportation agencies, will logically be feeders for the great trunk lines which are now the steam railroads. Already as a demonstration, the suburban services of the New Haven about New York City are being electrified under Mr. Mellen's personal supervision, and strong in his belief of the good results to be obtained from combining trolley and train service and working them together for the benefit of the public, he has acquired electric lines in much of the territory which his road serves.

Western Massachusetts furnishes the latest example of this policy, for

in the Berkshire Hills President Mellen has projected many miles of electric road to open up and serve territory which has heretofore been without any means of transportation whatever. His idea as he expresses it, is to saturate New England with transportation facilities. He thinks the day near at hand when a trolley line will pass by almost every farmer's door, gathering and distributing freight for the main road.

President Mellen's principal reason for believing in joint ownership and operation of steam and electric lines appears in his argument that only thus can many districts hope to receive transportation facilities which are badly needed. To the independent builder of trolley lines, sparsely settled districts, such as those of western Massachusetts, offer no inducement, since there is no possibility of any immediate return on the investment. From the point of view of an established system like the New Haven, however, lines which in themselves offer no prospect of immediate return may nevertheless, by the way of development which they will do, prove in the end very valuable to the railroad as feeders.

These achievements have, of course, necessitated prodigious labor. During a recent summer one of the men from another department of the road said to the president's secretary who had been with him in the West: "When do you take your vacation?"

"When Mr. Mellen takes his."

"When is that?"

"Never."

"How does he stand it to work so hard and so constantly?"

"Because he enjoys it so."

Hard work has made Mr. Mellen a serious, incisive man, with great clearness of vision, with abundant constructive imagination. The policies for which he has stood have triumphed one by one. Even more significant than the increased earnings of the system, the improvement of its physical equipment and the development of new projects, has been the change of the attitude of the public

Henry Frick, The Steel King Of To-day

By Herbert N. Casson in *Syracuse*

YES, it is true that I borrowed \$20,000 and went into the coke business when I was twenty-four on my own account during the panic of 1873," said Henry Clay Frick, in his quiet, decisive way, when I asked him about this myth-seeming story of his business start.

"The coke industry was ruined, so everyone believed; and coke was selling below cost, at ninety cents a ton, when I negotiated that loan with a Pittsburg banker.

"At that time I was living in the coke region, though not in a coal miner's shack, as one report has said. I was boarding in a comfortable house at Broad Ford. There were very few coke ovens in those days and their owners were glad to sell them."

Mr. Frick was hardly beyond his majority when he made his debut as a financier. He was earning a salary of \$900 a year—an unusually large amount for the Connellsville region—by acting as book-keeper and general agent for his grandfather, a fairly prosperous distiller and coke-maker.

He had no fortune of his own—no capital—no wealthy friends—nothing but a few small scraps of coal land that he had bought with his savings. In appearance he was a short, alert young man, with keen steady eyes, a straight, well-shaped nose, a mouth that showed refinement rather than strength, and with brown hair worn long and curling at the ends. Had it not been for his quick ways and businesslike manner, he would have seemed more like a youthful professor of literature than a man of affairs.

He had received no heritage from his parents—nothing except a flawless body and the best brain in Pennsylvania. His father was an American-born farmer, one of those hard-working men who always follow the line of most resistance. He was neither poor nor rich—just an ordinary stiller, who dug the plain necessities of

life out of his acres, but none of the luxuries. Like all the farmers of the Connellsville region, the senior Frick made a living by scrubbing the mere surface of the earth, while a hundred feet below their plows lay millions of dollars worth of the best coaling coal in the world.

Before young Henry Frick was fifteen, his keen boyish mind had sized up the situation. He saw no future in farming, and got himself a job in the village store. For four years he remained here as errand boy and clerk; and then his grandfather took notice of his cleverness and made him the book-keeper and supervisor of a distillery which was the most prosperous enterprise in the district.

So, at twenty-four years of age, Henry Clay Frick had been reaped by ten years of hard work and responsibility. In that time he had earned probably \$3,500, so that he was by no means a soft-fitted young novice in the game of business.

And he was as conspicuous among the other young men of the neighborhood as the Frick Building is to-day above the streets of Pittsburg. He was, in the first place, the best posted young business man in the village of Mount Pleasant, Pennsylvania. If a question arose among the villagers as to the value of a coal mine or a house and lot, some one in the crowd was sure to say—"Let's go and ask Henry Frick. He'll know what it's worth, if anyone does."

This reputation as a village umpire came to him because of his habit of observation. He had keen eyes and a sure memory for useful facts. Prices, especially, were his strong point. He could tell the value of almost every farm within five miles of his grandfather's distillery.

While the other youths of the village were wishing themselves in Pittsburg or Philadelphia, so that they could have a "chance," young Frick

was studying his own business and his own neighborhood. This was the first stone of the foundation he was building, and that foundation stone he placed firmly. Frick studied business as a musician studies music or as a poet studies Shakespeare or Shelley. He preferred business to baseball or the theatre or the petty social intercourse of the village.

By nature high-strung and sensitive, he shrank from the harsh side of life. The boisterous raillery of the village store had been too rough for his liking; and the more isolated work of book-keeper and coke-maker suited him much better. He cared more for respect than popularity; and there was always a quiet dignity and reserve about his manner which prevented most people from taking liberties with him. He was not showy, but no young man in Pennsylvania had more pride than he.

He was particular in choosing his friends. Most of them were older than he, and none of them was of the syphantic sort. He had few enemies, because he had the rare gift of self-control. Even when he was angry—and he was a man of intense feeling—he had the strength of will to repress an explosion. This power of repression was of immense value to him in later years. It saved him from a thousand wrangles in the turbulent world of steel men, and it gave him a presence of mind which, on one notable occasion many years later, saved his life from the attack of an assassin.

It is most clearly evident that Frick at twenty-four was giving himself over to preparation. His grandfather had put him in charge of a few coke-ovens; and he spent day after day studying the process of digging up the coal and roasting it into coke. He was naturally neat, almost fastidious, about his appearance, and coke-making was a grubby smoky business; but he wasted no time in wishing that he were somewhere else. He was taking care of the Here and Now.

He figured out the labor-cost of a ton of coke. Then he went to the village depot and asked questions about freight rates to Pittsburg. When a

new coke oven was being built, he watched how it was done, and learned the cost of the materials.

Named in honor of Clay—the magnetic orator of Virginia who was, at the time of Frick's birth, the Grand Old Man of the Senate—young Frick, in spite of his name, was never a talker. Conversation was to him the means to an end, nothing more. He was more apt to be making figures on a sheet of paper, or trying to buy a small scrap of coal land from a farmer. A little further ahead every day, was another of his notions.

On several occasions I have met old men who remember Frick in the days of his clerkship. All agree that they noticed two qualities in him—politeness and attention to business—apparently always with the view of getting information in return.

"Frick gave me a lunch of cheese and crackers one day," said an eighty-year-old iron maker who is still living in Pittsburg. "I had been tramping up and down the hills, on the search for coal land, and arrived in the village very hungry. There was no hotel in the neighborhood, so I went into the store and asked for food. Young Frick was behind the counter, and he impressed me at the time as being a very businesslike and obliging clerk. But the information he picked out of me while I was munching his crackers was worth his while."

Living in the midst of coke districts Frick had the best opportunities for learning the producing side of the business. But he was greatly handicapped by the fact that there were no big financiers near by, from whom he could get instruction and larger ideas. No young man has ever had a more lonely struggle upward than Henry Clay Frick. Unlike Carnegie, who was in his youth surrounded by friends and helped by older and richer men, Frick had to make his fight alone. Before he became intimate with the great men of Pennsylvania, he had grown to be a great man himself.

But, in the days of his preparation, Frick studied the financial news of the daily papers. He learned who

the bankers were, and upon what terms they were willing to loan money. In this way he was ready when the time came to get in touch with the right financier—the one who would naturally be most willing to invest money in the making of coke. And it came in the panic year when he was twenty-four.

In 1873, because of a series of cumulative causes, the whole business system of the United States suddenly collapsed. There were five thousand failures in that year, with a loss of more than \$225,000,000. Three million workmen were thrown out of the mines, mills and factories. And even Jay Cooke, the topmost financier of all, went down in the general wreckage.

The coke-making business naturally suffered more than any other, because it was the youngest industry in the United States. In the Connellsville region it was barely thirteen years old, and the older iron and steel men still regarded it with a certain amount of suspicion.

"The coke business is ruined"—this was the text of conversation, morning, noon and night, in the village where Frick lived.

The price of coke dropped like a plummet from four dollars a ton to ninety cents. This was so far below cost that the coke-makers raked the fires out and went home, half of them bankrupts. Everyone, with a single exception, heaped curses on the new-fangled trade that had burned up their capital in its blinding ovens.

The one exception was Frick. Although his uncle and his grandfather were among the coke-makers who were financially embarrassed, he had an opinion of his own—an opinion which, up to date, has netted him probably fifty or sixty million dollars. He believed in the future of coke.

This belief was not the dream of a youthful optimist. His six educational years of preparation made his belief a certainty. He knew all the facts. He had learned the cost of mining the coal, building the ovens and shipping the finished product to the Pittsburg furnaces. Therefore,

when he decided that the time had come for him to quit the pay-envelope class and become a capitalist, it was not the guess of a gambler. It was the natural result of knowledge and observation.

"Now is the time to buy," said the keen young clerk to himself, when the wreckage of the coke business was complete. So, one evening, he sat down in his boarding-house and wrote a letter to Thomas Mellon, the famous Irish banker of Pittsburg. The letter was practically as follows:

Dear Sir:

There is a great opportunity to make money in this place by buying coal lands and coke ovens. Half of the owners are obliged to sell. I therefore ask you for the loan of \$20,000, and hope you will send some one here at once to investigate the situation.

Yours very truly,

Henry Clay Frick.

To-day Mr. Frick is the real estate king of Pittsburg—all told, his personal share of Smoky City would sell for more than \$14,000,000. The coke company that bears his name is the arbiter of its field. There are Frick banks, Frick buildings and Frick mines. He is purported the largest individual share-holder in the Steel Corporation and in the Pennsylvania Railroad, and his proprietorship extends into a score of corporations.

But when this letter was sent to Banker Mellon, in 1873, there was no one in the city who had heard the name of Frick. If Mellon had known that the writer of this letter was a twenty-four-year-old clerk, without property or financial standing, he might have tossed it into the waste basket. But there was nothing amateurish about the letter itself. It was businesslike and straight to the point. Therefore, Mellon, who was as shrewd a money-maker as ever came from Ulster, turned the letter over to his partner, J. B. Corey, for investigation.

Naturally, when J. B. Corey arrived in the coke region, and found no

one back of the \$50,000 letter except a three-dollar-a-day clerk, he was surprised. But he was still further surprised to find that the daring young clerk knew all the facts about coke, and had a definite, clear-cut plan of operations.

"I saw that the young man had a firm grasp of the situation," said J. B. Corey, "so I went back and reported in favor of the loan. Mellon followed my judgment, and sent young Frick the \$50,000 that started him on his brilliant career as a capitalist."

At once Frick resigned his clerkship and set to work quietly to buy coal lands and coke ovens. By the time the money was spent, the demand for coke had become stronger. The price rose from ninety cents a ton to three dollars. Two years later it soared up to five dollars, and the new firm of H. C. Frick & Company made a hundred per cent. profit.

At twenty-six years of age, Frick had established his credit and become the chief employer of labor in the neighborhood where he was born and bred. He had taken the one chance and the one occasion that came to him, in that remote community. He saw and understood the things that lay round him—that was the secret of Frick's success.

At thirty-three he had secured such a control of the coke supply that Carnegie was obliged to buy control of the Frick company. He had worked miracles in the coke district. At the time that he wrote his letter to Mellon, there were only two or three dozen coke ovens, and a hundred or more workmen, half of them unemployed. Sixteen years later he had built up a company with \$5,000,000 capital, 12,000 coke ovens, and 11,000 workmen. He had brought steady work and sure wages to a county of moneyless farmers; and established a coke industry which is to-day adding to the national wealth at the rate of \$85,000,000 a year.

One of the exhibits at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 was the Frick display—a group of pyramids and pinnacles built of the silvery grey coke. The cost of the exhibit was

\$80,000—four times as much as the loan that started Frick in business; but the Frick Coke Company had grown to be so wealthy in 1892 that an \$80,000 expense was a mere incident of advertising.

In 1889 Carnegie, who could pick winners better than any other Pittsburgher, offered Frick a five per cent. share of the Carnegie Company, if he would become the active head of the Carnegie mills and furnaces. Frick accepted the offer, and became at once the foremost active steel-maker in the world. He had made the dizzy climb in sixteen years.

To-day, if you ask ten New York capitalists who is the most active and central figure in the world of American finance, nine of them will reply—"Henry Clay Frick." There are others who can mass more capital at a given point, such as J. D. Rockefeller, for instance, or Schiff or Morgan or Ryan. There are men who have more complete control in their own fields, such as J. J. Hill, Daniel Guggenheim and E. H. Harriman. But no one equals H. C. Frick as a harmonizing and consolidating influence, standing clear and free from the financial tribalism of Wall Street.

Wherever Frick has touched either the financial or political world, he has improved it. He is eternally opposed to selfishness and inefficiency. Wherever he is in control, there are no loose ends—no tricks—no scandals. He is too conscious of his own superior ability to resort to subterfuges of any sort. He is not in the slightest degree a gambler. Business has always been to him a game of chess, not faro. He has labored untiringly to put our industrial system on a solid basis.

"There will be less waste and warfare in the future," he said recently. He might have added that the present stability of our business structure is largely owing to his work as a peace-maker and corporation-builder.

And it is only thirty-four years since he sat down in his humble boarding-house and wrote the letter that made his fortune.

The Red-Headed Twins Of Dos Palos

By FRANK LA PLACA in Oroville Monthly

THIS here thing of bein' a twin ain't all it's cracked up to be, spec' if each darned twin is as like t'other as a lookin' glass reflectin' of himself. My brother Jim's as like me as I'm like myself, freckles, green eyes an' all, an' his head ain't none lighter an' none darker. They is no other twins in Dos Palos except me an' Jim. When we was kids, my mother used to say to the one what was handiest, "If you're Jim, tell Bill I want him, but if you're Bill, come here—I want you." Sure pep, it was always me she wanted, 'cause Jim sorter petted himself round the ole lady. Well, anyway, between us the ole lady didn't have no tapicoca, for when we sawed why we was always the other feller.

If you never yet met Jim you'll know him soon as you meet him; that's providin' you don't give me the glad hand thinkin' he's me. The only thing what's diff'unt about us is our ways an' habits, an' so forth. Jim's as quick to spend money as I'm willin' to save it, an' Jim's as full of raisin' the devil as I'm fond of peace an' the mountains, an' Jim's as fond of borrowin' as he is of spendin', an' him havin' a lot of family pride an' afeeshan, why, it's just natural like as he'd come first to me for a loan. "Just a tenner; if you can't spare it, a five spot 'll do," he begins easy like, an' then winds up willin' to take any ole darned thing I kin give him, even if it ain't no better 'n fifty cents or a quarter.

Once down to Firebaugh he got playin' sorter heavy at faro bank, an' bein' short of funds an' me far away, he borrows of a man down there by the name of Peters, an' then tells Peters, darn his soul, to ride out to the Double X ranch and get it back. Jim goes range ridin' the day that there Peters was to visit, an' me, innocent as a yearlin', meets this here Peters kinder weicum like at the gate, never a-see-

him afore, an' says, "Howdy do, stranger, what kin I do for you?"

"Stranger!" he growls, sorter down in his throat an' squintin' up his eyes like he didn't like my looks. "Stranger, hey? It wasn't stranger down to Firebaugh when you borered that ten spot of me, was it, you freckled-faced, green-eyed, red-headed lobster?" He keeps his big mouth open like he's goin' to say a heap more, but just friendly like I puts my hand back where I always finds my six-shooter, an' strange-like, he shuts his big mouth an' starts for the road, hasty like, an' keeps a-goin' that way.

Jim comes in that night lookin' some timid-like, an' quires 'bout my health an' so forth, an' then he says, off-hand-like, "All 'tune to-day?"

"Ain't I always alone, when you ain't here?" I says back, innocent.

"Sorter thought you might a had company," gurgles Jim, lookin' round the camp some interested.

"Maybe I did," says I, "and maybe 'll help to bury him this evenin'." Some plaguety fool comes ridin' round there mistakin' me for some darned fool what looks like me, as—

Foo! Jim was that scared that I pluggin' Peters for sure that he begs me to hide him 'cause the boys what own the dead'll think he done the shootin' 'stead of me. I let the truth out easy like after he got good and scared, an' then he makes me a solam promiss never to borrow from nobody 'ceptin' me—a promiss none to my likin', you bet.

You see what's likel to come to a man what's got a twin what looks more like himself than he does himself; but if I begins to tell you all what come to me through Jim, why I keep a talkin' till the end of the week, an' wouldn't be none through then.

The worst ever was the time Jim got stuck on a litt' half-breed Mexican-Portugee gal what he meets at a

dance down to Los Bancos. This litt' gal was a sky farmer's gal. Guess you know what's a sky farmer. No? Well, a sky farmer's a feller, usual like he's a Portuguese, or a Dago or a Mex, or all three mixed into one, what has a ranch 'long the San Joaquin River where it's good for farmin' about six months a year. He watches the sky a plenty, an' when things don't look his way, he ups and takes his furnootar an' his horse, durned old plugs, you bet, an' his pig, ain't never got more'n one, an' his cows an' what his famulle follerin' ahind, he moves, leavin' the old shacks there. Sure pop, when it's rained all over the place, an' the Joaquin's flowed over his land some, back he comes an' plants hay, an' off he goes agin, an' then time for hay cuttin' an' bolin' back he comes agin. The sky farmer reasons like it's time for nothin' to lay down an' bake awaitin' for the rain, so he's makin' money in other parts. But you bet when it's ramin' lots an' his land's lot rich for hay, he's always back on time.

No sky farmin' in mine. I don't banker, somehow, to kill six months with this here neck of mine twisted up like lookin' at a sky what don't always look to suit.

This litt' gal what Jim gets stuck on was a sky farmer's gal, an' 'cordin' to Jim, was purty as a colt's what carried. I'm no judge, so I says nothin' 'bout her looks an' so forth, but when Jim took to ridin' down to the valley to see her every day or so, I gets some anxious an' sorter hint around makin' 'quires. I didn't banker to help feed a gal as well as Jim—that's what it means for me if Jim takes to double harness, 'cause Jim can't feed himself, let alone a gal, even if she ain't no more'n a sky farmer's gal an' used to nothin'.

"Jim," says I one day, "what's that gal's name an' where's her ole man's shack?"

Jim's freckles turns sorter red, an' he gets interested in his boots, lookin' at 'em like he's never seen them afore.

"Who?" he says, some foolish.

I tells him what I thinks of him then, an' him bein' some rattled, he

tells all about her, what her name was, an' where she lived, an' how they loved each other.

"Rot!" says I, but sorter to myself, not so's to hurt Jim's feelin', 'cause Jim's sensitive like, an' can't stand much hard talk, specul' 'bout his love affairs. Jim had a lot of them afore this sky farmer's gal came along, but none never took so bad what he couldn't eat his three square meals a day.

"Bill," he says after a while, an' sorter snuffles, "could you let me wear your best close-to-mover, an' might you put a twenty in the pocket? I'm broke, honest. I am, an' kin I take your horse an' saddle an' bridle? There's a friend I know what's hankerin' for a ride on a good cayuse for a spell back an' this here friend won't harm nothin' 'cause this here friend rides like a full-fledged bronco buster what served time at the busen'."

Jim kept a-goin' right on, but I couldn't stand for any more just then, an' says "yes" to everything. I never could go them snuffles o' Jim's.

"What time'll you be wantin' them?" I asks, after sayin' "rep."

"'Bout two, an' if——" He snuffles agin.

I stampered, an' didn't bear, not to this day, what else he was thinkin' I wouldn't be needin' an' he would be wantin' pretty bad.

Sun up the next day, Jim gives me a hand breakin', a two-year-old what I means to keep handy while Jim was a horreion' of my best outfit. About one erlock Jim, bein' down by the creek takin' a wash up, I jogs off down the road sorter intendin' givin' the colt some exercise like, an' off-hand to visit the sky farmer's gal an' tell her how Jim stood 'cordin' to finances. I always hates to see people cheated, cards or matremony specul' like.

If Jim had a tole me how that there gal of his couldn't talk no lingo but Portuguese-Mex, atween us we'd a saved a pile of trouble, but Jim didn't, an' me never mixin' much with foreiners, can't talk nothin' but good United States.

I lopes up to the shack pretty fine,

an' out she comes, jabberin' away an' smilin' an' blowin' me kisses, like I could save. She was tickled to death to see me, but didn't listen to nothin' I was tellin' her 'bout Jim—just kept a talkin' an' smilin' an' blowin' kisses. By-an-bye she runs in an' then backs out agin with a big bundle under her arm what she takes sudden-like and throws at me, an' me like a nimby, thinkin' it was for Jim, dies it on front my saddle, mighty secure.

I tells her a lot more 'bout Jim, just to sorter relieve my mind, but she don't listen to nothin', but climbs right up aback on me on that colt an' there she gits grappin' on by the ribs with her hooks an' grippin' the colt by the ribs with her boots, never sayin' a word agin that colt what's backin' like blazes an' teasin' round that yard like a bee stung him.

"Slide!" I yells, me only ridin' with a hackamore an' her there ahind me hoodoon' things an' givin' that colt, what thinks a lot of himself, a mighty big chance to think to me like a fly sticks to fly paper, an' I just natshul like stuck to that fool colt, what gets so durned stuckup he quit the yard. He took us down the road for home, goin' like he owed somebody money back there at the shack. We dusted more'n a mile of that road, when I sees comin' along at a nice friendly trot, leadin' my horse an' best saddle an' bridle ahind him, my brother Jim, all slick an' shiny in my new close. The gal, bein' pretty smug aback of me, sees nothin'.

My intents bein' good to middlin', I means to say "Hallo!" when we gets close to Jim, but that durned colt, takin' one sad, disgusted look at Jim in my close, turns offer the road an' after jumpin' mighty high over a crack an' a barbed wire fence, takes a short cut for home, leavin' the gal in the crack an' me atop of the barbed wire fence.

"You grass-eyed, lobster-jawed, turkey-egg-faced, green-eyed jealous thief," yells Jim, comin' close as he could, furg lookin' at me an' then at the gal, what was in the crack upside down. "You stole my gal, you did!

You forced me to take your close an' your other things to throw me off the track, you did. You wanted to alope, you did—just to cheat me out of matremony to-day." Jim snuffles when he thinks of what I done, an' snuffles agin when he looks at his gal as the crack. "You be a nice brother, cheatin' my gal. You told her you was a millunare, you did." Jim stops for want of wind, an' me still bein' a-straddle that barbed wire fence what ain't none too pleasant, I says nothin', but keeps right on undoin' myself from that there fence. The gal by this time gets right side up, but can't see nothin' 'cause her eyes is full of mud, so I chuck fill, an' she can't say nothin' 'cause her mouth is chuck full of mud, too.

By-an-bye, Jim gets wind agin an' begins to say some more 'bout my looks an' ways, an' so forth, an' by then that colt has her eyes some clear of mud, an' all looks at Jim sittin' there all slick an' shiny on his horse. "Jeem," she says, in a voice sad like an' some mudy, an' then round she turns an' spots me, who don't look none slick or shiny, my hat bein' some half mile back an' my "chaps" bein' some friendly with that barbed wire fence "Jeem," she yells, spittin' out more mud. "Jeem, Jeem, Je-e-um!" An' then she gits out that crack an' takin' one good-day peep at Jim an' another at me, she starts down that there road, runnin' like she seen spooks an' yellin' like the spooks was after her.

Jim was some surprised when he sees her runnin' off like that, but no atop of that fence was none interested.

"Now Marietta's mad," snuffles Jim, lookin' at me like I done him dirt on purpus.

"Mad, is she?" I says, some angry. "She ain't got no reason for to be mad. If there's anybody round her what's got a right to be that, why, that persun's me. Ain't it bad enough to be taken for a fool like you without bein' left a straddle of this here fence, tied up with it like a yearlin' what never seen it afore? You shut your mouth till I'm off this here fence,

'cause if you don't I'll shut it for you when I get off."

That there speel shuns Jim's month pretty quick, an' then leavin' my horse there in the road for me, he rides off home snufflin' like he was sorry he lost that little gal.

It took more'n two days to catch that colt, what was ruinin' round peety fresh, a-carryin' that bundle with him, what belongs to the sky farmer's gal, not countin' my saddle an' hackamore.

Jim an' me decided we hankered more to give that gal her bundle, seein' as that fool gal thinks Jim a double spook, so Jim an' me not able none to use what's in that there bundle, makes a fust-rate scarecrow outer it. We ain't seen a crow round the place sence; asides it scared a coyote most

to death one night. Mr. Coyote comes round soft-like in the moonlight an' sees that there scarecrow blowin' in the breeze. That Mr. Coyote's seen scarecrows a-plenty afore, but not with women's frilly trappin's a-wavin' in the breeze. The old feller gives one mighty scared yell, an' runs home an' we ain't seen much of him sence, you bet.

Jim snuffles some for a week, but cheers up sudden-like when I sends him for a ride to Firebaugh, lettin' him wear my new close an' doublin' that tuxedo in the pocket. It shuns costs money to make Jim quit that there snuffin', but it's lots wotter to me, what hates snuffin' worse 'n rat-ters, an' sides that, Jim forgets 'bout matrimony for a spell, an' that's worth a heap to me, too.

The Summer Beau Company, Ltd.

By Elizabeth M. Gidner in Constantinople

MISS HENRIETTA RENSCH was a plump little woman, well groomed, well gowned and frankly forty-five. She belonged to that third sex—the business woman—now in process of evolution under our very eyes, and to subtle and intricate feminine intuitions she added a decision of character and a breadth and clearness of judgment typically masculine.

Had it pleased Providence to create Miss Henrietta a man, she would undoubtedly have been a "promoter." She had a love of trade for its own sake, the drop of gambler's blood that lures to new undertakings, and, above all, she possessed the prophetic vision that enables one to see the skyscrapers, the crowded streets, and the smoldering stacks of a future metropolis in a corn field where two rival railroads cross each other. In a word, she had insight, imagination, enthusiasm, daring—all the qualities that would have rendered her a star in the financial heavens had she been per-

mitted to follow the destiny for which she was intended.

Unfortunately, however, there are no blunders more tragical, or more frequent, than those of gender, and Miss Henrietta was a victim of one of these. With all the instincts of a Napoleon of finance she had been thrust by life into the petticoat contingent, whose participation in commercial affairs is mostly by proxy. This hampered her activity, but it did not throttle it. Perceiving that the market report section of the daily paper had more interest for her than the society column, and that no man had ever been able to raise in her breast the genuine heart-throb that she experienced when she executed, alone and unadvised, a neat little coup in real estate, she deliberately espoused a business career instead of a matrimonial one.

This was not because she was under the femininely painful necessity of actually supporting herself. She had inherited from her father a sort of Saturday-to-Monday fortune—the kind of income that enables a single

woman to live luxuriously if she understands the gentle art of eluding out her finances by fishing for invitations, and that, if she doesn't, permits her to exist plainly on bread and butter.

"But why," demanded Miss Henrietta of those who branded it "new" in a woman to yearn for independence and plenty to eat, "but why should I visit when I loathe it? And why should I subsist on bread and butter when I have a sweet tooth and a long thirst, and hanker after cakes and ale?"

Nobody being able to supply the answer to this conundrum, she followed her bent, and after having perfected herself in stenography, as offering the closest approach that a woman is likely to get to the commercial whirlpool where big things are evolved, she entered the broking office of Banks & Banks.

The causing years were a time of pure delight for her. The plotting of involved financial campaigns became the very breath of her nostrils. She gloried in the golden battle of the street, where men fought each other with dollars instead of with shot and shell. She had come to her own people, and it was not long before her employers, wearied and disheartened by a long succession of uninterested and perfunctory machine-like secretaries, recognized in her a kindred spirit. They began to confide their plans to her. Then, finding that she had that sixth sense of woman that enable her to take a flying leap at a conclusion and land on it with both feet, they fell into the way of making use of it, and of depending on her divinations of a situation to point the wise course when logic and experience failed to supply the tip as to whether it was better to buy or sell.

Such a life was absorbingly interesting and exciting, but it was also exhausting, and it was Miss Henrietta's habit to repair each summer for rest to the Purple Sulphur Springs, a delightful and fashionable resort in the mountains, which happily combined the charms of nature and good society. So far as she was individually concerned, this place was ideal, for Miss

Henrietta had reached the time of life when physical comfort had become the standard by which she measured her environment, and the board, the beds, and the baths of the Purple Sulphur were beyond criticism. Moreover, she had also attained the state of grace where she could enjoy the entertaining conversation of a woman quite as much as the dull platitudes of a man, and of agreeable feminine companionship the Purple Sulphur afforded an unlimited supply.

But Miss Henrietta, looking about her, saw that, delightful as she found this summer resort, it presented a far different aspect to the two hundred or more young girls who had gathered there from all parts of the country. For them the trail of the serpent was over it all. It was a place of hopeless striving and struggle, a stream that they whipped in vain for fish, a wilderness in which no game rewarded the chase, for, alas! the Purple Sulphur was an Adamless Eden. Half a dozen senile old gentlemen, galvanized into a sort of spurious animation and gallantry by the presence of so much youth and freshness; a score of beardless boys, so callow that they seemed just to have been snatched from their perambulators; an occasional flashy drummer who dropped in for the Saturday night ball; with barely one or two eligible males of marriageable age, so frightened at the danger they confronted that they confined their attentions to married women—such as the roster of the sex without whose presence "hope" are as soap without salt, and a summer hotel a barren desert.

"And to think," reflected Miss Henrietta, "of all this aggregation of youth and beauty and good clothes being wasted on that collection of masculine freaks! Think of these girls dressing three times a day for doddling old men that are too blind to see what they have got on! Think of these fascinating creatures wasting their smiles and allurements on bobbledoys that are too inexperienced even to know that they are being flirted with, and don't know enough to follow a lead when it is given to

them! Think of the champagne lunches that these devoted manas are wading, trying to corral men that they wouldn't look at through a telescope at home!

"My goodness, it's pitiful! It's tragic! Here are a lot of girls who have spent hundreds of dollars apiece getting ready to go off and have a good time, and whose fond parents stand ready to spend hundreds more to give them a good time, but they can't, because there are no men around and there isn't a bit of use in talking about a girl enjoying herself without a man around handy.

"It's impossible. It can't be done. What does a girl care for scenery except as a background for sentiment? Nothing. What does she care for dancing unless there is a man to two-step with her? My soul, when a woman sees two other women waltzing together, she feels like breaking out into sympathetic sobs on the spot. What does a girl care for poetry, or taking walks, or playing golf if she has to do it with another petticoat? She loathes, and hates, and despises them. Of course, sometimes she makes out that she enjoys it, but the pretense is so hollow you can hear it rattle if you get within earshot of it.

"I tell you the great, crying need of this day is for plenty of summer beaux, —" but at this point Miss Henrietta interrupted her soliloquy with a gasp, for a bright and daring thought had flashed into her mind. "The people who make fortunes are those who supply a long-felt want," she said solemnly to herself. "Mr. Rockefeller furnished coal-oil to a world that was reading by candles. Mr. Jones supplied boneless codfish. Mr. Smithers, self-cooking breakfast food. All are multimillionaires. Why shouldn't I become rich by supplying beans to the beanless summer girls who want partners to dance with, and men to flirt with, and who have fathers able to pay for all such luxuries?"

All winter the idea germinated in Miss Henrietta's mind. The more she thought of it the better it looked to

her, and spring found her with her plans perfected and ready to be carried into execution. Accordingly, one day early in May, she presented herself in the office of the president of a small eastern college that is much patronized by ambitious young men who work their way through school by going west to harvest grain, or by becoming waiters and porters at summer resorts during their vacations. Miss Henrietta considered it neither expedient nor necessary to confide her scheme to the president. She merely stated that she proposed to employ some young men for the summer, that she was prepared to pay good salaries, and that the work she wished done was light, honest, and honorable, and entirely aboveboard.

"I want," she said, "twenty young men. They must be of good character, good looking, with good figures and pleasing address. One of them must have shown some proficiency in the elocution class, and be able to read aloud agreeably, and I should prefer that the rest be men who have taken part in college athletics, and understand outdoor games and sports, though I would be willing to waive this last consideration in favor of a serious young man who dotes on Dusen and has views on the Higher Life."

The president, although somewhat mystified, supplied Miss Henrietta with the names of a number of young men who were paying their own way through school, and that night they assembled in her room at the hotel and listened while she unfolded her plans.

"I simply wish you to do for pay," she said, "precisely what the majority of you would do for fun, if you had the money. If you accept my offer I'll give you a salary, provide you with the necessary clothes, and pay your expenses at a summer hotel, and in return I shall expect you to promenade up and down the gallery, golf, dance, play tennis, read poetry, walk, ride, or boat with some designated young woman — and even make love to her, if it is desired. There will be nothing dishonorable in your atten-

tions, for the girl and her chaperon will have first arranged the matter with me, and will know that your 'Oh, Promise Me,' is no more personal than when a paid singer warbles such sentiment over the footlights. I think you will understand the matter more clearly if you will read the little price-list that I have arranged for confidential distribution, and that I will privately slip into the proper hands." Thereupon Miss Henrietta gave to each of the young men a little typewritten slip which read as follows:

THE SUMMER BEAU CO., LIMITED.
(Private and Confidential.)

Conversation and general attentions from blond young man, Gibson type, or from dark young man, with black smoke-wave (choicer) per hr. \$1.40
Promenade up and down gallery of hotel (do. men, choicer) per trip .35
Dancing, waltzes (with assorted men) each dance50
Three for \$1. Whole evening floating (resort in white flannels) per hr. 1.50
Golf (elocution to furnish highballs) per hr. 1.50
Reading poetry under trees, Kipling per hr. .75
Reading poetry under trees, Swinburne per hr. 1.00
Reading poetry under trees, Browning per hr. 2.00
Moonlight stroll (with appropriate line of talk) per hr. 2.00
Flagging mountain (with athletic youth in knickerbockers) per hr. 1.75
Mild flirtation per wk. 25.00
Pronounced flirtation per wk. 50.00
Mad infatuation per wk. 15.00
Steady, effective devotion (guaranteed to make other girls envious) per wk. \$4.00
Assorted variety of beaux (enough to produce reputation of being a belle) per wk. 100.00
Football heroes, slightly advanced class. Fifty per cent. discount on attendance of men over fifty and under twenty years of age.

Absolute secrecy assured.
Under the personal direction of Miss Henrietta Remond.

After having perused Miss Henrietta's little explanatory price-list the young men looked at one another with doubt and hesitation in their faces. "It seems so odd and unusual," said one.

"It is unusual," admitted Miss Hen-

rietta, "but everything is unusual when it is new."

"I don't know about making love to a girl by schedule," objected another.

"It is much less laborious work than cutting wheat on a Kansas farm," returned Miss Henrietta suavely, "and I should think that it would be much more agreeable to make goo-goo eyes across a hotel table than to stand behind a chair and wait on her."

"But," put in a third, "won't we be objects of derision? Won't everybody know when we are giving a girl a rush that we are not doing it because we are infatuated with her but because we are paid to do it?"

"Set your mind at rest upon that score," Miss Henrietta declared with conviction, "because there are two things no woman ever tells anybody. One is her age; the other is the means she uses to secure a man's attentions."

"All right, then, we'll go," cried the young men with fervor.

The bargain thus happily concluded, Miss Henrietta made an appointment to meet them the middle of June in New York, at a fashionable tailor's where she would arrange to provide them with suitable wardrobes for the summer campaign. "For," said she, "even more than in her own adornment, a woman takes pride in the smart attire of the man with whom she is seen in public. More men have won women by the cut of their coats than ever did by their intelligence or morals."

From the first Miss Henrietta's scheme worked perfectly, and The Summer Beau Company, Ltd., was a great, if unheralded, success from its very inception. The young men, handsome, agreeable, attentive, all apparently devoted to ladies' society and all — wonderful to tell — dancing men, created a sensation at the hotel where they had descended like heaven-sent manna. Nor did the miracle stop there. Many a girl who had been languishing, a forlorn wallflower, suddenly burst into bloom as a belle immediately following a twilight stroll that her mother took

with Miss Henrietta, but the onlookers were too dull to put two and two together, and trace effect from cause.

Absolute silence reigned supreme concerning Miss Henrietta's financial and philanthropic life scheme. No girl lacked for attentions. The ball-room was thronged every night. Never had the hotel known so gay and full a season. And Miss Henrietta remitted checks to her bankers that made their eyes bulge.

It was while everything was at this high tide of prosperity that she had her attention arrested one morning by a moody and discontented young woman, whom she encountered sitting on a bench in a lonely part of the grounds near a bluff that was celebrated as the identical Lover's Leap from which an Indian maiden had hurled herself to death when forsaken by her lover. The girl was known to Miss Henrietta as Louise Alliway, the daughter of a western millionaire. She and her mother had been at the Springs for something like two weeks, and, from the first, Miss Henrietta had been attracted to her by her beauty and grace, and by something wistful and sad in her face that did not accord with her youth and all the gifts that fortune had showered upon her.

Miss Henrietta, skilled in reading character and in deducing conclusions from a fitting expression, saw that the girl was fighting with herself some battle of love, or pride, or ambition, and that some days the victory veered one way, and some, another. It was, therefore, with some hesitation that she delicately and tactfully broached the subject of The Summer Beau Company, Ltd., and gently insinuated that Miss Alliway might find that the society of the agreeable young men on her staff would relieve the ennui from which the young lady seemed to be suffering.

"One must be amused on a summer vacation, you know, my dear," she concluded lamely.

At her first words the girl had flashed crimson with indignation, and her lips trembled with scorn, but before Miss Henrietta concluded her

halting speech a queer look of sudden determination leaped into her eyes.

"I will take it all," she cried fiercely. "I will pay you a hundred dollars a week to be made a belle, and if you will guarantee to make me so bowdler-like popular that nobody else—no other man that may come to the Springs—can get within a mile of me, I will give you three hundred—four hundred—five—anything you want."

"Done!" exclaimed Miss Henrietta. "But why? You are not a girl who care a fig for the common, vulgar, everyday admiration of every Tom, Dick and Harry."

"I have a reason," replied Louise Alliway seriously, "and it's a man. Perhaps I shouldn't tell you such a story as mine, but I need you to help me play the game, and so I am going to make a clean breast of it."

"I am engaged to a man named Dick Burton. I have been engaged to him ever since we were children. It's one of those family affairs that are such suitable matches they never come off. Our fathers are business partners; our mothers are intimate friends. Dick and I have been brought up in the same religion and politics and with the same taste in pie, and it has always been understood that when we grew up we would consolidate the money and social prestige of the two families by marrying, and thus keep everything in the firm, so to speak."

"We have always known that we were destined to marry each other and that we would do it eventually, but its being so settled somehow seemed to take the snap and interest out of it—at least for Dicky. He knew that he could have me any time he wanted me, and it made him feel that he needn't be in any hurry to foreclose his mortgage. Of course it looks like he isn't very madly in love with me, but I believe that he cares more for me than he realizes himself. It's just my misfortune that I have been sort of thrust on him, you know, and there was no difficulty in the way. It's like having the cocky-jar always standing around where you can reach it too easily. It palls on your palate."

"But I—I—I love him. Yes; with all my heart and soul, and so I have been hanging around waiting for him to come and take me, always ready to see him, happy when he noticed me, miserable when he forgot me, and eager to forgive him when he said he was sorry for neglecting me."

"At last I couldn't stand it any longer. My pride wouldn't let me. I made up my mind that I would go away from him, and leave him if it killed me to do it. And I made mama bring me here, where he couldn't drop in on me when he had nothing else to do, and have me study his moods to soothe him when other people had provoked him. I determined that the next move, if there was any next, should be made by him."

"And it has. When he found that I had gone without weeping at leaving him, or making him promise to write to me every day, he seemed surprised. When the days passed without me, he began to miss me, and for the first time in his life, instead of dictating a line to his typewriter, he has written me long letters with his own hand. I haven't answered a one, though I have had to wear gloves to keep from doing it. I made mama drop him a note, and lie gloriously in it. She told him that I was having such a hilarious time that I didn't have a minute to myself, but that I was happy and well. The result came this morning. He wired me that he will be here to-night."

"You see? It's a poor trick, but when he comes I want him to find me so surrounded with men that he is apparently clamoring for my hand that he will feel that he has got to snatch me away from them or lose me. It's my last throw, and I am going to save my heart, or my self-respect—or the other."

"I am with you, and it's a go," cried Miss Henrietta in a voice that united the certainty of one who can deliver the goods with the sympathy of a sister woman. "You'll win out, or else The Summer Beau Company goes into bankruptcy and shuts up shop."

She was as good as her word. In

an hour every man belonging to her staff had been detailed to special duty about Miss Alliway, and urged to fervor of effort, and when Mr. Richard Burton arrived, prepared to monopolize his fiancée's society as of yore, he found himself checkmated at every turn. Did he propose a stroll to her, she was so sorry, but a young gentleman who was a sartorial vision was even then coming up the walk to accompany her to a leafy dell on the other side of the mountain. Did he challenge her to a game of tennis, she couldn't accept, because a youth in a dream of a blazer was awaiting her on the court. Talk to him? Miss Alliway declared she was desolated that she couldn't give him even a minute just then, but Mr. Percival Percy was going to finish reading his love-sonnets to her under the trees.

"I'd like to ask you to join us, Dick," she said, "for Percy—Mr. Percival I mean—reads so divinely; but three's sort of a crowd, isn't it, when a poet is reading his own poems? Poetry is so personal."

"Don't mention it. Nothing would induce me to intrude," returned Dick humbly, and Miss Alliway sailed serenely off, a cheerful light in her eyes.

Matters did not improve when Dick found that night that instead of choosing among her dances, as he was accustomed to do, she had not reserved him a single one. Before the hop opened every dance, and every possible extra, was engaged, and he had no choice but to stand around and watch her floating off in the arms of various immaculate-looking young men.

"Hang it all, Lu," he cried at last furiously to her, "I don't like it. I can't get in a word with you edge-ways, and here we are engaged and as good as married, almost."

"Not at all," returned Miss Alliway serenely, "and while I have my freedom, I intend to use it."

"Well," replied Mr. Burton with heavy emphasis, "you'll have it for a mighty short time, for you have got to marry me next week. I guess that I am man enough to take care of my own," he added with grim emphasis,

"and if you think that I am going to let any of these measly, little tailor's dummies win you away from me, you have got another guess coming to you, that's all."

Miss Alliway coyly objected, but Mr. Burton was firm, and in the end she allowed herself to be persuaded to return west with him to prepare for a hasty wedding, and as the train thundered toward the setting sun the happy bridegroom-elect congratulated himself upon having snatched the belle of the Springs away from her suitors.

Three months later Miss Alliway's

fond and indulgent papa, auditing the expense account of his daughter's wedding, came upon a canceled check for five hundred dollars made payable to the order of Miss Henrietta Renshaw.

"My dear," he said to beaming Mrs. Burton, who had just dropped into his office in her bridal finery to pay him a morning call, "my dear, what was that for?"

"That," replied the former Miss Alliway, with a twinkle in her eye, "that was for value received."

"Who Laughs Last"

By Margaret Cameron in Harper's Monthly

EARLIER in the day, when the accidental overturning of an inkwell in King's office had resulted in a liberal bespattering of Oakley's trousers, King had insisted that his own tailor should repair the damage.

"Fiddlesticks!" he had replied to his friend's arguments in favor of the hotel valet. "My man's absolutely reliable. He'll get your things back to you on time, he won't rob the cloth with acids—and he won't rob you, which is more than can be said of any hotel tailor that I ever heard of. 'James'—to a boy—telephone to—oh, what's-his-name! You know; my tailor—and tell him to send to The Caravansary to-night, at half after six, for Mr. Oakley's trousers. He is to take out these spots—tell him the stains are ink—and return them—When do you want them, Ned? Any time to-morrow will do, James."

So it was that when Oakley reached his hotel that evening, somewhat later than he had anticipated, he found the tailor's boy awaiting his arrival. He handed the damaged garment from behind a narrowly opened door to the messenger, and serenely went about dressing.

He was in good spirits. Not only was the business that had brought

him to New York moving smoothly, but he thought he detected evidences of an undercurrent favorable to his plans. For one thing, Mr. Haslett's letter asking him to meet Mrs. Haslett at Jersey City that night and take her across town to the Grand Central Station, while unimportant in itself, was not insignificant, for Warren Oakley was not a man to incur any obligation, however slight, unless he had definite plans for discharging it, and this was not the first time he had indicated a friendly confidence in Ned Oakley, although, as their social acquaintance was slight, he had never before asked service of so personal a nature.

It was well known that Mr. Haslett was ever on the alert to find energetic and able young men for his business, and rumors had recently reached Oakley that there was soon to be a vacancy in the New York office—one which he felt himself qualified to fill; hence it was not strange that his head should be full of speculations as to a possible connection between these facts and the increasing favor shown him by the older man. He was smiling tenderly at the vision, back of all these hopes and plans, of Alice's face when he should tell her—if he should

tell her—that they were to live in New York, when the telephone bell rang.

"Baltimore wants you," said the operator, and a moment later a man's voice inquired: "That you, Oakley? This is Warren Haslett. Did you get my letter to-day?"

"Yes. I ought to have wired you that I did."

"Oh, that's all right. I didn't expect it. But for some reason I felt a little uneasy, and thought I'd call you up to make sure. You can go conveniently, I hope?"

"Oh, perfectly! Delighted."

"I feared you might have an engagement for dinner or for the evening."

"No; I'm entirely free to-night. Even if I were not, I should have been glad to change my plans so that I might be of service to Mrs. Haslett."

"Thank you. It's all right, then?"

"Yes. I shall start for Jersey City in a few minutes."

"Ah, that's good. How's the weather?"

"Ramy, and growing colder."

"Is it? That's bad! Mrs. Haslett has not been entirely well recently. If her train should happen to be late—"

"Be perfectly sure that I shall be there, whatever the hour."

"Ah, thank you, Oakley. Don't let her get chilled. Good night."

"I'll look after her, sir—and thanks for the opportunity. Good night."

Still smiling, Oakley went to his suit case, which he had not fully unpacked. Contrary to his custom and against Alice's advice, he had brought no trunk, as this was to be purely a business trip, and a hurried one at that; and because she had failed to give him everything he had needed on a previous journey, he had humorously insisted upon doing his own packing this time.

He ran his fingers down at one end of his suit case and turned the contents back, without discovering the trousers he sought. Similar tactics brought no better result at the other end. Somewhat hurriedly, his smile fading, he pulled up what lay

in the middle, disarranging smooth layers of shirts and underwear. No trousers. He stared in perplexity. He knew they had been there, for he had packed them himself. He distinctly remembered also that he had not unpacked them, thinking that, lying as they did at the bottom of the suit case they would keep their creases and be in good condition when he should need them.

Then it occurred to him that possibly the chambermaid, in an excess of zeal, had taken them out and hung them in the wardrobe. He flung open the doors, to be confronted by rows of empty hooks, save where his pajamas drooped in the centre. Springing back to the suit case, he dug into its contents, tossing shirts, socks, collars, and underwear recklessly in all directions, until he reached the clean leather bottom.

He rang for the chambermaid, and when she tapped at his door, furiously demanded through a crack, "Where are my trousers?"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"I say where are my trousers! What have you done with them?"

"I, sir? No, sir. I ain't seen no trousers, sir."

"Well, I certainly had an extra pair here, and they're gone. Now—"

"Perhaps the valet would know."

"That's right! Perhaps he would. Send him here, will you? Quick, please."

As the woman scurried down the hall Oakley slammed the door and returned to the wardrobe, to find the pajamas still hanging solitary and limp. Helplessly surveying the room, his glance fell on the long drawers of the dresser, and within thirty seconds every drawer in the room, large and small, had been jerked open, disclosing emptiness.

Taking down the telephone receiver, he urged, as the operator responded:

"Say! Can't you hurry up that valet a little? I'm in a dev—I'm in a very great hurry. . . . Yes, of course I sent for him! . . . Yes, please."

Once more he opened the wardrobe, this time briskly shaking the meek pajamas, to make sure the er-

rant trousers were not hiding behind their folds; once more he found disappointment waiting in every drawer. He looked behind the door in the bath room and under the bed, and was engaged in dragging the divan away from the wall, when the valet rapped.

"Did you bring my trousers?" demanded Oakley, opening the door a crack.

"Trousers? No, sir. Did you send them down?"

"Holy Moses! No! I didn't send them down! But somebody took them,

I've got to have them! I'm to meet a lady at 7.33 in Jersey City, and I've no time to lose. Now, you hustle!"

"Yes, sir. I'll ask the chambermaid—"

"I asked the chambermaid! Do you mean to say you didn't?"

"No, sir, I never take a gentleman's things, sir, unless they're left for me. You're sure they're not in the room?"

"Well, if they are, I can't find them. Come in and see if you can."

He flung the door open with one hand and reached for the telephone with the other. "Give me the desk, and hurry up," he said. "That the desk?"

Well, there's a pair of trousers missing from room 637. The valet says he hasn't seen them, and the chambermaid says she hasn't seen them. Now, is there anybody else in this hotel who— What? . . . No, he's here now, hunting for them, but they're not here. . . . She says not. . . .

That's all very well, but I can't wait for any deliberate official investigations. I want those trousers and I want them now! . . . All right.

Come up, if you want to, but hustle! I've got to catch a train."

He crossed the room to where his watch lay on the dresser and glanced at it. "You've got exactly twenty minutes in which to produce the trousers and get me out of this hotel," he announced. "I've got to take the 7.25 boat from Twenty-third Street—understand?—and things'll break if I miss it."

"Would it be possible, sir, if you're in a hurry, to wear another pair?"

"That's it! I haven't any other pair!" Then, seeing the man's amazed glance, he added, "I mean—of course, I have another pair, but I sent them out, about half an hour ago, to a tailor."

"Yes, sir. Would it be possible for us to send to the tailor—?"

"Why, of course! Send a boy, and tell him I'll pay for speed."

"Yes, sir. Where shall we send, sir?"

An expression of utter blankness settled upon Oakley's face.

"Good Lord! I—don't—know!"

"You don't know the address? But the name, sir?" anxiously persisted the valet.

"I don't know that either. My friend King recommended him. He's his tailor. He telephoned—"

"Yes, sir; but your friend? Mr. King? We can telephone him—"

"I don't know where King lives. He's in one of those up-town apartment houses, and his name's not in the telephone book. I heard him say so to-day. Isn't that the very devil!"

One of the clerks arrived at that moment, and the situation was explained to him afresh. He was polite, even deferential, to Oakley, and searchingly questioned the valet, the chambermaid, and Boots.

"Of course I'm sure I brought them," blazed Oakley, in response to a diplomatic suggestion. "What do you take me for? Haven't I told you I packed them myself? I left them in that—By George!"

In that instant he had remembered the mystifying postscript of a letter he had received from Alice that morning. Failing to grasp its meaning at once, he had dismissed it from his mind, intending to study it when the claims of business were less pressing. Now he went to his coat and got the letter.

"Doubtless by this time you have discovered that it is your treat," he read. "I wear a five and three-quarters glove, you know, and I like them long. I have been told that trousers can be kept in fairly good condition without pressing if one places them carefully between the mattresses every night. 'It is to laugh! Ha, ha!'"

He stared at the words, incredulously rereading them, and Alice's dancing eyes and mischievous mouth mocked him from every space. It will be remembered that he had insisted upon packing that suit case himself.

The clerk protested that he was very sorry; he would do his best to find the missing garments; the affair was most unfortunate and incomprehensible; such a thing had never happened before in the history of the hotel.

"Never mind. I guess I've found

the solution. It's on me, all right." Oakley laughed rather sheepishly. "I thought I packed them—but I didn't. Another case of 'You never can tell.' Now, see here. I'm in a dudge of a hole. Help me out, will you? I'm pledged to meet a lady in Jersey City at 7.53. I've got to meet her, that's all there is about it! And I must have a pair of trousers in ten minutes. Now, what can you do?"

Really, the clerk and the valet didn't know. They recognized that the situation was awkward, and while they were in no sense responsible for it, they would cheerfully do anything in their power to be of service.

"Thank you. That's very nice—but it isn't trousers," said Oakley. "How far is it to the nearest clothier's? Can't you send—?"

"No use. Every shop is closed at this hour."

"Borrow a pair for me."

"Impossible, sir!"

"Nothing's impossible! Man alive, I can't go this way! There must be somebody in this hotel who has extra trousers about. Borrow some. Steal them, if you must, but get them!"

"Couldn't we send some one else to meet the lady? It could be explained that you are ill, or—"

"No it couldn't, for I telephoned the lady's husband, not half an hour ago, that I would certainly meet her. Important matters—business affairs, understand?—hang on my keeping this appointment. Can't you see that it's serious? Do something!"

The little clerk looked up at Oakley, towering above him, and shrugged his shoulders.

"If you were of an average size, it might be possible, but—"

"Well, I'm not of an average size. I'm six feet two and weigh two hundred and sixty-seven. There's a man down at the end of this corridor who's as big as I am. Go and get—"

"Impossible! Quite impossible!"

"Well, do something!"

The clerk and the valet departed, and Oakley changed about the room, raging and impatient. Even had he been willing to lie, a plea of sudden illness would have been an obvious



"Is that the best you can do?" he demanded.

and I want them—want them quick, too! Understand?"

"Yes, sir, but—when did you send them, sir?"

"I didn't send them, I tell you! I left them there in my suit case, and they're gone."

"Yes, sir. Perhaps the chambermaid—"

"Now, look here; I've had about enough of this! I don't know who took them, and I don't care. I know there was a pair of trousers in that suit case, and they're not in the room now. I want them. Great Scott!

artifice from a man of his invariable health, and he felt that to confess the truth—the idiotic, humiliating truth—to Warren Haslett would be deliberately to brand himself as an irresponsible fool and to lose a great part of the confidence he had won. For his own part, he could take his medicine; when a man makes an ass of himself, he deserves to eat husks, but Alice—the tender vision-face of his wife grew wistful as his air-casques tottered over their shaking foundations, and he savagely struck his fist against a window-casing.



"Yes, Sir. I don't want 'em, Sir."

Then he sat on the edge of the bed, regarded his trouserless legs, and gave way to peals of sardonic laughter. After which he fell again walking the floor, muttering execrations upon his own carelessness.

The valet rapped sharply and entered, a pair of dark trousers over his arm.

"I know they're too small, sir," he admitted, as Oakley seized them hopefully and held them up in derisive despair, "but they're all I can get. They belong to the clerk."

perhaps—would you be willing to try them on, sir?"

Oakley struggled into the garments, which not only refused to reach his waist, but rose to a point midway between his knee and his ankle at the bottom.

"Is that the best you can do?" he demanded.

"The very best, sir. I have some trousers down in the pressing-room, and while it would be as much as my position is worth to let you have any of them I—I went to see, sir. But it was no use. The gentlemen all seem to be small. These are the best I could get."

Oakley was looking fixedly on his long ulster, hanging on the rack, and fantastic schemes were forming in his brain. After all, it would be only to cross town in a cab, and perhaps to spend a few minutes in the waiting rooms at the stations.

"You're sure these belong to the clerk?" he questioned. "I don't want to get you into trouble."

"Yes, sir. He said if these were of any use to you, sir, you were welcome to them."

"Is it still raining?"

"Yes, sir."

"Windy?"

"No, sir."

"Good. Go and get some pine. Get plenty of them. Safety pins, if possible. Haste! There's no time to lose now."

With his knife Oakley cut off the legs of the clerk's trousers well above the knee, and when the valet returned he found his patron completely dressed in the coat and waistcoat of his business suit and the sash garments of his pajamas.

"Here we are," said Oakley, pulling on one of the severed chevrot legs. "Just you pin that good and tight where it ought to go to look right from the bottom, will you? That's all right. Long enough? Got it fastened firmly? Good! Now the other one. . . . So! Now give me that ulster. Button it down the back there as far as you can. You might pin it, so it won't flap apart. I sha'n't want

to walk much. . . . There! That covers perfectly, doesn't it?"

Standing in the long, heavy storm-coat, closely buttoned, only a few inches of the trousers bottoms showing below it, there was nothing in his appearance to suggest that his attire was not wholly conventional.

"Yes, sir. That'll be all right if you're very careful."

"Oh, I'll be careful! Don't you worry about that!" He handed the man a generous tip. "Tell the clerk I'll see him later, and have a cab ready for me by the time I get downstairs, will you?"

He looked at his watch and found he had three minutes to spare.

"Hah! 'It is to laugh!'" he remarked triumphantly smiling back at Alice, as the cab started for the Twenty-third Street Ferry.

Mrs. Haslett's train was on time, and Oakley was glad to find that, although he had met her only twice, he recognised her immediately. She came toward him, erect, alert, smiling, and protesting that it was an imposition to bring any one across the river on such a night, to which he naturally responded that he found it only a pleasure. She added that she would have forbidden Mr. Haslett to make the arrangement, if—aside from the pleasure of being met and cared for—he had not wished to renew and extend her acquaintance with Mr. Oakley, of whom she had recently heard her husband speak so often and so pleasantly. Remembering Mr. Haslett's confidence in his wife's judgment of men, Oakley hitched his ulster closer about his knees and mentally congratulated himself that he had not let this chance escape him, while Alice's face smiled approval from the background of his thoughts.

From this auspicious beginning the conversation proceeded delightfully, his own ease and pleasure in convincing Oakley that he was making the good impression he desired. Mrs. Haslett's information and interests were wide, her perceptions keen, and she had the tact born of extensive social experience. He knew that she was skillfully drawing him out, and he

knew also that he was giving her his excellent best in response. Nevertheless, he was entirely unprepared for the next move in the game.

When they had almost reached the New York side he glanced at his watch between phrases, and parenthetically assured her that they had ample time to get across town before the departure of her train for Stamford.

"I hope meeting me has not disarranged your plans?" she tentatively inquired.

"On the contrary, it gave the evening a purpose which it had otherwise lacked."

"But—of course you have dined?"

"Not yet."

"Really?" Her face brightened. "Then I have less hesitation about exercising the privilege conferred by white hair and asking you to take me somewhere to dinner. Will you?"

"Why—of course—I shall be delighted," stammered he, instinctively wrapping closer the unfolding skirts of the ulster, "but—your train!"

"Well, that's part of it—though a small part. Perhaps Mr. Haslett's told you I am on my way to Boston, where I must be to-morrow; but because I couldn't leave Baltimore until late this afternoon, and didn't care to spend the night in New York, I decided to go on to my sister's in Stamford, taking an early train from there in the morning. On the way up it occurred to me that if I cared to stay in New York this evening, I might simplify matters somewhat by taking the midnight train, which would give me a fair night's sleep, and enable me to reach Boston early in the morning. I resolved not to suggest this, however, unless we got on well. I'm a very selfish old person, and I like to be entertained. But if you have other plans"—her quick glance read his face, which he was unable entirely to control—"you must not let me interfere with them in the least."

A faint gleam of hope was instantly extinguished.

"No. Oh no," he said, trying to force cordiality into his tone, while his mind seethed in an effort to arrive

at a quick solution. "I have no other plans at all. I told Mr. Haslett that my evening was entirely free. It's very good of you to give me this opportunity. It's a great pleasure, I assure you—and an honor. Of course"—another gleam of hope—"you will let me take you first to a hotel."

"Oh, that won't be necessary," she replied. "I suggest that we drive to the Grand Central, engage my berth, leave my bag, telegraph to my sister, and then go directly to dinner. Why not?"

"But—I fear you may be overruled. Mr. Haslett telephoned that you had not been well, and—" Her light laugh interrupted him.

"Did he? How like Warren! I had two days of headache last week, and in consequence he'll insist upon coddling me for a month. I am perfectly well, and really quite eager for our gay little adventure. Let's lose no time."

At that moment, to effect Mr. Haslett's adherence to her original purpose, Oakley would cheerfully have been accounted the dullest of bores, but perception had come too late. Vaulting ambition had overleaped itself, and he had now no choice but to satisfy the lady's appetite for more of his agreeable society. He could never afterward remember what they talked about on the way across town, but by the time they reached the Grand Central Station his resolution was taken. Confession and explanation were out of the question with this woman, back of whose gracious and kindly manner one perceived always a certain staidness of bearing, no more to be ignored than it was to be deliberately affronted. Having shouldered the undertaking, he must carry it on, leaving its outcome on the knees of the gods, who had thus far included him in the protection extended to children, drunkards, and fools.

Arrived at the station, Mrs. Haslett remained in the cab, while he sent her telegram, engaged her berth, and left her bag to be called for, pocketing the check. He looked over the great waiting room with some vague idea of assaulting any big man he

might see and demanding his trousers or his life, but a monotonous average in the size of the men left the thought still embryonic.

When the cab was again on its way, he said:

"Since we are neither of us in gala attire, I have told the man to drive to a rather out-of-the-way restaurant that I know, where the cooking is excellent and the rooms quiet. I hope you'll not find it stupid."

"I shall find it delightful," she graciously declared.

Oakley bade the cabman wait and was given the customary carriage check. In the restaurant, he chose a corner table, and himself took the corner chair, where he attempted for the first time a feat that he had often seen women perform. Seating himself in his ulster, he unfastened all but the two lower buttons, and, with the waiter's help, wriggled out of the shoulders, keeping the skirts about his legs the while. When the man would have taken the coat away, he objected, and then, unable entirely to ignore the surprise in Mrs. Haslett's glance, he added, rather lamely:

"With your permission, I'll keep this about me, Mrs. Haslett. Don't you find it chilly here? I seem to be shivering."

Which, in a sense, was true. He was shivering. His companion, however, was alarmed lest he had taken a cold, and solicitously insisted upon his drinking a cocktail, to ward off possible evil effects from exposure to the rain. With the ulster firmly wrapped about his legs, and the table-cloth pulled over it as an additional screen, Oakley, in his corner, felt reasonably safe for the moment, and so began what proved to be a long and a merry and a memorable dinner.

They constantly discovered fresh points of common interest, and again Oakley congratulated himself that he had not permitted appearances to frighten him out of attempting the seemingly impossible. Over the coffee they grew confidential. She told him of the boy she had lost, and he showed her the two pictures of Alice which he always carried, and touched lightly

upon his desire to bring his wife back to New York, where her girlhood had been spent.

Mrs. Haslett talked of her husband, of his contemplated gradual retirement from active business, and of his search for men in whose hands he could eventually safely place his affairs. Finally she spoke frankly of Oakley himself, and of Mr. Haslett's interest in him.

"He tells me," she said, "that you have three of the four qualifications which he thinks essential for a successful business man. You have imagination, which stands for originality, and resource, and initiative; you have dignity—perhaps poise is the better word; and you are absolutely truthful. If you prove also to have good judgment, there is no reason why your future should not be very bright."

Oakley flushed slightly as he replied, "I can't tell you how highly I value Mr. Haslett's good opinion."

"Well, you have it. This is very direct, but I think it sometimes helps to know these things. He particularly admires your truthfulness. He told me recently that he had seen you in some embarrassing crisis, where the average man would have sought refuge at least in evasion, and that, to his delight, you were absolutely frank and open. We believe—he and I—that in the end truth must always prevail, and I thought you might like to know that yours had not been fruitless."

"Thank you. I don't like to lie," said he, simply.

The talk drifted on to other things, but Oakley's spirit was jubilant, and the radiance had returned to the hovering vision of his wife. There was a moment of embarrassment, to be sure, when the bill was presented and he absently felt for the bill-book in his hip pocket, but his false motion was not noticed. He wriggled back into his ulster without attracting particular attention, and followed Mrs. Haslett to the door, devoutly thankful that his last ordeal was over and that ahead there lay only the plainest of smiling

Looking out from the glassed vestibule, they discovered that it had turned colder, and that the rain, freezing as it fell, had made of the streets and sidewalks smooth sheets of ice. The porter had gone a few steps down the street, where he stood chatting with a policeman and watching the harnessing of a horse that had fallen.

"If you'll wait here a moment," said Oakley, "I'll get the cab and return to help you down."

He failed at first to attract the porter's attention, and had carefully descended the icy steps before the man saw him and hastened forward to get the carriage check. As Oakley turned to go back, a careless, hurrying messenger boy jostled him. Oakley slipped, staggered, flung out a foot in a vain effort to retain his balance, and went down heavily. The boy, instinctively seizing the only thing within reach, which happened to be the flying skirt of the long ulster, slid on a foot or two, plunging, and also fell, peeling the coat up over Oakley's unprotected legs as the husk is torn from an ear of corn, the detaining buttons yielding to superior force. A brilliant electric sign lighted the scene perfectly, and as Oakley sat up and dragged the coat again over his blue and white pajamas, he was conscious of but one thing—that was the frozen horror in Mrs. Haslett's face as she watched him from the vestibule. The next instant the policeman twisted a hand in his collar and jerked him roughly to his feet.

"You're a nice one, you are!" exclaimed that functionary, severely. "Making an exhibition of yourself in the public streets! You come along with me."

"Don't overlook your authority, officer," suggested Oakley, brushing himself off and twitching his clothes into place. "I'm not liable to arrest."

"Yain't? Heh! Don't you try any funny business with me. I saw ye!"

"Since when has it been a crime for a man to lose his balance?"

"That's all right. Disorderly con-

duct for yours! I tell ye I sawe ye! You come along without any back talk, now." Then, as his glance caught Mrs. Haslett, he added, "That woman with you?"

"No," said Oakley.

"H'mph! You were calling a cab. I'll be bound there's a pair of ye!" Keeping his hold on his prisoner, he imperiously beckoned to Mrs. Haslett, who reluctantly approached, assisted by the porter. She was very pale, and the kindly glow was gone from her eyes, leaving them cold and steely.

Oakley's mind was working rapidly, and he covertly extracted a roll of bills from his pocket and kept them in his hand, although, as he watched the policeman, he decided not to attempt that sort of thing with him. The man was obviously a powerful and unreasoning machine that nothing short of political influence could stop in mid-career.

"Do you know this man?" demanded the officer of Mrs. Haslett.

"I've already told you that the lady is not with me," glibly interposed Oakley before she could reply. "I never saw her before."

"That'll do for now," said the policeman. "He was calling your carriage, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Certainly I was." Again Oakley took up the narrative. "Now, just listen a minute. I was standing in the vestibule when this lady came out of the restaurant, and from my being there—and perhaps from my long coat—I suppose she took me to be the porter, who was yonder, talking to you. At any rate, she handed me her carriage check, and I brought it down and gave it to the porter here, as any man would have done in the circumstances. That's all there is to it. I repeat, I do not know the lady. I never saw her before, and I'm very sorry to be the cause of even a moment of embarrassment to her."

Stealing a glance at her, he was convinced that his ready lying had destroyed whatever might have remained of her regard for him after the revelations of his tumble; and yet,

he must at any cost prevent her being drawn further into this dilemma.

"H'm! You're a smooth one!" commented the skeptical policeman, who had been watching Mrs. Haslett's face. "Did they come together?" he asked the porter.

As yet unclipped of the denomination of a bill slipped into his fingers while the policeman studied Mrs. Haslett, the porter merely said he didn't remember.

At that moment their cab drove up, and the officer turned to the driver.

"Cabby," said he, "ye brought these two here together, didn't ye?"

With the hand farthest from the policeman Oakley displayed a ten-dollar bill, crushed it, dropped it, and set his foot on it.

"No, sir," intelligently replied the cabman. "I brought the lady alone. I got her at Twenty-third Street, drove her to the Grand Central, and then here. She told me to wait."

"Ye didn't bring the man? No nonsense, now?"

"Naw!" The cabman eyed Oakley disdainfully. "I never seen him before."

"H'm!" said the policeman. "All right. There's something queer about this—but you can go." He nodded to Mrs. Haslett. "I guess you're all right. You just made a mistake in your man."

"Yes," she said. "Evidently I made a mistake in my man. I'm sorry."

"Oh, I don't know," affably rejoined the policeman. "He's a smooth one, and if you hadn't, we might not have caught him."

"That's true, too. Perhaps it's just as well. Good night, officer."

The driver got down from his box to help her into the cab, and before remounted he stooped to pick up something from the sidewalk where Oakley had stood.

On the way to the station-house the prisoner's reflections were of the gloomiest, and presently the one ray of comfort remaining to him—the consciousness that Mrs. Haslett was on her way, uninvolved and unharmed—was swallowed by the black re-

collection that he had in his pocket the check, without which she would have great difficulty in getting her bag. And she would have little time to spare. He started up, saw the answering movement of the policeman guarding the open end of the patrol wagon, and settled back hopelessly. He had messed things.

"Name?" indifferently asked the desk-sergeant at the station.

"John Williams." The sergeant glanced at him keenly, but wrote the name.

"Address?"

"Great States Hotel."

"Charge?"

"He's no pants on," said the policeman who had brought him in.

"What?" The sergeant looked up incredulously.

"Now, here!" said Oakley, stepping back to afford a full view of his costed figure. "I look all right, don't I?"

"You certainly do." The sergeant's tone warmed with the appreciation he always gave to physical perfection.

"But his pants ain't real," continued his subordinate. "They're only shams. They don't go much above his knees, Doyle says. He sent him in."

"Well, what of it?" bodily demanded Oakley. "If a man wears a—what you call a 'dicky,' and it gets ripped off him in an accident, you don't arrest him for not wearing a shirt, do you?"

"But pants is differenz," urged the policeman.

"No, they're not. They just seem different. You say yourself I look all right."

"Have you had an accident?" asked the sergeant, whose black-lashed, blue eyes were beginning to twinkle, although he in no way relaxed the official severity of his manner.

"Accident? No! What I've had is no accident! It's been a regular landslide! And for the love of Heaven, get this over and let me go, or there'll be one more calamity! I'll put up anything you like. There's my money, there's my watch and chain, there's

a scarf pin that's valuable, though perhaps it doesn't look it. Take them all as security and give me an hour's freedom. Then I'll come back and you can do anything you like with me. You'll do that, won't you?"

"Is John Williams your name?"

"No, of course it isn't. I'll tell you what my name is, if you like—but I'd rather you wouldn't write it down there," he added, glancing at the book.

"Never mind," said the sergeant. "Go on. Tell your story—and tell it straight."

So Oakley told his story, and he told it straight, suppressing only Mrs. Haslett's name. Moreover, he told it to two Irishmen. It may be added that during the narration official gravity and decorum suffered somewhat.

"There you have it," he finished.

"Now take my security and let me go long enough to get that poor woman her bag and start her for Boston. Send me under guard if you like, only give me that much time. Will you?"

"I'll do better than that," declared the sergeant. "D'ye think I've been here so long I don't know an honest man when I see him? Take your stuff, sir. I'll not detain ye. While I'm whistling for a cab for ye, Casey here'll take ye upstairs and give ye a pair o' my pants, lest ye fall again, sir. We're about of a size, I think."

Oakley impulsively pulled a bill from the roll already in his hand, and then slowly returned it. A moment later he handed his open cigar case to the sergeant.

"Thank ye, sir, I don't mind if I do. 'Tis a good one, by the smell. Ye can return the pants at yer leisure, sir. Sure, that's all right. 'Tis a pleasure, sir!"

Fortunately the drive to the Grand Central Station was not long, and the horse was not only sure-footed and well shod, but fast.

Mrs. Haslett, whose progress had been much slower, was standing at the parcel counter, her watch in her hand, anxiously arguing with the boy in charge.

"I repeat, I haven't the check," she

said, with some asperity. "The man who has it is—isn't here, and will not be here, and my train is about to go. Here is the key, and if you'll just let me come in there a moment, I'll identify the bag, unlock it, and prove my claim. I simply must have—"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Haslett," interrupted Oakley's deep voice at her elbow. "I'm afraid I have caused you great annoyance. Here's the check."

He handed it to the boy, and looked gravely into her startled eyes.

"I'm afraid you can never forgive me," he continued, "but I'd like to claim the privilege of any prisoner at the bar, and state my case—if you will listen."

"Very well," said she, coldly. "I will listen, but you must be quick."

He gave the bag to a passing porter, and as they walked out to the gates he told the story rapidly and well, omitting no illuminating detail and dwelling on none. He made no plea of good intention, but let the facts speak for themselves, and as he talked

he watched her face. Presently little wrinkles appeared at the corners of her eyes, then irresponsible chuckles broke forth, and in the end she was wiping away tears of laughter.

"This closes the statement of the defence," he concluded. "Now I plead guilty and throw myself upon the mercy of the court."

"Well, I dare say the court ought to be very severe," she responded, still laughing, "but—you remember I told you that I was eager for adventure, and you certainly supplied it generously! I haven't been so entertained in years! You've placed me under an obligation that I can never hope to discharge myself, so I see no way out of it except to ask Mr. Haslett to do something very nice for you and that charming wife of yours. Good night."

Oakley stood uncovered as long as she was in sight, and then went slowly out to his cab. Alice's radiant, triumphant face glowed at him from his dusky corners.

"Well, little girl," said he, aloud, "after all, 'it is to laugh!'"

An Accomplished Chairman

Sir William Van Horne, chairman of the Canadian Pacific, began his business career selling oranges on the Illinois Central.

After that he sold books on the Alton. Yet he is one of the most accomplished of the big men of Canada.

He is a connoisseur on art and all things that pertain to it. He is himself a possessor of rare objects, and he has fitted up to his house at Montreal a studio where he may be found at work on colors when he is not too busy in "the world of affairs."

He has also the most complete collection of orchids in the country. Six months ago he heard, through his South American agent, of a new variety that grew in the forests of La Plata. He has at present two botanicals after that orchid. When he gets it he will be happy for a month.

J. D. Rockefeller on Opportunity in America

Cosmopolitan Magazine

THERE never were greater opportunities for young men in America than are offered here on every side to-day. The older heads of the great industrial enterprises are retiring in favor of younger and fresher blood; and they, in their turn, must give way as time goes by to the third generation that is growing up. Former office boys in the Standard Oil Company are now in charge of important departments. Men who began as laborers in other great industrial concerns have similarly advanced to the front rank. The consolidation of interests has opened up avenues to unlimited success for the poorest boy who will learn to economize and concentrate. Education is also a tremendously important factor—the technical school particularly—in making the upward course of the earnest, willing-to-work young man straight and clear.

"In every way, it appears to me, the boy of to-day enjoys inestimable advantages over the boy of fifty years ago. The whole field of human effort lies open to him. It only remains for him to take advantage of his opportunities. If I were asked to say a word of advice to him, it would be this: Decide upon your course—the thing that you feel yourself most fitted to do—and then go straight ahead and do your best. Be prudent, economical, and honest. Take care of your health; don't despise recreation. Remember that wealth is not everything; and if you make a mistake, bear in mind that to err is human. Don't despair; keep your eye fixed on your goal and keep on trying. A conscientious effort along these lines will inevitably bring success and with it that which is not second in importance—happiness.

"When I was ten years old, I had succeeded in saving some money earned in various boyish ways about my native place. It was only fifty

dollars, but a neighbor needed just that amount, and I loaned it to him at seven per cent. interest. At about the same time I was hoeing potatoes for a farmer at thirty-seven and one-half cents a day. Well, at the end of the year I found that the money I had loaned out at interest had earned me three dollars and fifty cents. I took the interest in my hand and by an easy calculation found that it represented almost ten days' labor. From that time onward I determined to make money work for me.

"The very best advice that I can give to any boy or young man is to save. There are glorious opportunities ahead for him; but how can he be ready to take advantage of them unless he has cultivated the habits of economy and prudence? He must save all he can, in season and out of season. That first experience of mine taught me a lesson that I have remembered all my life. It taught me to rely upon myself; it taught me the virtues of self-repression, of prudence, economy, and self-respect. There is no feeling in the world, I think, comparable to that of self-reliance—that ingrained sense of relying upon oneself in every emergency of life, of not having to depend upon anyone, of realizing that all that one has is his by reason of his own efforts. That is true independence.

"Extravagance is our national curse. We make more money in the United States than do the people of any other nation in the world. But we are also more extravagant than any other people. The French are the richest people in the world because they are the most economical. They are economical not only in the matter of money, but in all things. Ride through France, you will scarcely find a foot of arable land that is not under cultivation. They economize their time, their energies, and are lavish only with their opportunities,

with which they can afford to be lavish, for by economy they have prepared to take full advantage of them when they appear.

"But don't conceive the vain notion that wealth is everything. No man has a right to hoard money for the mere pleasure of hoarding. I believe that the gift of money-making is imparted to a man just as the gift of poetry, or sculpture, or the art of healing is given to a man—just as one man is endowed with a genius for mechanics, another for finance, and a third for industrial enterprise. And as each of these gifts is bestowed, so must it be used for the general uplifting of humanity. That is another lesson that should be impressed upon the American youth. To make a selfish use of his opportunities is to defeat the purpose for which they were given him. Every man owes a debt to humanity, and in accordance with the manner in which he discharges that debt will he be judged.

"At the beginning, the boy must look to his health; without health one can do nothing. Health is a blessing that transcends all other earthly things. The man with nothing but good health is rich compared with the man of wealth who has lost his health. Therefore, I would say to the boy who is beginning life and wants to take advantage of all the rich rewards that come from meritorious effort, guard your health. Do not sacrifice it to anything else. Get all the fresh air you can; none of the pastimes of boyhood is to be ignored. I look back upon my fishing and wood-chopping days in Ohio as the happiest of my whole life. Don't grow old before your time. Maintain an interest in life and all living things.

"And then a young man must be both practical and persevering. Don't attempt to do more than you can carry out successfully; but, having taken counsel with yourself, allow nothing to stand in the way of your success, once it is planned wisely. Perseverance is the great thing. The young man who sticks is the one who succeeds. There are innumerable opportunities for the young man who

knows just what he wants to do, and will do it with all his strength. Don't let your ambition run away with you. Move slowly but surely. Always obey instructions; you must learn to obey orders before you can hope to give them.

"I would also say to young men, be earnest. Earnestness and sincerity are two of the sign-posts along the road to success. Inspire your employer with confidence in you. It is chiefly to my confidence in men and my ability to inspire their confidence in me that I owe my own success in life.

"Don't be afraid of work. The sturdy, hard-working men make our country great. And don't reach forward too eagerly. One of the great evils of the day is the anxiety of young men to get to the front too rapidly. Lasting successes are those which are carefully, even painfully, built up. Life is not a gamble, and desirable success cannot be won by the turn of a card. Be satisfied with small results at first. Cultivate a due sense of proportion. A man who is engaged as a chauffeur is expected to be a good chauffeur, not a director of a bank or the manager of a railroad. The caddy who attends strictly to business on the golf links and accurately and promptly follows the ball, is more apt to make a success of life than the book-keeper who permits his mind to wander from his books to the work of the superintendent out in the shop.

"The true economy of life, after all, I have found, is to find the man who can do the particular thing you want done, and then leave him to do it unhampered. I have small faith, however, in the man who plans elaborately on paper. I once asked a landscape-gardener to undertake the improvement of two thousand acres of land. He set to work on an elaborate paper scheme which I saw at a glance was impossible. He was not practical. He planned too much on paper.

"Do all the good that you can. Be generous and charitable in your attentions toward your neighbors. It

will cost you nothing, and you will reap a rich reward.

"I have the utmost faith in boys. I must have, for I have the utmost faith in the future of our country. All that is needed is to awaken them to their opportunities, and for this we must depend upon our religious and educational institutions. I think a college education is a splendid thing for a boy; but I would not say that it is absolutely necessary. I hadn't the advantage of a college education; but I had a good mother and an excellent father, and I like to feel that whatever I may have lost through failure to secure a college education I made up through my home training. It is in the home circle that the character of a boy is formed. There he imbibes those principles which will follow him all through life. The home training gives him something that he can never get at college; but at the same time I am not decrying the advantages of a college education, and I would say that wherever it is possible a boy should have it.

"Better than a college education, however, is the training that a boy gets in the technical schools that have sprung up all over the country. This is an age of specialization. There is an unceasing demand on every hand—in the mining industries, the railroads, the industrials, the mills, and the factories—for men with special, technical knowledge that will enable them intelligently to take up the important work that is going on. Here is a great advantage that the boy of fifty years ago didn't enjoy. Now one may enter a school and learn in his youth many of the things that the hardest kind of labor was needed to teach in bygone days. He gets the technical knowledge that enables him to begin a long way ahead of the boy of fifty years ago.

"I am a great believer in the influence of environment on a boy's development. There is much in the old maxim, 'Show me the company you keep, and I'll tell you what kind of a man you are.' The boy who is not careful of his associates will not be careful of anything else. The higher

moral tone of the world, for I firmly believe that the world is growing better all the time, is greatly to the advantage of the growing boy now.

"The atmosphere of the farm, I think the history of our famous men has shown, is a great beginning for a man. But it does not follow that a city-bred boy has not equal opportunities. I suppose that, after all, much depends upon the boy himself in this case. But whether born in city or country, a boy must ever be careful to avoid the temptations which beset him, to select carefully his associates and give attention at once to his spiritual side as well as to his his mental and material forces. Religion is one of the great moving forces of the world. No man can neglect its teachings and hope to be a completely rounded out man.

"I deny emphatically the assertion that opportunity has been restricted or individual effort stifled by reason of the growth of the trusts. On the contrary, the trusts have opened wider avenues and greater opportunities to the young men of to-day than those of any other generation ever enjoyed. In the old days, before the union of interests, murderous competition made any business venture precarious; but aside from that, through lack of time, opportunity, and capital, the young man was kept within a very restricted field. It is combination that has produced the capital to open up mines and factories, to build great industrial plants and the monster wholesale and retail establishments. It is combination and capital that have sent the railroads shooting in a hundred different directions all over the continent. The reduction of the work of the world to scientific principles has opened possibilities for young men in a thousand different lines. And only the beginning has been made. At the beginning of our present economic era, men, brains, and ability were needed to take hold. Those men have about performed their tasks now. But who that has faith in his country will accept the theory that the work has all been done; that railroad development has reached its limit; that

the steel industry can go no further; that in coal, iron, copper, lead, the industries, agriculture, shipping, finance, the apex of development has been reached and that all that is required for the future is to steer the bark straight?

"Even were this so, every generation would require thousands of young, ambitious, and vigorous men to take up the work where the retiring heads leave off. But it is not so. Our material progress, great as it has been, has only marked the beginning, and it is to the rising generation of young Americans, and to those who will follow them, that we look to carry the work along. They are the inventors of the future, the devisers of time and labor-saving appliances, of more modern methods. They are the new executives, the future masters of finance, the creators of material wealth, and the reapers of the great rewards.

"In the enlarged field which consolidation and concentration have created, there is no possible limit to the success which an ambitious young man may achieve. The demand for young men of brains, ability, and stamina is already greater than the supply. They are absolutely necessary if the great interests which have been created are not to fall into decay. Progress is the key-note. Improved methods, fresh blood, a new viewpoint, is needed all the time. The apprentices are becoming master-workmen; the master-workmen are becoming superintendents; the superintendents, chiefs, and so it goes. The field is constantly broadening. The big interests and institutions are becoming bigger all the time. We old fellows are being forced back, the younger men are stepping into our

places. It is a constant procession. At the forge and in the counting-room to-day are the young men who ten, twenty years hence will be the captains of industry of their day.

"It must be so; there is no other way out of it. The poor boy is in a position of impregnable advantage. He is better off than the son of the rich man, for he is prepared to do what the latter will not do, or rarely so; that is, plunge in with his hands and learn the business from the bottom. It is to them the sons of hardy Americans, that we look to carry into the future the progress of the present. The future, with all of its infinite possibilities, is in their hands.

"Read the history of the steel industry. The men who worked in leather aprons before the blazing furnaces twenty years ago are its directing heads to-day. And, as I have said, the former office boys of the Standard Oil Company are now its heads of departments. There is no limit to the height that a deserving boy may climb.

"Not long ago a business associate spoke to me about increasing the salary of a valuable executive to fifty thousand dollars a year.

"'Isn't it too much?' said he. 'Is he worth it?' asked I. 'If he is, I'll vote for it.' What a man is worth intrinsically is the measure of his success in life.

"Yes, decidedly, the opportunities for the young American boy are greater to-day than they have ever been before; and no boy, however lowly—the barefoot country boy, the humble newsboy, the child of the tenement—need despair. I see in each of them infinite possibilities. They have but to master the knack of economy, thrift, honesty, and perseverance, and success is theirs."



The Evolution of Jacko

By Catherine Welch in Person's

JACKOS are the common heritage of childish humanity. Everyone of us has, in the days of his youth, owned and cherished a Jacko, and found its long, lank body, clad in parti-colored fur and its soulless squeak, a satisfactory household substitute for the monkey at the Zoo.

Probably of all the countless Jackos in the world, the best beloved was the black and white specimen possessed by Edytha. Her Jacko was so dear to her that half his fur had been worn off by her ecstasies of affection, and of his once long and sweeping tail there remained but a melancholy stub, while the squeak had long ago departed for good and all, and no amount of insinuating pokes would persuade him to utter the slightest sound.

All these defects, however, only added to Edytha's love for him. He was her dearest, perhaps her only friend; though this was due, not so much to Jacko's attractions as to the absence of other material from which friends could be made.

Of course, there was dada, but he was visible no oftener than once a week, and then for only a few minutes at a time. There was also mamma, who attired like a pictured princess in a fairy-book, made daily formal calls at the nursery. And there was nurse; but nurse, Edytha's aristocratic feelings told her, was only nurse after all, so it is not to be wondered at that, of them all, Jacko proved the only congenial friend.

There were some things, however, that Jacko could not do. One of them was to answer questions. Neither honeyed appeals nor the most persistent shakings would induce him to tell where the rain came from nor what made the birds fly, nor to reply to any other of the queries that tormented his small mistress every time she looked out of the window.

One thing in particular troubled

her just now. Somewhere or other she had come across a word of tantalizing interest.

"Nurse," said she, "what does 'Ev-o-lu-tion' mean?"

Nurse knew nothing about it, but had no intention of making such a humiliating confession.

"Goodness me, Miss Edytha, you'd not understand if I told you."

"Oh, yes, I should," replied the child with conviction. "Tell me, anyhow."

"I'll do nothing of the sort. It's not for little girls like you to know."

And, despite Edytha's intreaties, nurse was obdurate.

That afternoon dada paid one of his rare and fleeting visits to the nursery.

"Dada," said she, "what is ev-o-lu-tion?"

"Great Scott!" he cried, with a roar of laughter that almost shook the child off his knee.

Edytha persisted.

"What is it?" she repeated.

"Well, my dear," said he, "I don't know much about it myself, but I think it's a notion some folk have that we were all monkeys once."

Edytha's mouth opened wide.

"Monkeys!" she cried. "Monkeys like Jacko?"

"That's it," replied dada, charmed at the ease with which he had explained a difficult subject, "monkeys like Jacko."

"But how—?" began Edytha.

"Where!" dada whistled, "is it four o'clock already? I must run. Good-bye, youngster."

A hurried kiss, and he was off, and Edytha alone faced a mighty problem.

Seated in a small and demure heap on the floor she held Jacko in her arms, as was her habit at times of great mental stress, and addressed him seriously.

"Jacko," said she, "did you hear

what dada said, that we were all monkeys like you once?"

With wrinkled brow she paused a moment in silent thought.

"I suppose I was a monkey once, myself," she said at last.

The idea was rather too tremendous to take in all in a minute, but, gradually, she assimilated it. Suddenly she jumped to her feet excitedly, and held the monkey out at arm's length.

"Jacko!" she cried, shaking him back and forth in her excitement. "Jacko! If I was a monkey once, why then some time you may turn into a little baby!"

She marched up and down the nursery in her agitation. The idea took hold of her with a mighty fascination—to have instead of Jacko a little child who would play with her and be her friend like Jacko, and, rising to heights that Jacko could not reach, would be able to talk to her, and perhaps to answer her questions!

Her brain was on fire, she started to run and ask nurse's advice as how to bring about this miracle. Half way to the door she paused.

Had not nurse said that this delightful subject of evolution was no fit one for a child? Had not nurse been disapproving and discouraging when even she had broached it to her? Would not nurse be likely, instead of helping, to throw difficulties in her way?

All these questions she answered with a disheartening "Yes."

Where, then, should she turn for sympathy and advice? Ah, where?

Edytha decided that if this glorious idea was to be put into effect, she must not hope for outside help. Unaided and unaided she must work with Jacko toward this marvellous end.

"Jacko," said she, clasping the toy to her breast affectionately, "you will try, won't you? You'll turn into a child if you can, won't you, dear?"

And, in the dimness of the early twilight, it seemed that Jacko nodded,

almost that his stiff pointed lips smiled.

Just then there flashed into her mind memories of a conversation she had held with nurse some months before: "Where did I come from in the beginning?" she had asked.

"From the top drawer of your mother's dressing-table," nurse replied. "I found you there one morning, when you were a little baby."

Edytha did not hesitate. With Jacko held fondly in her arms, close against her little heart beating fast with excitement, she tip-toed along the hall, down the stairs and into her mother's dressing room. Softly she moved across the dimly-lighted room, and pulled open the top drawer of the dressing table, and there, in a bed of sweet-scented laces and ribbons, she laid Jacko.

"Good-bye, Jacko," she said as she kissed his stiff little nose. "Do turn into a baby, if you can. Do try, Jacko dear, won't you?"

And then, softly, she crept back to the nursery.

Four days passed slowly by, and then one afternoon at the nursery door Edytha saw nurse standing, with a something in the set of her head and the look of her eye that proclaimed she had great news to tell. In her arms was a tiny white bundle, held tenderly, and as Edytha looked at it, it seemed as if her heart would stop beating in the clutch of a great hope.

"What is it?" she cried.

Nurse put your finger across her lips.

"Hush!" she whispered. "You'll wake him. It's your little new brother that came this morning."

"Oh!" the child cried softly. "Dear old Jacko, you did try, didn't you?"

"Nurse," she questioned, "where did you find him?"

Lumbering and slow of invention, nurse fell back on the old reply. With a chuckle, she answered:

"In the top drawer of your mother's dressing table, Miss Edytha."

The Aerial Encounter of Judge Reardon and Monsieur Rambaud

By McCloskey Sykes in Applin's

JUST then the automobile stopped. There was no doubt about it. The machine stopped; the whirling landscape stopped and Judge Reardon stopped in the middle of his sentence. The sentence had begun like this: "And what pleases me most is that we have made our trip of three hundred miles without a single accident or involuntary—" and he would have said "stop," but to his great chagrin he did it instead of saying it.

The judge's machine was a big forty-horse-power touring car; we

ed forward, saw nothing, and then looked over the side. The wheels were actually moving, but for some mysterious reason the machine stood still.

"Devilish funny!" exclaimed the judge. "Here's a fine, hard road, and the wheels slip as if they were on packed snow."

We both jumped out and ran around in front of the car. Then a very curious thing happened.

While the wheels were turning, the machine actually began to move away from us. With a sudden accession of speed it shot back mockingly almost, and the judge called out "Jump in quick!"

We made a flying leap and climbed into the front seat, where the judge cast a quick, instinctive glance at the reversing lever. It had not been moved. The judge whistled softly.

"Beats me!" he exclaimed. Then an angry cry burst from his lips. "Look at that, will you?"

I followed his eyes, backward and upward, and saw what had happened. A huge guy-rope, drawn taut at the projection of the rear seat, rose into the sky above our heads, running into the ether like the rope of a Hindu fakir; and the eye, following as course, came to a huge oblong flat shape in the sky, which we both instantly recognized.

"It's one of these d-d aeroplanes," shouted the irate judge, "and they've anchored their grappling rope in our car. For cool, downright impudence give me one of these Frenchmen."

It was true. We were caught by one of the dirigible aeroplanes about which Paris was all agog last summer. The aeroplane's course was not our course, and we were being dragged ignominiously backward. Fortunately, our speed was not great;



"A huge guy-rope rose into the sky."

were bowling along at a moderate rate, and were coming among the suburbs of Paris; pedestrians and teams were not infrequent, so we were negotiating the road cautiously.

The sensation of stopping was peculiar; we felt nothing snap; we heard none of the painful inarticulate grunts or puffs that so frequently herald mechanical accidents; but there was a peculiar and very sudden tug that seemed to come from nowhere in particular. The judge lean-

the aeroplane, big and powerful as it was, had to overcome the resistance of our own opposed power, which of itself would have driven us twenty miles an hour in the opposite direction.

"See if you can unhook the thing," said the judge; and I climbed over the back of the seat. Alas! the anchor was firmly imbedded under the tonneau and would not budge; at least, it was impossible to get the slightest purchase with the huge guy-rope stretched tight as a ship's cable by the terrific pull of the airship.

"Can you cut the rope?" called the Judge.

I had thought of that; but saw in an instant that the infernal contrivance was re-enforced with light steel strands. I was still looking for some means of extricating the anchor when the judge called out cheerily, "I'll stop the car."

"For heaven's sake, don't!" I cried, but I was altogether too late. It was all very well for me to groan inwardly at this blunder of the judge's, but he was so excited that I really should not have blamed him for doing what under ordinary circumstances would have been precisely the right thing to do. Our own forward impulse had been the only thing there was to counteract the opposing pull of the airship, and when the judge shut off the power, and to my horror set the reverse lever, our backward speed was accelerated not only by our former twenty-mile energy, but by a like additional amount afforded by our new backward motion; so that instead of leisurely jogging backward at some twenty miles an hour we were now swishing along, unguided and blind, at considerably more than a forty-mile rate. Our situation had become one of extreme danger; not only that, but we were a menace to life along the road. The judge turned pale when he saw what had happened, and I confess that I was not a little frightened.

"Turn on all the power and go back—go forward, I mean!" I cried. "I can't," gasped the judge hoarsely. "I can't do it without smashing the gear and ripping her to pieces."

The landscape was flying past at an alarming rate. We kept the horn going constantly, and made almost incessant use of the megaphone which we always carried in the car. Peasants hurled curses at us as they dodged, and light-hearted, laughing groups parted suddenly as we lurched upon them in our mad course. A motor car going backward at forty miles an hour was a novelty even for the Frenchmen. I had no doubt they took it for the eccentricity of an American millionaire or Parisian financier.

"It's all right so long as the airship pulls straight and the road doesn't turn," said the judge. "But suppose the darn thing wobbles, or the road takes a bend. Ten feet one side or the other will bring us against those stone walls."

"Arretez-vous!" called an angry voice behind us. The road police around Paris are mounted on motor bicycles on which when necessary they can make terrific speed, and the irate officer yelled to us that we were exceeding the speed limit and were under arrest.

He rode alongside, speeding furiously to keep pace. We were now going more than fifty miles an hour. Conversation was difficult. The officer paid little heed to our explanation that we were not willingly violating the law. He said we could explain that in court. His only duty was to make the arrest.

"Go to blazes!" yelled the judge in the teeth of the furious gale caused by our motion. "Arrest that impudent cross-eyed son of a sea-cook of an aeronaut up there in air! Why don't you stop him from dragging us along in this way?"

The French policeman was polite, even though he was tearing along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. "Monsieur, that is the distinguished explorer, M. Jules Rambaud. He is adorned with a license to navigate the air."

"Navigate the infernal regions!" yelled the judge, giving a despairing back-bonk and narrowly escaping collision with a fat cow that lumbered

out of our way and looked after us with frightened eyes as we tore along the highway. "If there's law in France, I'll have it on that infernal murderous air-flying villain. Stop him, officer! What are you police for, anyway?"

"I have said, monsieur," called back the police officer, as we tore madly on, "that he is adorned to navigate. Sapristi, you must not do that! It needs that you demonstrate your license before to ascend, gentlemen."

This last exclamation of the officer was called forth by a sudden and unexpected change in our trajectory. It was something that I had been

taneously the rear of the motor car left the ground; the car trailed along for perhaps a hundred feet, tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the judge and myself both least hurriedly down to give another wrench to the anchor and learn if by this slight shift of position it had become possible to dislodge it. We worked and tugged at this for some little time, so excited and absorbed in our work that we forgot for the moment to observe what was happening to the car. We could do nothing; the anchor was firmly lodged in the chassis itself, and nothing but an ax could extricate it.

"We might as well get out of the car," I said. "There's liable to be a smash, and if the aeroplane lifts the car up there'll be the devil to pay when she drops. Besides, we'd have hard work to stick in."

"What!" cried the judge (we were talking with our heads under the seat, where we were working on the anchor), "get out here and be rabbed by that fool of a policeman! We shouldn't be able to follow the car. Besides, the guy-rope can't break. You see, it has to be made strong enough to hold the aeroplane, and to do that it must be able to support the car. No; j'y suis; j'y reste."

But it seemed that our discussion was merely academic, after all, for while we had been talking, the aeroplane, still ascending, had lifted its gently and easily from the earth. The automobile had swung on the pivot of the anchor till it now hung at a very slight angle from the perpendicular, probably less than fifteen degrees; in consequence, using the seats in normal fashion was out of the question, but we found that by sitting on the back of the back itself of the front seat we could be very comfortable and fairly secure. The seats were of the Novoni type, so much in vogue in France, with broad, flat backs. The slight tilt of the machine, due to the fact that the anchor was imbedded behind the centre of gravity, aided by the lean of the back itself, rendered it fairly easy to sit securely even on the polished seat-back.



"It is not permitted to swing without the seat loose."

dreading for a long time, and I fancy the judge had, too. That possibility had been hammering at our brains through all our terrible ride. We might have said of the motor car what Gloster in the play sarcastically remarks of the aspiring blood of Lancaster, "I thought it would have mounted."

And now, to our terror, it did mount. Whether under the impulse of an uplift of a current of air or by the act of the aeronaut, the aerial monster slowly forged upward. Simul-

As the car rose to a vertical position, the rugs and paraphernalia in the front seat had, of course, spilled out; but luckily we had an abundant supply of rugs in the back; there was a basket of provisions strapped behind; and we had at our feet the megaphone. With the rugs and our automobile coats (fortunately heavy) we felt that we should be fairly protected even in the colder upper strata of the atmosphere. In the hamper were food, whisky, and cigars. As the judge had pointed out, there was really not much danger of the rope breaking, and except for the hazard of the landing, the outlook was hardly more dangerous than in ordinary travel. It was by long odds preferable to our highly perilous situation of five minutes before, where we had been tearing madly at the rate of fifty miles an hour along a road within twenty kilometers of Paris, drawn by an uncontrollable power, and seated in a car that had become undrivable; a situation, too, where in addition to these very serious physical dangers we were exposed to the personal mortification of arrest.

Our minds were recalled to this last danger so happily escaped by the plaintive voice of the French policeman, calling after us as we mounted majestically.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen! it is not permitted to ascend without a small license. And it is that you have exceeded the speed limit; that it is twice that you have violated the ordinance. Gentlemen, I pray that you honor me with your names and addresses."

We were congratulating ourselves on our escape from this danger when of a very different sort presented itself. Just as the front wheels of the car left the earth, it happened that we rose quite rapidly, but we felt in an uncomfortable way that we were in a composition of forces, somewhat as one feels the pull of the gyroscope in its tendency to maintain its plane of rotation as against the motion imparted by lifting the spinning top. The guy-rope rose toward the aeroplane at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the earth; although, of course,

this angle had been somewhat less while we were being pulled along the road. As we were lifted from the earth we were pulled in much the same direction, or rather even more toward the vertical, as the aeroplane was, as I have said, rising rapidly; but the moment we were in the air, the motor car plunged with a violent angular motion necessarily imparted in its fall to a position directly beneath the aeroplane; in fact, had it not been for the extreme suddenness of our lift, the car would have scraped and bumped along as it described the arc whose lowermost verge was the extremity of a radius drawn from the aeroplane directly in the line of gravitation; but owing to our very sudden pull upward, the motor car now swung through this arc with a velocity that was inconceivably frightful, swinging, in fact, far beyond the vertical line, then back again on the other side, like a mighty pendulum swinging over the earth. The length of this pendulum was, as nearly as we could judge, at least four hundred feet; and I shall never forget the horrible scawick sensation, as the great automobile swung slowly back and forth over the earth, the feeling of hanging over an abyss as we passed on the upward swing, then falling dizzily back and rushing up the ghastly slope of the opposite swing. I may add that during our entire journey equilibrium was never quite established, as every quick shift or turn of the aeroplane started the oscillations in greater or less degree; but we soon grew accustomed to this libration of movement, and, in fact, found it rather stimulating and enjoyable.

I think I have said that we had with us in the car some excellent whisky and an abundant supply of cigars. Fortified with these, we surveyed with much interest the panorama beneath us.

We observed the features of the terrestrial aspect familiar to aerial observation—the distorted perspective, the peripheral illusion, the depressed middle distance, and the dominant totality of secondary colorings. Presently the Eiffel tower came

into view on our north, over the smoke and occasional mists of the city; we saw the dear old Bois in all its cool unobscured stretch; the white river, and the bridges, and the square towers of Notre Dame. Our course was taking us off to the south and east of the city.

"I'm relieved at that," remarked Judge Reardon, between the puffs of his cigar. "The octroi might bother us if we had landed in the Champs Elysees or at the Tuileries; we have quite a little in the way of whisky and cigars and Lord knows how many matches."

"Monsieur Rambaud will have a pretty bill to pay you if anything happens to the motor," I observed. "You have no doubt, have you, that the owner of the aeroplane is liable?"

"Of course he's liable," said the judge. "I've been thinking about that very thing in the last few minutes. In the first place, it's an undoubted trespass. In the second place, it comes about as close to an assault and battery as it's safe to come; and I suppose we have a good cause of action for false imprisonment."

"How about the ordinary case for negligence?" I inquired.

The judge lit a fresh cigar, and tucked the rug under him.

"Yes, of course, that's the obvious remedy. It's clearly negligence to cast an anchor four hundred feet down out of the sky and let it go dragging all over France. It's a plain case of *res ipsa loquitur*. I don't think the court will make us give proof of any other specific act of negligence."

"And, of course, there's no contributory negligence on our part," I added.

"Oh, no; not at all. There's only one question that has occurred to my mind; and that is whether, traversing the air as we are, a medium available to all the world, like the ocean, those infernal French courts may not hold infernal French courts is applicable."

"In that case," I said, "all we have to do is to libel the aeroplane."

"Yes, I suppose there's nothing in France like the Harter Act in the United States. Under that act, you will

remember, the owners of a vessel may limit their liability for maritime torts to the value of the hull at the termination of the voyage. By the end of his voyage that fool of an aeronaut up there will probably have smashed his blessed car. You may recall that all this the victims of the Stockton disaster in New York could get out of the owners was the value of the burnt ball."

"I wonder," I observed, thinking aloud, "if jurisdiction will be given to the admiralty courts in cases of aerial navigation?"

"Possibly not," returned the judge, "but I think that in any such event, many of the principles of admiralty law, so peculiarly adapted to the questions arising in connection with vessels navigating a fluid medium, will doubtless be applied. You probably remember the famous case of the *al-ship Pioneer*, decided last year in the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York."

I remember reading an editorial comment on this case in the *Beuch and Bar*, but the facts had slipped my memory.

"The *Pioneer*," resumed the judge, "was a powerful and luxuriously furnished twelve-cylinder aeroplane built for a Pittsburgh millionaire for use in establishing quick residences whenever he needed them for purpose of divorce. You remember that it was held by the United States Supreme Court (four judges dissenting), in *Morrey v. Morrey*, that a person whose legal residence was in an airship and who had his washing done on board, was not subject to local statutory requirements of the States as to residence, and that until Congress should legislate on the subject there was no national law covering the case, so that such a person might acquire a residence at once. Well, *Morrey*, like some of our other multimillionaires, got quite into the re-marrying habit. The great case of *Flannagan v. Morrey* grew out of one of his aerial trips.

"You know that in many of the tall flat and tenement houses in New York, where there is little yard space,

it is customary to hang out the family wash on lines stretched from building to building. Each floor has its own series of lines, so that by eleven o'clock on any Monday morning the interior of the block looks like a glorified bargain day at a White Sale.

"Well, Morey's big airship was passing across Seventh Avenue a little north of 116th Street, when it was thought necessary to descend suddenly. They threw out a grapping rope and then changed their minds. When the anchor rose in the air, they were horrified to find that they had taken with them the week's wash of forty families—ten floors and four families to the floor."

"I suppose that caused no end of



"Fascinated with these."

a row." I ventured, throwing an extra wrap about my shoulders. The air had become perceptibly cooler.

"I should think so," the judge went on. "Morey refused to compromise, and the suits were all tried and in most cases substantial damages recovered."

"How did they get hold of Morey?" I asked.

"Indicted him for larceny and had him brought back from New Jersey," said Judge Reardon. "It was a serious question in the courts whether he could be said to have fled the jurisdiction, as he had not set foot in New York. The United States

Supreme Court held in *Morey v. Sheriff of Hudson County*, by a vote of six to three, that a person who had sailed across a State boundary in an airship had fled in the strictest etymological and constitutional sense. Some of the Harlem people went over to New Jersey and sued Morey there for trespass de bonis asportatis. One man got twenty dollars for the loss of his pajamas; but the judgment was by a divided court."

Judge Reardon is well known as a man who has brought to his chosen profession the thoughtful research of the earnest student. He is never in more charming mood than when philosophically reminiscent, and I was pleased to have him talk away.

"One of the most interesting cases," he went on, "was the great case of *United Gas Co. v. Board of Trustees of Village of Morris*, decided by the New York Supreme Court in Saratoga County. A balloon landed in a wheat field and the gas bag bounded along for a quarter of a mile or so. An enterprising plumber rigged up a pipe line and sold gas to the inhabitants for two weeks at cut rates. The gas company that held an exclusive franchise to furnish gas in the village sued the authorities for damages and recovered judgment."

"In *Rastoli v. Schermerhorn*, a suit brought by an eminent professor in the University of Wisconsin, it was sought to recover damages for dropping a grain of sand in the plaintiff's eye, the local justice of the peace gave judgment for the plaintiff on the principle, as he said, of respondent superior, but the judgment was affirmed on other grounds."

"In the famous case of *McWhirter v. Perkins*, the Supreme Court of California laid down the principle that the rule of the road is applicable to airships, and that they must meet on the right and overtake and pass on the left. Twenty States have passed statutes amplifying the rule of the road and allowing one of two vessels meeting in the air to pass above the other on giving the proper signal."

"In *Moriarty v. Vanderbilt*, the Rhode Island state courts allowed

forty per cent. salvage to a farmer whose barn was lifted up and carried into the next county by a grapping iron from a turbine aeroplane."

And so the judge continued, explaining how the wise and just system of the common law was nicely adapted to the new problems arising out of the invasion of the air, and how the statute law was amplified and expanded to meet these fresh problems; the judge said that it was the glory of the law that it contained within itself this very principle of growth.

We were riding easily. The air was still growing cooler, and the afternoon sunshine was not unpleasant. We were keeping well to the south and east of Paris. My attention was attracted to a group of floating objects some eight or ten miles ahead of us. I took them to be airships of various patterns.

"All the French aeronauts seem to be out to-day," I remarked, calling the judge's attention to the level sky before us.

"Yes," replied the judge; "it's a holiday, and the *Société des Passerelles Célestes* is doing a land-office business with its 'Seeing Paris' airships. They have them now so that they go straight up and down, like elevators. For twenty francs you can be taken up in a luxurious car, five hundred feet straight up in the air, where you can look all over Paris. The first-class compartments cost seven francs extra; they are fitted up like cafes, and you can have absinthe and cigars and *Le Temps* or *Le Rire*. They are much frequented by the boulevardiers."

I had turned our field glass on the nearest.

"There's a man with a megaphone!" I exclaimed; "he's evidently talking to the people in the car. He moves his hands and shrugs his shoulders and seems quite excited."

"No," said the judge, without looking up. "He's just pointing out the different objects of interest. They got that idea from the New York automobiles. Eh, what's that? Lend me the megaphone, will you?"

The judge put the megaphone to

his ear, turning it toward the sky. "Our captor is talking to us."

In watching the "Seeing Paris" airships and listening to the judge, I had forgotten all about our own conductor. I glanced quickly up, and with the aid of the field glass saw that he was talking to us. He had an enormous electric megaphone. These contrivances were used experimentally in the Russian-Japanese war, but I remembered reading in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that on account of the ever-present terrestrial atmospheric disturbances they had been found of little practical use. But in these silent strata of the upper air the aerial waves transmitted the auditory vibrations with a scarcely perceptible diminution of intensity; and indeed, we found that with our own ordinary megaphone we could make ourselves heard very well indeed.

"Pardon, messieurs," came a voice from the silent ether of heaven. The tones were low and distinct and we recognized the Gascon quality of voice; "Pardon, messieurs. I regret exceedingly to have taken you out of your way. I am Jules Rambaud, now of Paris, and I trust that both you gentlemen will dine with me this evening at the *Trois Frères*. Come at seven o'clock, and let me present my apologies at the nearest view. I entreat that you will not do yourselves the fatigue of the drive."

Carefully aiming the megaphone, I called:

"We are greatly honored, and we accept your invitation with much pleasure. Allow me to present my intrepid comrade and host, Judge Theophilus Reardon, of Schenectady, États-Unis."

The judge reached for the megaphone, and as soon as our friend Rambaud had acknowledged the introduction the judge called out:

"I am delighted to meet you, Monsieur Rambaud. I've read your work on the Congo with great interest. I didn't quite agree with you in your views on the origin of the Pygmies, but I must say that Rambaud's expedition bore out your conclusions."

"Ah!" cried the aeronaut; "then it

is that you are familiar with the researches of Flammarion." And here a lively conversation ensued on anthropological topics, in which in truth I took little interest.

We were rapidly approaching the "Seeing Paris" airships; three of these were in operation. These machines are constructed on the familiar Marflair type, and are admirably adapted for vertical ascents; several of them are in use by the French Government along the German frontier.

I was particularly attracted by a small aeroplane which circulated about the heavier Marflair machines. As we approached I observed that it contained three men in uniform, two of them adorned with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The men were examining M. Rambaud's car minutely. Presently one of them called through a megaphone:

"It is defended that one advance himself. One is within the proprietary air of the société des Panoramas Célestes!"

"What's that?" cried Judge Reardon sharply, turning his megaphone in the direction of our genial host. "What's this nonsense about proprietary air?"

"Alas! he has right," responded Rambaud from the celestial height. "The ground over which we are about to fly is indeed of the Society whereof he speaks."

"Suppose it is!" roared the judge. "This isn't the Society's air."

"You forget, M. le juge," called down Rambaud, with great urbanity. "You forget that under all systems of law the ownership of the proprietor of the soil extends downward to the centre of the earth and upward to the zenith. Is it not that you have in your law a maxim to that effect?"

"Confound it, the fellow's right!" exclaimed the judge, turning to me. "Cujus est solum, ejus est ad coelum."

There was no help for it. We had to go around. "It results, messieurs," called down our conductor, "that I must ask if you will dine at half after seven of the clock instead of at the seven. We must respect the law."

We were now so far to the south that the only thing we could do to avoid sailing across the Society's air was to make a long detour to the east.

This was most unfortunate, for it took us at least eight miles out of our course and we thought regretfully of the delayed dinner at the Trois Freres. The automobile swayed frightfully as the aeroplane made a swift turn, and I again experienced that sensation of aerial seasickness of which I have already spoken. Fairly familiar with the literature of aerial navigation, I could remember no mention of a similar phenomenon, and had been at first a little alarmed; but the judge had reassured me by pointing out that the oscillation of our trajectory, due inevitably to the pendulum-like nature of our support, was an element not present in ordinary ascents, and that it was therefore not surprising that no mention of its supervening physical nausea was to be found in the usual literature of aerial navigation.

For a while my interest in the dinner at the Trois Freres was subdued, and as the swaying motion persisted in a modified degree, I was not altogether sorry when M. Rambaud called down that he feared that he should have to make a descent. It seemed that one of the valves of the aeroplane was leaking, and he feared that he could not develop sufficient power to complete the journey to Paris, which in our course around the Society's proprietary air was, as he informed us, at least a good ten miles journey away.

The descent was a delicate matter; for Rambaud had no apparatus for taking up the slack of his anchor rope. In fact, it is well known that the work on this particular feature of aerial navigation is still in an experimental stage; the great weight necessary in the windless, tackle and machinery precluding the use of the devices familiar on aquatic craft.

M. Rambaud announced that he would endeavor to land as on the road, and that by sailing under reduced power and steering very carefully he might manage to make a landing for the aeroplane so soon thereafter that

the automobile would not be dragged across the stone walls that are such a conspicuous feature of the landscape in the immediate vicinity of the French capital.

Unfortunately, we landed in a greenhouse. The aeronaut was protestant in his apologies, and called down from his lofty height as we neared the roof of the unfortunate gardener's premises, explaining that a sudden pull of wind had proved too much for his already weakened engine, so that his car was no longer entirely dirigible. The radiator of the automobile was the first to strike; it went crashing through the glass, smash,



"Ferdin, messieurs."

frame and all, and had hardly reached the support of the upper timbers of the greenhouse when, the frost being thus again supported, the machine quickly righted itself; the chassis crashed through the frail supports, and amid the most indescribable confusion of breaking glass, crashing frames and flowerpots ground to pieces, we found ourselves, disheveled and astonished, sitting bolt upright in the car, and gazing in amazement at the forest of ferns, ruins of geraniums, roses and a multitude of exotics whose broken stems and dismantled branches bore all too painful witness to the ruin we had caused.

We had descended so rapidly from the cool upper strata of the atmos-

phere that the sudden high temperature of the conservatory was, as I remember, very distressing. But in a moment we had forgotten all about the heat. The aeroplane was still sailing bravely on; and the automobile had scarcely righted itself, when, obeying the pull of the airship, it lunged viciously along the floor of the greenhouse, dealing destruction as it went and ruthlessly tearing through high-piled banks of the most exquisite flowers, overturning a bench of Spanish roses and ripping down one of the most gorgeous collections of orchids it has ever been my fortune to behold.

"In God's name, gentlemen, what is this that you are doing?" A horror-stricken face appeared at the further door; a short, well-built man of about fifty years thus greeted us, speaking in excellent French, in his countenance rage and despair at the destruction of his property mingled with open-mouthed astonishment at the apparition of our motor car suddenly descending from nowhere and plunging madly about in his most respectable greenhouse.

There now ensued a scene of indescribable confusion. The airship, sailing as she was under reduced power, was practically anchored by the motor car, and yet retained sufficient motion to gyrate wildly about on her rope, with the result that the automobile, obeying every move of the aeroplane, was lurching back and forth in the greenhouse, hither and yon, this way and that, extending the path of destruction with every move, to the gruesome accompaniment of the crashing of broken glass, the falling of sashes and flowerpots, and the heartbroken cries of the unfortunate greenhouse-keeper as he saw the work of his life shattered and dissipated before his eyes.

"—D—n it, man! we're anchored to an airship," roared the judge. "We can't stop the thing!"

The maddened floriculturist ran on beating his breast and giving forth fresh ejaculations of despair. When he located the aeroplane he shook his fists at it in the ecstasy of rage, and

then with a sudden cry he ran toward the little barn that stood some twenty paces from the greenhouse. He emerged quickly with an ax, and rushing furiously toward us he sprang into the car and began hurling well-directed blows at the anchor rope.

"Don't do that!" the judge cried angrily; "that man and his infernal airship are going to pay us damages for this. They've ruined our car. And they're going to pay you, too."

The judge had forgotten his friendly acquaintanceship of the afternoon; it was not strange that his wrath returned with this fresh calamity. But the owner of the greenhouse was too furiously bent on getting the motor car clear of the aeroplane to stop for the judge's warning; and I confess that I felt somewhat relieved when after repeated blows of the ax the anchor rope parted. The aeroplane gave a sudden lunge upward, shot off to the north and was lost to sight.

"And now, gentlemen," said the proprietor of the greenhouse, "perhaps you will have the goodness to give me an explanation of this most remarkable invasion of my premises, and to arrange for the payment for my property thus wantonly destroyed. This greenhouse and its contents represent an investment of sixty thousand francs; and the loss of my business, which you will readily comprehend, gentlemen, is ruined by this little pleasure jaunt of yours—God knows how I am to measure it. And the honest fellow burst into tears, as he looked about.

The remaining episodes in our automobile trip that summer are of interest to the thoughtful jurist chiefly, and there is little in them to detain the attention of the general reader. Judge Reardon was well content to give up the remainder of his tour in order to make an exhaustive study, in collaboration with his French lawyers, of the numerous and important legal questions involved in the litigation that grew out of our afternoon trip. I forgot to mention that we did not keep our dinner appointment; in fact, we did not reach Paris till the next afternoon. Profuse apologies

were tendered M. Rambaud on this score without prejudice to our right to bring an action against him for damages on account of the fouling of the anchor in the car. It seemed, however, that the judge's absence from the dinner imposed upon him the necessity of fighting a duel with M. Rambaud; and as Judge Reardon and myself had been kindly put up at one of the best Paris clubs, the judges felt that he could hardly decline the challenge; especially as our lawyers informed us that a declination might injure our standing in the French courts. The duel was a brilliant affair, and in a way compensated us for the loss of the dinner at the Trois Freres; Judge Reardon's epigrams were favorably commented upon by the leading Paris journals, and a new cafe in the Boulevard Haussmann was visited by the dueling party on their return from the combat, where an excellent dinner, tendered by the seconds to the principals, was awaiting us. In recognition of Judge Reardon's gallant conduct on the dueling ground, and afterwards at the dinner, the cafe was named the Cafe Reardon, and is, I believe, much frequented by American jurists visiting the French capital.

The litigation was protracted and expensive. The ancient and well-established principle of law that the dominion of the owner of the soil extends indefinitely in a vertical direction, was laid down in a careful and well-reasoned opinion of the learned court; and although the decision was against him, it was a source of no little pride to Judge Reardon, as an American jurist, that numerous American authorities, both State and federal, were cited in support of the ruling of the court. I believe that a bill is pending in the French Chambers, designed to relax in reasonable measure the rigor of this rule, in view of the demands of modern traffic and the increase of aerial navigation. But in the United States it is evident that no such relaxation can be permitted. It is a well-established doctrine of the law of real property that the owner of the land owns up to the zenith;

and if the landowner's exclusive proprietary rights in the air above his land have not heretofore been asserted except in relation to trespasses of a fixed nature, this is because the science of aerial navigation is yet in its infancy. The time will doubtless come when the air, which in its character of space is unquestionably the subject of private ownership, will be parceled out just as the land is; and the unfortunate majority who own neither land nor a portion of the sky will be entitled to the use of the air only by the sufferance of its owners, and on making just compensation. The only free air will be that overlying public roads, parks, the public domain, etc. No such relaxation as is proposed in France



"Our expert is talking to us."

will, as I have remarked, be possible in the United States; for the air, being appurtenant to the land, is property in the strictest sense, and its ownership is protected by the constitutional limitations imposed upon both the State and Federal governments, that no person shall be deprived of property without due process of law.

I regret to say that Judge Reardon was ultimately forced to pay a very large sum of money. For the benefit of students of jurisprudence, I present herewith a summary of the fines and recoveries awarded by the French courts: no damages were allowed against M. Rambaud or his airship, our suit being dismissed on the

ground that we were guilty of contributory negligence in riding in an automobile so constructed that grappling anchors from airships could not be removed while the car was in motion.

This is what Judge Reardon was called upon to pay:

	Francs.
Damages to M. Rambaud for loss of time.....	100
Damages to M. Rambaud for one anchor rope.....	20
Damages to the Societe des Panoramas Celestes for trespass (GROUNDS).....	20
Government fine, for trespass on Society's air.....	50
Fine for exceeding speed limit while going backward in automobile.....	100
Fine for navigating the air without a license.....	200
Fine for making an aerostatic descent without a license.....	100
Damages to greenhouse.....	40,000
Damages to proprietor of greenhouse for loss of business.....	20,000
Fine for trespass on greenhouse premises.....	50
Fine for exceeding speed limit in automobile while in greenhouse.....	100
Fine for running automobile into greenhouse, the same not being a public road.....	100
Fine for fighting a duel without obtaining permission of Prefect of Police and paying license fee therefor.....	10
License fee for duel, paid upon protest.....	25
Costs.....	3,725
Total.....	64,600

My friend was particularly pleased that the fine and license fee for the duel were, as the reader will observe, limited to amounts practically nominal; and on his remarking this to our leading counsel, we learned that both the license fee for duels and the fine for duels fought without license had been reduced to nominal figures by an act introduced by the French Government only two years before, in response to the urgent denunciations of the party of the Extreme Left, who complained that the former legal exactions were so onerous as to make the cost of duels practically prohibitive except to the wealthier classes. On the passage of the measure the premier announced, in a voice thrilled

with emotion, that a wisely paternal government had now brought dueling within the reach of all."

But the remainder of the judgment was an obligation which Judge Reardon felt hardly able to meet, and on the advice of counsel he took an appeal. Elaborate arguments were had before a full bench.

Upon this appeal, in view of the very important legal questions involved, there was engaged as special counsel against Judge Reardon, the renowned Maître Dautelle, one of the ablest and most learned advocates of Paris, and indeed of Europe. On the afternoon of his final argument, the Chamber of Deputies adjourned and the members of the cabinet attended court in a body. The scene was impressive in the extreme. Tall in stature and ardent of aspect, the form of Dautelle was endowed with a majesty worthy of the weight of his great argument. Opposed to him though we were, we could not but admire his eloquence.

"Let not the goddess of justice," cried the eloquent advocate, his tall form swaying with emotion and his voice ringing like a clarion, "let not the goddess of justice turn from the problems that press before her eyes. So venerable, so majestic, is this ever-living fabric of beauty and of truth, this mighty system of law in the civilized world, that hers be our homage forever. So plastic, yet so sure; so kind, yet so firm her mandates, that we may not doubt that as new fields arise for their application, new and adequate laws will be found for their solution. Was it not a great English jurist who said, 'The perfection of the common law is the perfection of common sense?' Ah! my masters, these words are as true of that great system of the civil law to which continental nations bow. As new needs arise, so does the law extend. Step by step the law follows science, invention, and the arts. The

railroad came, and the law of common carriers speedily adapted itself to the change. Behold the civilized world united, a network of telegraphs, cables, telephones, wireless messengers of thought! Does not the law meet these changed conditions and adapt itself to them? Automobiles come, and the law is ready. By statute, by decision, by the labors of the jurist, does the mighty system of modern law adapt itself to these powerful vehicles.

"And now, O judges, we are become masters of the air. Air is invaded, and trepassed upon. Monsters from the empyrean blue descend upon the dwelling place of men. New duties arise; new contracts; new rights; new wrongs. How splendid is the law! How nobly she adapts herself! Let us follow her!"

The hand struck up the Marseillaise. The President of the Court went emphatically: Maître Dautelle himself, in a state of profound agitation, embraced Judge Reardon. The ministers shed tears of joy, and in the rear of the room a new wing of the Opposition was hurriedly formed, choosing Maître Dautelle as its leader. The triumphant advocate, marching amid the huzzas of the court room to the judges' bench, waved aloft his manuscript and shouted, "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite!"

It was a thrilling moment! After four months' deliberation the court wrote an exhaustive opinion, covering all the points in the case. The judgment was modified by striking therefrom the 100 francs fine for exceeding the speed limit while going backward in the automobile, and as so modified was affirmed with 600 francs extra cost of appeal. When the decision was rendered and the remission of the fine pronounced, our advocate burst into tears; he said that they were tears of joy, for never more could it be said that a foreigner could not obtain justice in a French court of appeal.

What Men of Note Are Saying

HIS EXCELLENCY EARL GREY
on the Future of Canada.

"I never walk in the streets of Ottawa or along the beautiful drives of Hlithlife Park without remembering, and with a feeling of exaltation, that I am treading on soil which, before the close of the present century will carry the capital city of a nation of eighty millions. I never look at the buildings on Parliament Hill without a feeling of admiration for and gratitude to the old boys of 1880, who planned so bravely and so well, and I hope the example of their faith in the future of their country will animate every successive generation from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

DE. FALCONER to the People of the Maritime Provinces:

"From a purely physical point of view these provinces are a necessary factor in the life of the Dominion, affording an outlet in the Atlantic all the year round which is a precious possession and an irreplaceable channel for the route of the world's travel and commerce.

"They are and must remain as a necessary link in any national chain. Remove these links and the whole chain will have to be rearranged.

"The Maritime Provinces will serve their highest function according to the quality of manhood which they contribute to the commonwealth. Are its men disciplined, are they moral, are they masters of themselves, are they able to show that they are greater than their material environment?

"The very fact that the people of these provinces, though prosperous, are not wealthy, is in their favor. There is perhaps less likelihood here than elsewhere of the invasion of luxury. They may find it easier than others do to accept their manhood, because the elements and the soil will never seduce them by offering too easily the comforts of life. Nor need we think that this mastery comes only by supreme effort of will. It follows in the wake of homely duties honestly done.

"In these provinces we should be true to ourselves and live a life that is the most natural to ourselves. Maintain our individuality. Let me urge you not to be over-anxious to reproduce here the same type of living which is found elsewhere. These provinces, if they live their own simple and yet busy life, will enrich the total life of the Dominion more than by seeking to follow the example of larger and wealthier provinces. The very variety of life here gives it character.

"Character is a supreme commodity which will always serve as a rate of exchange in human life, because it cannot be contented and is of an essential value in itself. It is not exclusive nor, like ordinary gold, found only in certain strata. It is found wherever men live in fear of God, and in love of their fellows. As long as the springs of our people's life are fed from the rise in lofty sources of truth, obedience and reverence, and while in the dust and heat of common day on plains we seek to live in sympathy with him who sat by the well of Sychar at high noon and did not disdain the contact, we shall have a people whose face is radiant with moral health, whose eye is clear to see afar and whose nerve will be strong to guide our nation in the way of wisdom."

HON. SYDNEY FISHER, Minister of Agriculture, says Europe's eyes are on the Dominion.

"I spent a month on the continent this summer, and I was greatly impressed with the increase of knowledge concerning Canada, particularly in countries in which Canada has made a display at an exhibition. The displays that we are making at European exhibitions are spreading knowledge about Canada to an extent that it is hard to estimate. As a result of the display we made at Milan, I found this summer in Italy, at the post office, the intelligence offices and among the common people a knowledge concerning Canada that never

existed before. This is bound to produce good results for Canada. When a man now makes up his mind to emigrate Canada is one of the places that he considers and enquires about before leaving his native country. Manufacturers and commercial men consider Canada as a possible source of materials which they use in their business, and capitalists are bound to look upon Canada with increasing interest as a field for investment. Conditions are quite different from those of ten years ago, when the United States was the only part of the North American continent which the Europeans knew anything about, and when you registered at a hotel as coming from Canada the clerk would probably ask you in what part of the United States was that.

"The Canadian display at Dublin is spoken of by everyone, from the aristocrats to the workmen. Their majesties the King and Queen visited the show when I was there, and both expressed their appreciation and pleasure at the display made by Canada."

* * *

BARON PALLES, Right Hon. Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, compares Irish and American courts:

"If the Standard Oil fine had been imposed in Ireland, the Standard Oil would either have to pay the \$29,000,000 fine at once or, if they appealed the case, the appeal would have to be heard and decided without any delay. Then, if the decision was sustained, we would collect the fine on a judgment immediately.

"We would hardly tarry as long as they do in the American courts before making the Standard Oil pay up."

* * *

KEIR HARDIE, M.P., Chairman of the Labor Party in the British House of Commons, on Socialism:

"Socialism is an intelligent movement which does not appeal to the instincts of the individual or of the incompetent, but to the instincts of the man who loves his fellows and desires to see a truer conception of life prevail than obtains at the present moment. Socialism

represents a higher type of humanity. It is the embodiment of the tenets of the Sermon on the Mount in the everyday business life of the community.

"There is at present one socialism. It means the abolition of private property in land and in industrial capital. At present we produce goods to make a profit for the capitalist irrespective of whether such production benefits or injures the community. Under socialism production would be for use and hired labor would give place to associated service.

"You will find capitalists under protection and free trade, but protection makes the growth for the trust easier. Trusts are inevitable under either. The question is whether the monopoly is for private or for public interests."

* * *

HON. THOMAS BENT, Premier of Victoria, compares Canada with Australia:

"Canada is great with the greatest possibilities of any country on earth. Its location had much to do with its rapid development, not as it is on the greatest national highway of the world and is such a close neighbor to England and the continent that it can command an immigration Australia can never get. Then, too, Australia is a little more particular and our Immigration Restriction Act would forbid the landing of many immigrants accepted by Canada. Australia may be a little exclusive, but we have an ambition to make Australia a 'white Australia' not only literally, but in the character of its citizenship as well.

"How do the Canadian cities compare with the cities of Australia?"

"That's not a fair question to ask me while I am in Canada. The Canadian cities are simply wonderful to contemplate, their age considered. The energy, the dash, the progress is beyond anything I expected to see. They are simply world-beaters. I would like to see this great Dominion fifty years from now, with a population as great as the United Kingdom; with three or four transcontinental railways; with Winnipeg with a million population; with exports equal to its great southern neigh-

bor, but I am afraid that pleasure will be denied me.

"On my return home I will do everything in my power to build up a trade between Canada and Australia. We want to do more business with you. You should take more of our butter, frozen mutton, onions and fruit, and we should take more of your fish and timber and manufactures.

"I have made my first trip across Canada, have seen Montreal and Ottawa, have visited Niagara Falls to inspect

the transmission of electricity, have viewed the immense acres of the middle west and have been charmed with the mountain resorts, and on all sides have I seen expansion. Moreover, Canada is next door to a market of 135,000,000 people, and no wonder that people are flocking in. Australia is a good place for people to make a new home, but there is no comparison between the two countries. The season in Australia is now winter, so that the two countries are not even in competition."

"What lends a certain charm to the other virtues of the compassionate Samaritan was the fact that he was of a different nation and of a different religion to the man whom he succored.

"When it is a question of charity, that virtue knows no religion. Charity knows no faith nor nationality nor color. The only question we have to propose to ourselves is, 'He is the victim of suffering humanity, and it is our duty on such an occasion to extend to him the right hand of fellowship and of mercy. The religion that Christ presented to us was not merely for admiration, but for an example that no man is sufficient unto himself. The bonds of social intercourse are as closely intertwined as are the physical bonds of the human body.

We mutually depend upon one another. Of what avail is all riches to a man if he have no friend to grasp him by the hand, no companion to cherish him, no servant to minister to him? Is not such a man poor and miserable and blind and naked? What would it avail anyone to possess the coal mines of West Virginia and Pennsylvania if there were no hardy acres of toll to mine those coals and carry them to the markets of commerce? What would the entire wealth of the Island of Manhattan avail us if there were no one to share it with us?"

We must help one another to the best of our ability, thus making life's burden the easier to bear. Do not say to me: 'What have I to do with my brother? Am I my brother's keeper?' You are your brother's keeper, and you will be responsible to God as such. We would all of us to-day be groping in the darkness of idleness if we were not our brother's keeper, and we would be deprived of the inestimable blessings of our civilization."

—Cardinal Gibbons.

Other Contents of Current Magazines



in this department we draw attention to the most important topics treated in the current magazines. Readers of *The Busy Man's Magazine* can secure from their newsdealers the magazines in which they appear. □ □ □

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Fall Plowing and Draining. V. E. Warren.....	"
The Twelve Best Shade Trees. Leonard Barron.....	"
Did it Really Pay a Profit? A. C. Foster.....	"
Four Plans for a 75x100 Foot Plot. P. C. Leible.....	"
Protection from Thieves. F. E. R.....	"
Start Now for Early Bush Onions. L. B. Carpenter.....	"
Plant Eye for Human. C. A. Austin.....	"
Testing Soils with Litmus Paper. F. E. Broadbent.....	"
Law Enactments Successfully Fought Now. W. B. S.....	"
Sweet Tea Sapparis. F. B. Handley.....	"
For and Against August Planting of Evergreens.....	"
Home Testing of Milk. H. H. Noble.....	"
Saving Plants for Next Summer's Beds.....	"
Some English Cottages. Adolph Reinick.....	"
A Bad Pottery Disease. F. H. Valentini.....	"
The Modern Suburban Home. H. Kafka.....	Suburban Life
Why Anybody Can Grow Potatoes. W. H. Fisher.....	Suburban Life
The Model Bathroom. Francis W. Bushnell.....	Suburban Life
Suburban Drainage. E. P. Powell.....	Suburban Life
Yiling, Ornamental and Useful. Chas. J. Fox, Ph.D.....	Suburban Life
Running Water Supplies in Country Houses. C. B. Adams.....	Suburban Life
Surface Vegetable and Fruit Pits or Cellars. Prof. S. T. Maynard.....	Suburban Life
Substitutes for the Hardwood Floor. R. L. Jones.....	Suburban Life
How to Use Bathes and Coldframes all Winter. L. Wood.....	Suburban Life
A Convenient Suburban Stable. C. S. Staples.....	Suburban Life
The Sanitary Home. Claudia Q. Murphy.....	Succesa

HUMOROUS.

The Barge. Arthur Colton.....	Putnam's
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INVESTMENTS AND SPECULATION.

Wall Street as a Manufacturing Centre. Mr. Nicholas.....	Appleton's
Gambling in Death. T. W. Wilkinson.....	Chambers's Journal
New Zealand Railway Finance. Prof. J. E. Le Rossignol.....	Moody's
Need of a Central Bank of Issue. Maurice L. Mahleuan.....	Moody's
Electric Railways as Investments. A. B. Kellogg.....	Moody's
Investing a Savings Bank Fund.....	World's Work

LABOR PROBLEMS.

Class Enmity on Trial. Jns. S. Tierney.....	World To-Day
The Relation of the State to Labor. W. J. Bryan.....	World To-Day
The Wealth of the Workers. Jesse Quill.....	Cont. Review

LIFE STORIES AND CHARACTER SKETCHES.

Sarah Bernhardt. Sarah Bernhardt.....	Appleton's
Owen Leveyey. Joseph G. Cannon.....	Appleton's
An Artist of the Past. Wm. E. West.....	Putnam's

Joseph H. Choate, Wm. A. Purinton.....	Putnam's
Alexander Hamilton, N. M. Butler.....	Putnam's
Jerome D. Travers, Amateur Golf Champion, A. Pettis.....	Recreation
Shelley, Geo. L. Knapp.....	Lippincott's
"Queen Dolly" Madison, L. C. Polett.....	Lippincott's
Feminine Cooper, Rander Matthews.....	Atlantic Monthly
Shelley, Arthur Symonds.....	Atlantic Monthly
Kenneth Robson, Gerald Wolf.....	Smith's
Gifford Pinchot, Forester, C. H. Forbes-Lindsay.....	World To-Day
A Painter of Gardens, Savings Russell, Victoria Pies, Ltd. Studio	
Louis Gillet Painter and Engraver, Henri Frantz.....	Lat. Studio
Whitman in Old Age, Horace Trumbell.....	Century
"Freddy Leroux," Geo. W. E. Russell.....	Cornhill
Robert Burns and Charles Dickens, J. M. Sloan.....	Fortnightly Rev.
Taft, A. Career of Big Tasks, E. P. Lytle, Jr.....	World's Work
Taft on a Vacation, R. C. Knight.....	Nation
The German Chancellor, L. S. Farlow.....	Murray's
An American Champion of the World.....	Murray's

MISCELLANEOUS

The Mogochian as a Workman, Dr. W. H. Henselmann.....	World's Work
What the Food Law Saves us From, Dr. E. A. Ayers.....	World's Work
Running a River Through a Mountain, A. W. Page.....	World's Work
First Aids to Matrimony, Dorothy Dix.....	World's Work
On Learning, Chas. B. Loomis.....	Smith's
The Artistic Temperament, Anne O'Hagan.....	Smith's
Back to the Old Ways, Dr. Geo. M. Gould.....	Putnam's
Shakespeare's Works, Dr. Wm. J. Rolfe.....	Putnam's
Friendships, A. C. Benson.....	Putnam's
The Kew-Garden Death Mask.....	Putnam's
The Way of the Land Transgressor, Gifford Pinchot.....	Pacific Monthly
The Desk, Chas. F. Holder.....	Recreation
Recreation Days of a Presidential Candidate, Robert Lee Dett.....	"
Nineteenth Century Boston Strangers, E. H. Chace.....	New Englander
An American Woman's German Vacation, Grace I. Colburn.....	Travel
Why American Marriages Fail, Anna A. Rogers.....	Atlantic Monthly
Earl Percy's Dinner-Table, Harold Murdock.....	Atlantic Monthly
Our Surburbs.....	Overland Monthly
The Influence of Sororities, L. C. Seelye, D.D., Ladies' Home Journal	
Should the Young Read Novels? H. W. Main, Ladies' Home Journal	
The Easy Tricks of a Famous Magician, H. Keller, Ladies' Home Jour.	
Good and Bad Taste in Dress, H. S. W. Sadler, Ladies' Home Jour.	
The Citizen Underground, Earl Mayo.....	Home Magazine
Condottieri Days, Jas. Watson.....	Recreation
Value of the Matchless Race.....	Recreation
The New Justice, Jean Corbill.....	Reader
The Negro Situation, W. J. Northerns.....	World To-Day
The Handy Man About the House, P. O. Carpenter.....	Suburban Life
Poor Relief in the Balkans, Edith Sedgwick.....	Cont. Review
Law and Law Making at Pratt Institute, Eva Lovett.....	Int. Studio
The Garden City and Its Environs.....	Int. Studio
The Sacking of the Cottages, Henry Leach.....	Chambers's Journal
Some Out-of-the-Way Kings, P. Raynor.....	Chambers's Journal
Digging into the Rubbish Mounds of the Past, S. Wilson.....	Chambers's Journal
The Early Hostility to Transoms, W. Andrews.....	Chambers's Journal
Holiday Scrivings, T. C. Bridges.....	Chambers's Journal
Humble Tales and Fables, Henry Francis.....	English Illustrated
The Art of Immortality, Miss St. Clair Roberts.....	Fortnightly Review
The "Kew-Garden Death Mask" of Shakespeare.....	Putnam's Monthly
Strange Language of a Royal Baby, Chas. E. Russell.....	Cosmopolitan
Drugging a Race.....	Success
Yachtful Crankies, Thos. S. Mosby.....	Success

Have You Been Faked?.....	Success
How the Earth Looks From a Kite, Henry Hale.....	Technical World
Our Great Criminal Problem, B. Brandenburg.....	Metropolitan
The Seamenberg Trial.....	Saturday Rev. (Aug. 30)
Old Age Pensions.....	Spectator (July 20)
The Nemesis of Emigration.....	Spectator (July 20)
The Exhibition at Leekworth.....	Spectator (July 20)
English Eggs and Larders.....	Spectator (July 20)
The Cobalt Mining District, Day A. Wilby.....	Mosby's
The Sons of Clergymen, D. O. S. Lowell.....	Murray's
The Finance of Literary Services, W. G. Fitzgerald.....	Murray's
British Dukes Who Married Princesses.....	Murray's
How a Big Member Trial is Staged, J. Fox.....	Murray's
The Levelling Our Population, C. Ellis.....	National
The "Des Moines Plan," S. J. Wilson.....	National

MUNICIPAL AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Making a City into a Metropolis, Jan. B. Slater.....	World To-Day
The Chicago Park System, Henry G. Foreman.....	World To-Day
Private vs. Public Operation of Gas Companies, L. H. Tyng, Moody's	

NATURE AND OUTDOOR LIFE.

Autumn-Blooming Cereuses and Their Allies, W. Miller.....	Garden Mag. and Farming
A Good House Plant for a North Window, Viola McColm.....	"
Preparing the Bees for Winter, F. A. Strubbe.....	"
Plants Instead of Flowers, P. W. McCowan.....	Ladies' Home Journal
Ships or Outlines from the Garden, P. Demers.....	Ladies' Home Jour.
Summer Flowering Bulbs, T. Baker.....	Home Magazine
Language of Insects, Dr. H. C. McCook.....	Harper's
How to Treat the Slaying Horse, N. Newham-Berke.....	Solen has Life
The Potomac Plains, W. G. Fitz-Gerald.....	Suburban Life
True Stories About Sharks, T. J. Hains.....	Technical World
Champion of the Seneca, H. D. Jones.....	Technical World
Some Remarks on Gulls, Henry van Dyke.....	Solomon's
Wild Flower Sanctuaries.....	Spectator (July 27)

POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.

The French Salon, Helen Clergue.....	Putnam's
The Political and Social Side of Life in San Francisco, A. Douch.....	Pacific Monthly
Western Affairs of Washington, Ira E. Bennett.....	Pacific Monthly
Making Candidates by Cannon, Robert L. Dean.....	Appleton's
Vermont, Turfity and Incomprehensible Frank Putnam.....	New England
Why the Nations Can Not Disarm, A. S. Henshaw.....	Reader
What Is Socialism? Wm. Hard.....	Reader
What Japan Really Intends, S. Matthews.....	World To-Day
Commercial Importance of Suez Canal, H. King.....	World To-Day
At the Cross Ways, J. A. Spencer.....	Cont. Review
The Move of the Mail, Laurence Jourd.....	Cont. Review
The Rbbing Tide of Liberalism, Galsworthy.....	Fortnightly Review
The State of India, G. W. Forrest.....	Fortnightly Review
The Metamorphosis of England, S. Whitman.....	Fortnightly Review
The New Geneva Convention, Prof. T. E. Holland.....	Fortnightly Review
The Disposal of Africa, Sir, H. H. Johnston.....	Fortnightly Review
Japan, Great Britain and America, C. E. Y. Stuart-Linton.....	Empire Rev.
The Abuse of Local Patriotism, W. K. McClure.....	Empire Review
Egypt and India.....	Empire Review
Will Roosevelt Run in 1908? David G. Phillips.....	Success
Lord Cromer's Record.....	Saturday Review (Aug. 3)
Russia and Europe.....	Saturday Review (July 27)
Mr. McKenna's Soap to Stiggins.....	Saturday Review (July 27)

Democracy and the Bomb.....	Saturday Review (July 27)
The English in Egypt (According to a Socialist).....	Saturday Rev. (July 27)
Universal Free Traders and the Fiscal Debate.....	Spectator (July 20)
The Political Effect of Assassination.....	Spectator (July 20)
The Lords and Public Business.....	Spectator (July 20)
The Menace of Socialism.....	Spectator (July 27)
The Coup d'Etat at Seoul.....	Spectator (July 27)
The Government and the Education Question.....	Spectator (July 27)
The "Quillotine" and its Application.....	Spectator (July 27)
Oxford and Cambridge.....	Spectator (July 27)
The United States in Porto Rico. E. A. Forbes.....	World's Work
Japan's War Tax and Poverty. W. J. Kingsley.....	World's Work

RAILROADS AND TRANSPORTATION.

The Story of the Central Pacific. W. F. Bailey.....	Pacific Monthly
The New Yosemite Railroad. Edward E. Hamilton.....	Cosmopolitan
New Zealand Railway Finance. Prof. J. E. Le Rossignol.....	Moody's
Railroads vs. the State. Prof. J. E. Le Rossignol.....	Moody's

RELIGION.

How the Church Can get Hold of the Boy. Rev. P. E. Powell.....	Ladies' Home Journal
The Religious Education of Children. Sir O. Lodge.....	Cont. Review
Gods and Saints in Ancient Ireland. T. W. Rolleston.....	Cont. Review
The Problem of the Old Testament Revisited. Prof. Jas. Orr.....	Cont. Review
The Divine Man. Emma McCalland.....	Cont. Review

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

An Important Scientific Discovery.....	Harper's
Mars: Is it a Habitable World? K. V. Howard.....	Fortnightly Review
The Electric Theory of Matter. W. A. Shewton.....	Cornhill
To Use the Earth's Inner Fires. Rene Bachs.....	Technical World
Earth Working at its Peak. Jas. E. Watkins.....	Technical World
Machines Which Almost Think. Wm. R. Stewart.....	Technical World
New Engine Speed Recorder. H. W. Perry.....	Technical World
Ploughing by Gasoline. Geo. T. Mackley.....	Technical World
An Avenue to the Infinite.....	Saturday Review (Aug. 31)

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

The Rules of the Game. Ed. A. Rose.....	Atlantic Monthly
Following the Hounds in California. Chas. F. Heller.....	Travel
On the Golf Links of St. Andrews. A. Lonsberry.....	Travel
At Sea with the Gloucester Fishing Fleet. G. Richardson.....	Travel
A Dip in Great Salt Lake. C. Howard.....	Travel
Hunting Elk and Antelope in Wyoming. P. C. Townsend.....	Travel
Hunting the Cat Tribe in the Orient. G. d'Alb Brevint.....	Recreation
Your Hunting Trip this Fall. Edward Cave.....	Recreation
Some Game Trips Worth While. G. M. Richards.....	Recreation
The Sport of Small-Arms Practice.....	Recreation
A Change from Striped Bass Fishing. F. L. Harding.....	Recreation
Elephants, Rhinos and Hippos. R. Norton.....	Appleton's
Recreation in Its Relation to Home-Breeding. J. T. Speed.....	Century
Herds of the Mountains. Alfred C. Gaiherne-Hardy.....	Chambers's Journal
Barn-Fishing in the Highlands. W. Muir.....	Chambers's Journal
Sports and Recreation. Harry Palmer.....	Success
An Up-to-date African Hunt. Max C. Fleischmann.....	Cosmopolitan
The Organization of Sports. Geo. H. Hard.....	Metropolitan
The Alleged Decline of British Sport.....	Spectator (July 20)

THE STAGE.

The London Stage. Oscar Parker.....	English Illustrated
The Drama of the Month. Gertrude H. McGiffert.....	Metropolitan

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

The Oldest City in the World. Dr. Edgar James Banks.....	Pittman's
Scotswomen of Cranford. Josephine Foster.....	Pittman's
On the Harriman Deck of a Cambrian. Fred. Lockley.....	Pittman's
Up Popocatepetl. Geo. F. Paul.....	New England
Motoring Through the Country of Millet and Rousseau. J. Marchand.....	Travel
A Trip Down the Thames from Oxford to London. E. Brook.....	Travel
A Country Under two Kings. Robert Shackleton.....	Harper's
Scotswomen—A Village of Models. Grace E. Channing.....	Harper's
Charming Fruit. Annie L. Miller.....	Overland Monthly
A Week-end Auto Trip to Southampton. M. W. Caldwell.....	Travel
A Tourist's Trip Through Panama. E. Crawford.....	Travel
From Beyond the Snow Line. Alfred S. Johnson.....	World To-Day
Rite of Old China. I. Sheldon-Williams.....	Ind. Studio
Recent Uncovering of the Tomb of Queen Thy. A.E.P. Weigall.....	Century
The Palace of Amathetop III. Robt. de P. Tytus.....	Century
On a Yacht from Trinidad to Jamaica. Mrs. T. Gascoigne.....	Empire Rev.
Life in Rhodesia. Gertrude Page.....	Empire Review
The Modern Fleets of Berlin. E. O.....	Empire Review
Memoirs of Macaulay. E. I. Massey.....	Empire Review
Amongst the Muslim Cities of India. Dr. W. H. Fitchett.....	Cornhill
A Summer in Banglow Town. G. B. Crozier.....	English Illustrated
Friesland's Phased Ways.....	English Illustrated
With the Nubian Tribes of North Africa. Capt. T. C. S. Speedy.....	Chambers's Journal
A Negro College Town. Becker Washington.....	World's Work
The Buried Treasures of Herodotus. R. Lardani.....	Murray's
Sealing the Volcano. B. F. Fisher.....	National

WOMAN AND THE HOME.

How Four Thousand Girls Found Health. Emma E. Walker, M.D.....	Ladies' Home Journal
The New Woman Who Would do Things. Margaret Deland.....	"
The Wearing of the Army Girl. Harrison Fisher.....	"
As a Clergyman's Son. Women. By a well-known pastor.....	"
How and when to be Frank with Boys. G. Stanley Hall, LL.D.....	"
How Parents Can Help Teachers. Marian Sprague.....	"
Why Cooking is so Easy with Me. Mrs. S. T. Rover.....	"
American Women Lawyers. Stella Reid Creethers.....	Home Magazine
The Care of the Baby. Charlotte Atkins.....	Home Magazine
The Out-of-Town Girl in New York. Grace M. Gould.....	Smith's
A Beauty Service to the Outdoor Girl. Augusta Prescott.....	Smith's
Making Unfermented Grape Juice at Home. Jos. W. Hall.....	Smith's
Bernard Shaw on American Women.....	Cosmopolitan
What is a Shop Girl's Life? Mary K. Maule.....	World's Work

The Busy Man's Book Shelf



Short Notices

of books interesting to the busy man, both in worktime and playtime

The six best selling books in Canada for the month of July are as follows:

1. *Cruise of the Shining Light*. By Norman Duncan.
2. *Long Labrador Trail*. By Dillon Wallace.
3. *The Brass Bowl*. By Louis Joseph Vance.
4. *Port of Missing Men*. By Meredith Nicholson.
5. *Princess Virginia*. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
6. *Running Water*. By A. E. W. Mason.
7. *Short Critics*. By W. W. Jacobs.
8. *Captain of the Kansas*. By Louis Tracy.

United States Best Sellers.

1. *Lady of the Decoration*. By F. Little.
2. *Brass Bowl*. By L. J. Vance.
3. *Mayor's Wife*. By A. K. Rohlf.
4. *Port of Missing Men*. By Meredith Nicholson.
5. *Princess Virginia*. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.
6. *New Chronicles of Rebecca*. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

It is noticeable that three of the best selling six in the United States summary occupy pretty nearly the same positions in the list as they do in the Canadian summary.

Fiction.

JOSEPH VANCE. An Unwritten Autobiography. By William De Morgan,

Toronto. Henry Frowde Cloth, \$1.25. A book of no ordinary merit which is not easily summarized. It possesses a distinct flavor of Dickens, yet the author is no slavish imitator. Joy and his parentage, with all that pertains to his early life and associations are worthy of the great master himself. In the latter chapters the story is developed by means of letters and numerous digressions, but these are always illuminating and never tedious.

THREE COMRADES, THE. By Gustav Fransson. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co. Cloth, \$1.50. A translation from the German in which much of the spirit of the original has been preserved. It is a masterpiece in its delineation of simple German character on its native soil. And it also possesses a broad human interest, treating, as it does, of home and fatherland, of sin and sorrow, of true love and honest work.

SATAN SANDERSON. By Hallie Estlin Rivers. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill Co. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50. An absorbing story in which an ingenious plot forms the chief interest. Satan Sanderson, at one time leader of a band of college rowdies, turns clergyman on conviction and becomes rector of a fashionable church. Through a strange likeness to another young man of dissolute habits and rotten morals, and through the

play of circumstances, he becomes involved in a remarkable series of events, in which his double, the latter's new-wed wife and himself are the chief characters. The scene shifts to a western mining town, presenting vivid scenes of the rough life there.

LADY OF THE BLUE MOTOR. By G. Sidney Paley. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, \$1.50. Geoffrey Hardinge, a wealthy young English Automobilist, while in a suburb of Paris, is requested by a beautiful English lady to prevent anyone from following her into Paris. He does so by blocking one of the gateways, while arguing with an official, thus preventing Comte D. Hautville from entering. The count discovers his game and warns him to quit meddling in other people's affairs at the request of strange ladies who refuse to give their name. Hardinge persists, however, and in the means, during a stirring narrative, of lolling the count at all points, and rescuing the girl from his clutches, the villain being killed and his car smashed to pieces while cheating in an automobile race.

Historical.

GLEN OF WEEPING. By Marjorie Bowen. The Macmillan Book Co., Toronto, \$1.25. A fascinating presentation of people and incidents connected with an event known in history as the "Massacre of Glencoe." The author treats it from the standpoint of a military execution justly carried out on a clan who, by their own act, were outlawed. Excelling scenes of love and intrigue are woven into the story. The wild and lawless savagery of Highland warfare and the no less cruel and perfidious treachery of the nobles at the head of affairs, with much Jacobite plotting, form the setting of this clever historical romance.

VICTOR OF SALAMIS. By William Szarvas Davis. Toronto: Macmillan, Cloth, \$1.50. A story of Grecian life in the time of Xerxes, Leonidas and Themistocles. Glaucos, a victor in the Isthmian games, is pronounced a traitor to Athens through the machinations of his false friend, Democ-

tes, an orator held in high esteem by the Athenians, and who is in love with Glaucos's wife. He escapes and rescues a brother-in-law and sister of Xerxes, and is given a Persian title. He escapes from the Persian hosts invading Athens, and renders great service by his speed as a runner. Finally Democertes commits suicide after unsuccessfully trying to betray the Grecian army, and Glaucos returns, with honor cleared, to his wife in Athens.

Travel.

LONG LABRADOR TRAIL. By Dillon Wallace. The Firming H. Revell Co., Toronto, \$1.50. A thrilling tale of dangers encountered and overcome in a new and hitherto unexplored portion of Labrador. This book records the completion of a great enterprise undertaken by the late Leonidas Hubbard. It contains valuable information of a geographical and scientific character regarding this section of our great continent. This was the best selling book in Canada during the past month.

HISTORIC VIRGINIA AND THE JAMESTOWN CENTENNIAL. Chicago: Laird & Lee Cloth 50c., paper 25c. This little book contains a brief history of the events and persons connected with the dawn of American history 300 years ago. It is profusely illustrated with maps, drawings and photographs.

ITALIAN LAKES, THE. By W. D. McCracken. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Cloth, illustrated, \$2. Incidentally, short sketches are given of eminent persons in the world of art, literature and history, whose lives are associated with the region described. A delightful book for the friend but invaluable for the traveler.

GLIMPSES OF THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION. Chicago, Laird & Lee. Cloth, 75c., paper, 35c. A book containing 216 views, 22 of which are in color, of the Jamestown Exposition and various points of historic interest in the surrounding country.

Miscellaneous.

HAUNTERS OF THE SILENCES. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: L.

C. Page & Co. Cloth, \$3. In this, his latest book, Mr. Roberts has depicted some more aspects of nature, both animate and inanimate. His method is, first, to make sure of his facts by close observation and study of his subjects, and then to throw around them the glamour of imaginative fiction. Under his skillful treatment the denizens of the field and forest enact their drama of life in the mind of the reader—and henceforth nature study possesses for him a new fascination.

OLD HOME HOUSE. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Cloth, \$1.25. Captain Jomadah and Barndia Wingate—two delightful

old mariners, are reproductions of former old friends in Mr. Lincoln's earlier books, but we meet them here in quite other scenes and in an entirely new role. As landlords of the Old Home House, they are as refreshing and whole-souled as ever. For quaint humor and dry Yankee wit, expressed in choice nautical phraseology, the present book is unsurpassed.

SISTER CARRIE. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co. Cloth, \$1.69. This is a fascinating and realistic story, tracing the career of a young country girl from the time she arrives poor and friendless in Chicago, until she blossoms out in New York as a stage favorite.

Jefferson's Ten Rules

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom regret of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened!

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak, if very angry, count a hundred.



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Humor in the Magazines

A well-known judge, who had the reputation of being a "bon vivant," was one day trying a case in which there was a dispute about a water supply. Having just partaken of a hearty luncheon, he began to nod sleepily during the counsel's long-winded argument. Suddenly the barrister thundered out:

"Want we water, my lord, is water!"
"Very little in water, please, very little in mine," cried his lordship, starting up anxiously.

Several people had the bad taste to chuckle loudly.

A story is current concerning a professor who is reputed to be slightly absent-minded. The learned man had arranged to meet his wife one evening to the theatre.

"I don't like the tie that you have on. I wish you would go up and put on another," said his wife.

The professor tranquilly obeyed. Moment after moment elapsed, until finally the impatient wife went upstairs to learn the cause of delay. In his room she found her husband undressed and getting into bed. Habit had been too much for him when he took off his tie.

With the object of economizing marriage, the clergyman of a country parish introduced a system of elastic fees, allowing the bridegroom in cash case to pay just what he liked. His receipts had varied from a cigarette-paper to a five-pound note, and the innovation was proving, on the whole, fairly successful.

The other day he had just made a young couple man and wife, and had returned with them to the rectory to sign the register, when the bridegroom asked him how much he was expected to pay.

"Pay just what you like," said the parson. "Pay whatever you think it's worth to you."

The young man looked bashfully at

the clergyman, and admiringly at his bride.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm not a millionaire!"

At length the old chap unearthed a sixpence, but it slipped through his shaking fingers and fell on the floor of the 'bus.

Blooming down, the conductor searched lovingly for that sixpence, but all he could find was a couple of brass buttons.

"Look again," said the man, who was giving him such fine practice in will power.

Once again the conductor bent down, and found two more brass buttons.

"Look again," said the useful passenger. "I insist upon it! I'm a shareholder in the company!"

The portly gentleman had been looking for his fare at least five minutes, and the conductor thought hard things.

"I wouldn't look again if you was the general manager and the board of directors all in one," said the conductor. "I've only two trousers buttons left, and their job's too responsible for taking any more risks."

The speaker lost the thread of his discourse twice during the last minute, he



"Do you call these price cuts? These ain't the kind no-body rates. My father raised the biggest cut in the country."
"There is no doubt about it, young man,"—Judge.

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was hot and uncomfortable, and his tie had worked its way under his ear.

But what did that matter? The meeting was a political one, his views were, theirs, and terrific applause greeted the close of his speech.

Suddenly he spied a slip of paper peeping from a last year's Blue Book, which he had requested should be on the table for reference.

"I have an announcement to make," he said, rising with more or less grace, and referring to the paper. "Mr. Jenkins Smythe regrets his unavoidable absence to-night, on account of his wife's dangerous illness. I am sure Mr. Smythe has our utmost sympathy."

There was a dead silence, during which a lady and gentleman left the front seat and the hall.

It was Jenkins Smythe and his new wife. The paper had been sent to a meeting three months before, and had been used as a bookmark since. It referred to a spouse who was gone.

Mr. Littlejohn grinned. It wasn't that he particularly liked walnuts and wine, but his wife and the other ladies had gone to the drawing-room, and for a space he would be his own master.

"I must tell you a story about my wife," he whispered eagerly to his male guests.

"Go on," said Mr. Greynane, who had a fellow feeling.

"The other morning," resumed Mr. Littlejohn, with the air of a man who is getting his own back, "my wife gave me a wigging for wasting my time reading instead of doing up the back garden. Well, what I was going to tell you was that one day last week, when I had left for the office, she made a cake, put it in the oven, and sat down to read a novel. She got so much interested that when she opened the oven door, the cake was—"

Just then Mrs. Littlejohn came into the room.

"And the joke of it was," went on her husband, "that they found that motor car next day in the middle of a mill pond!"

Everyone yulled with delight, but it wasn't at the story.

"Take warning!" said the new tender, scowling at his class. "I mean to confiscate everything that any of you makes a noise with."

Tin whistles and all similar musical instruments were plunged into innermost pockets, and the silence could be felt.

Precisely there came from the far end of the room a chattering, buzzing, rattling sound that would have brought a fortune to an inventor of children's toys, could he have reproduced it.

"Bring that thing here!" cried the teacher, fixing an unfortunate pupil with his eyes.

"Please, sir," came the reply. "I can't! It's the hot water pipe!"

Once again silence—palpable and unbroken.

Courtesy is often lacking in modern life, but at least two advertisers in a certain local newspaper believe in it. In one issue this appeared—

"The gentleman who found a purse containing money in High Street is requested to forward it to the address of the lost, as he is recognized."

A day or two later appeared the response, which was equally courteous—

"The recognized gentleman who picked



THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT

Stumped Jerry: "Eh, Bill, tell. What are you now?"
Bill: "Feed for babies. What are you?"
Stumped Jerry: "Another?"

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I am open for engagements to take tourists on any part of Spain, Portugal and Morocco. Thoroughly familiar with all the regions. Have taken some thousands to interesting parts seldom seen by other experienced tourists. Terms very reasonable. By arranging in advance can save the steamer and take parties. For fourteen weeks time in limited. I am, if they arrange with me to advance, show them the principal points of interest in Southern Spain and Morocco, and bring them back in time to proceed by the next steamer, a week later. For those with more time I have very interesting trips lasting from one to three months.

Reference by permission to the Editor, The Busy Man's Magazine.

JOSEPH BUZAGLO

Family Courier, Gibraltar

A Pleasant Home In a Pleasant City

Visitors to ATLANTIC CITY are impressed with the large number of hotels and cottages where the comfortable is cared for. There is an air of quiet comfort and refined simplicity about

The Big Cottage

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managed by

MRS. M. E. BURGESS-WALLING

The house is pleasantly situated, the veranda is wide and shady, the rooms large, the cuisine most excellent, the service well ordered and the terms reasonable.

Mrs. Walling will mail brochures to any address. A resident Detroit, Trained European Masseur.

up a purse in High Street requests the later to call at his house to reclaim his property."

* * *

A philanthropic Fifth Avenue lady was visiting a lower east side Sunday School. To test the aptness of a particularly indigent cluster of pupils, she took the class in hand to question them.

"Children, which is the greatest of all virtues?"

Not one answered.

"Think a little. What is it I am doing when I give up time and pleasure to come down among you for your moral good?"

A grumpy fist went up.

"Well, what am I doing, little boy?"

"Bustin' in!"

* * *

"I made a good deal this morning," said the New Yorker.

"What was it?" asked his country friend.

"Well I leased the basement of my building for a rathskeller, then I leased the lot for a hundred feet below that for a storage cellar, and the hundred feet below that I leased to the Underborough company for a subway station. And there's a man after me now for the hundred feet below that for a Turkish bath—says he'll pay a good rent, too, as he'll get his heat free."

"What with all that and your fifty story office building, you must make a mint of money out of your skimpy little lot," said the country friend.

"Oh, that's not all," answered the New Yorker. "The hundred feet of air above my roof I leased to the Joy line of air freighters, and above that I got ground—I mean air—rent for the station of the London-New York airship line."

* * *

A university graduate was recently given a confidential clerkship in the office of the president of a huge railway system.

The young aspirant was not told at what hour he should report; so the first morning he appeared in the office of his chief at nine o'clock. He found the president hard at work. Nothing was said of the clerk's tardiness.

On the second attempt the clerk presented himself at eight thirty, only to find that the president was three ahead of him, working hard.

The third day the young man went at eight o'clock, with the same result.

That night as he went home the clerk took counsel with himself, and determined to be ahead of the boss the next morning. Accordingly he arrived at the office at seven-thirty the fourth day, but there was the chief working away as if he had not left the office at all!

As the clerk entered, the president looked at him with a quizzical air.

"Young man," said he, "what use do you make of your forenoon?"

* * *

"Sam, what would you do if you had a million dollars?"

"Fo' de Lawd's sake! I'm sho' I dunno wot I'd do if I had a million dollars; but I know wot I'd do if I had two dollars. I've bin waitin' two years ter git married."

* * *

A certain young society man was much given to telling exaggerated stories and was rapidly gaining a reputation for untruthfulness which worried his friends and particularly his chum, who remonstrated with him and threatened to disown him if he did not mend his ways.

"Charlie," said he, "you must stop this big story business of yours or you are going to lose me as a friend. Nobody believes a word you say, and you are getting to be a laughing-stock."

Charlie admitted that he was aware of the fact but complained that he could not overcome his habit, try as he would. He suggested that had he but somebody beside him when he started to elaborate upon his tale, to tread on his foot, he was sure he could break the habit.

A few days later they were invited to a dinner party and his chum agreed to sit next to Charlie and step on his toe if he went too far. All went well until the subject of travel was brought up. One of the company told of an immense building that he had seen when on a trip up the Nile. This started Charlie, who at once began to describe a remark-



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OR
CORN

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Egyptian Cigarettes

There are Cigarettes,
good Cigarettes and
better Cigarettes.

KALIFAS are better
yet.

AT ALL DEALERS

TEN for 15 Cents.



Tourist—"What do the people round here live on, Pat?"
[replies—] Pigs. Sorry, mainly, and tourists in the summer."—Punch.

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able building he had seen while on a hunting trip on the northern border of India.

"It was one of the most remarkable buildings, I presume, in the world," said he. "Its dimensions we found to be three miles in length, two miles in height, and"—as his watchful friend told on his toe—"two feet wide."

His Majesty's inspector was examining a class of boys on the subject of "birds." Having received correct answers to the questions relating to feathers, bill, feet and wings, he put the question:

"What is it a bird can do which I am unable to do?"

"Fly," was the answer he hoped to get.

For several moments the boys thought but gave no answer. At last one held up his hand.

"Well, my lad, what is it?"

"Lay an egg, sir," said the boy.

An editor once engaged a reporter, whose first duty was to describe a big fire in a neighboring town. Arrived at the place, the reporter found great masses of flame pouring from the huge factory building. He seemed compassed, and didn't know what to do. Finally he sent back to the office this telegram:—"Have arrived, and the fire is burning fiercely. What shall I do?" Of course, he was sent to write up the fire, but as it was now too late for the afternoon edition, the editor said something under his breath, and sent back the following reply:—"Find out where the fire is hottest and jump in."

A famous French painter had a fixed rule that none of his pupils were to be allowed to smoke in his studio.

One day, however, he came into the room, and distinctly saw that one of his pupils had a lighted cigarette in his fingers, which he was endeavoring ineffectually to conceal. With a style of somewhat heavy buster, the painter went up to him.

"That is a serious kind of pencil you have got there, my young friend," he remarked. "May I ask what you propose to draw with it?"

"Clouds," was the ready answer.

A little child was crying miserably one afternoon in Moscow. He walked slowly down one of the principal streets, and his howls soon brought a big crowd around him.

"What is the matter, my child. What troubles you?" everyone asked.

The boy passed finally. He looked at the multitude which had assembled. Then, lifting up his voice, he shouted in a shrill treble.

"I'm lost. Will somebody please take me home to Ivan Troustakoy, the champion clothier of the Champ Red, who has just got in his new stock of spring overcoats, suits, neckties, shirts, hats, and umbrellas, which he will sell cheaper than anyone else in the city!"

The nervous foreigner got up in the crowded tramcar and made his way with difficulty along the aisle until he reached the conductor.

"Excuse me, mister," said he, "but as car he run so slow, and why, if you please, is it not so?"

The conductor was rather bewildered for a moment, but, with commendable intelligence, he hit upon the correct idea that he was being questioned as to the tardy motion of the car.

"Yesir," he answered briefly. "But we can't help it, though. You see, the car ahead is behind."

The foreigner's eyes opened wider.

"Would you please to say him again?" he asked apologetically.

"Certainly!" said the conductor handsly, but louder than before. "I said the car ahead is behind. Do you follow?"

Then the poor foreigner returned in his seat, holding his head in both hands.

"Zoo car-r ahead, he sees behind," he muttered hopelessly to himself. "Truly the way they do things in this Angle-terre, it is wonderful!"

No part of the process of the manufacture of cigarettes is more important than the **blending of the tobacco.**

Our cigarettes are rolled from the finest Turkish tobacco of our own blend, which cannot be duplicated.

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Fitted throughout
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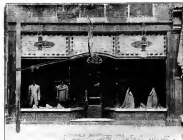
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